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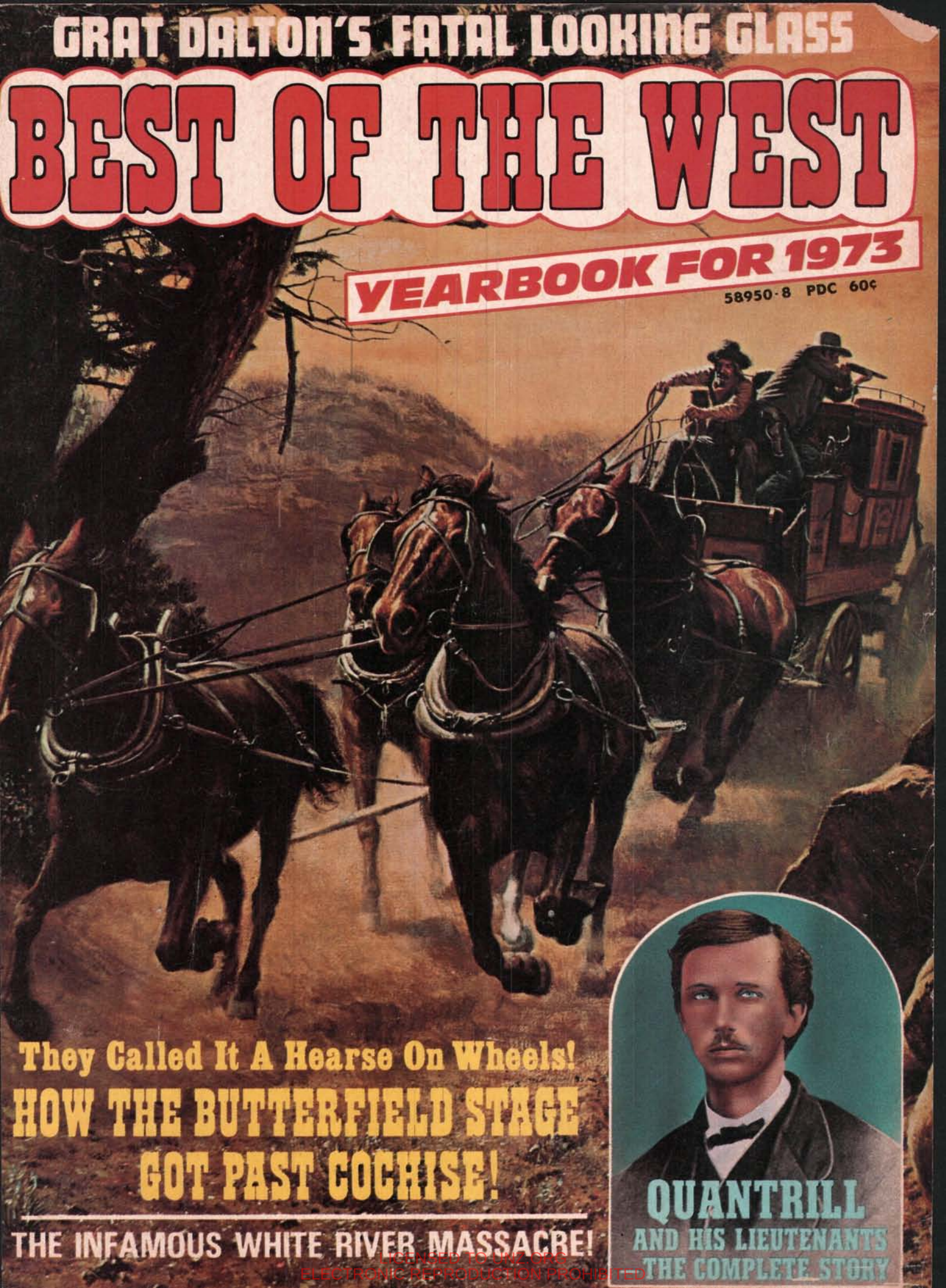

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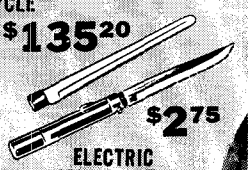

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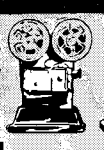

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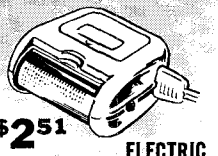

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BEST OF THE WEST

BEST OF THE WEST YEARBOOK FOR 1973

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STANLEY WESTON
Editor and Publisher
ROBERT J. THORNTON
Managing Editor
JEFFREY SUPER
BILL APTER
Associate Editors
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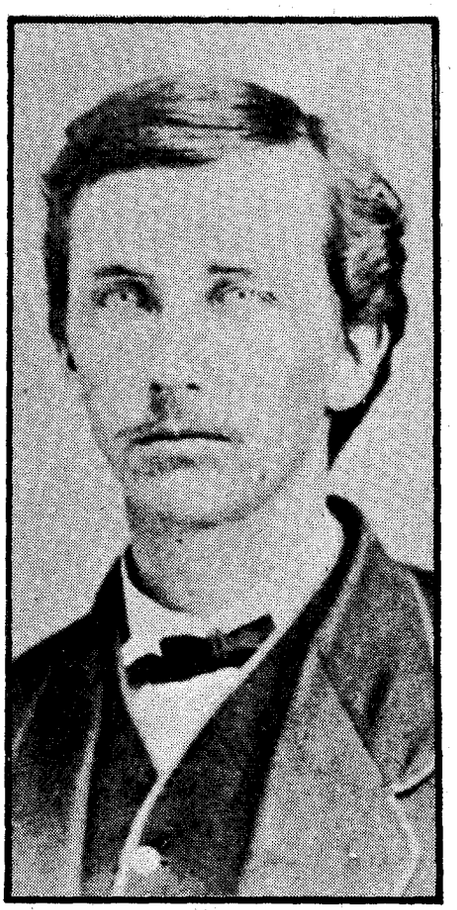

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Powell Weaver was trapper, hunter, scout and peacemaker between Indians and first entered the pages of history when he joined the expedition led by Captain John Rogers and Calvin Coffee into the Shining Mountains

POWELL WEAVER-ARIZONA PIONEER

by Louise Cheney

Photo: Arizona Pioneers Historical Society.

Powell "Pauline" Weaver—friend of the Indian.

When General S.W. Kearney marched across Arizona into California during the Mexican war (1846) he chose a man by the name of Powell "Pauline" Weaver from California to meet and lead the Mormom Battalion advancing under Colonel St. George Crook.

He could not have chosen a better qualified man than Weaver, pioneer, mountain man, trapper, hunter, scout and mediator between the white and the red men.

According to the published diary of Henry Standage, a member of the battalion, Weaver met and joined the troops on November 28, 1846.

Miss Sharlott M. Hall, historian and writer of Arizona, in an address made on October 27, 1929, when the remains of Pauline Weaver were removed from the Presidio at San Francisco and reinterred in Prescott, called Weaver Arizona's first pioneer.

Although he travelled all over the west in his kaliedoscopic career he always returned to Arizona and loved it best.

Weaver's early history has been lost in the mists of time, for very little is known of his boyhood. Miss Hall lists his birthplace as Tennessee, in what is now White county, but which at that time edged the Cherokee Indian lands. Miss Hall added that Weaver's grandfather was English born, that his father came from Virginia and that his mother was the daughter of a Cherokee chief.

The *Arizona-Journal-Miner* in an article entitled "Pauline Weaver was the Earliest in Arizona" wrote... that he was born in New Orleans. It is highly probable that he was half Indian since he understood the redmen and was known all over the West as the white friend of the Indians. The Apaches gave him a name, Quah-a-ha-na, which means peace maker.

Although he has gone down in history as Pauline Weaver, he was named Powell at birth. In all probability the Powell was changed to Paulino by the Mexicans when he went west and gradually became Anglicized into Pauline. But though he bore a feminine name, not ever was Pauline Weaver's masculinity impugned. He was all man—brave, fearless, honest, and fair, and all men respected him.

Weaver's biographer, Judge E. W. Wells, in his fine work, *Argonaut Tales*, tells us that Pauline left home at an early age as did many boys in that day and age. He first entered the pages of history in 1830 when he rode into Fort Smith and joined up with 42 trappers to go on an expedition, led by Captain John Rogers and Calvin Coffee, into the Shining Mountains. The party left Fort Smith May, 1830, heading for the Rockies.

It was almost winter when they made a rendezvous on the north fork of the Arkansas, 100 miles above Pike's Peak. Ten of the party decided that they had had enough of the rugged life and turned homeward.

The next spring the expedition moved along the Gila River in what is now the state of Arizona, trapping and exploring the wild country enroute. By February, 1832, they reached the Casa Grande ruins, and there on the walls can be seen the name P. Weaver, and the date, 1832. Evidently Weaver had a companion sign his name for him, as Mill Hall declares that he could not write and offered as evidence the fact that a mining location notice drawn in 1864 in Yavapai county, Arizona, was signed by Weaver with an X.

It has been noted that Weaver almost all his life was on friendly terms with the Indians, but in 1832, while in Arizona, there is a record of some trouble Weaver and *(Continued on page 51)*

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WHITE RIVER MASSACRE

by William J. Betts

THERE WERE THE CHARRED REMAINS of settlers' cabins, with the blackened outlines of the fireplace chimneys standing like grim sentinels of death. In the yards of the cabins lay the mutilated bodies of men, women and children.

It was the year 1855 in the White River country of the Territory of Washington, the result of that ghastly White River Indian massacre, which should never have happened. History has never told the real story of that atrocity and the editors of THE WEST asked me to dig deep into the facts and come up with some explanation.

The massacre goes back to the beginning of the white man's contact with the Northwest Coast Indians when the British as well as American and Spanish explorers visited the Puget Sound country.

By 1855 Seattle was a bustling mill town. Many of the new settlers were attracted to the new village, named after the Duwamish Indian chief, Sealth (someone thought his name sounded like Seattle.)

The white man looked upon the native as a savage. In fact, the early name given to the Indian was savage; and the closest the red man could come to its pronunciation was Siwash. That became the name all Indians went by—Siwash or savage.

As for the Indian, he looked upon the coming of the white man as a sort of bonanza. The white man's trade goods

The White River down which Indian Tom brought the three children.

Courtesy Superior Publishing Co.

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Indian Tom (above) led Johnny to safety. Johnny King with the two children (below).

Courtesy Mr. Ralph Mayo

Researched and written by one of the best known Western writers, this unusual story gives us heretofore unpublished facts about the blunders that led up to one of the bloodiest atrocities on the frontier

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were something the Indian could never get for himself. He learned, through the Hudson's Bay Company trading posts, to depend upon the things that he could get in trade for his dried salmon, furs and services.

The Indian was willing to make concessions, but he still embraced his nomadic fishing-root-and-berry-gathering-hunting life. He still followed the salmon in the streams and rivers, gathered the camas on the prairies and hunted the mountain goat in the high alpine country.

Under the Hudson's Bay Company, when the Washington territory was still in Oregon and the area was settled under the Joint Occupation Treaty whereby both the United States and Great Britain could settle the Oregon Territory (the Treaty of Ghent following the War of 1812) the Indians were allowed to go about their ancient ways.

When the Joint Occupation Treaty ended the United States received the Oregon country up to the 49th parallel. Even before that took place there had been a steady stream of immigrants from the States. There was a vast difference between these whites and the Hudson's Bay people. For the most part they were farmers or town builders. They came with their families and they wanted land.

Congress had passed the Donation Land Act in 1850 to lend impetus to the settlement of Oregon. A man could get a claim of 320 acres and an additional 320 acres for his wife. Unmarried men rushed to get married to any white girl who would have him and since there were few girls in the Territory children as young as twelve were being married by men old enough to be their grandfathers.

Congress had passed a law that gave away land that did not belong to the United States. It belonged to the Indians who lived there. The white migrants, who swarmed into the Puget Sound country, disregarded the rights of the Indians and would often take a claim where the Indians had had a village for generations.

Protection of the law did not apply to the Indians. If a white man killed an Indian he was seldom brought to trial and if he was brought to trial the jury found him innocent. On the other hand, if an Indian killed another Indian, he was tried and hung for it by the white man's law.

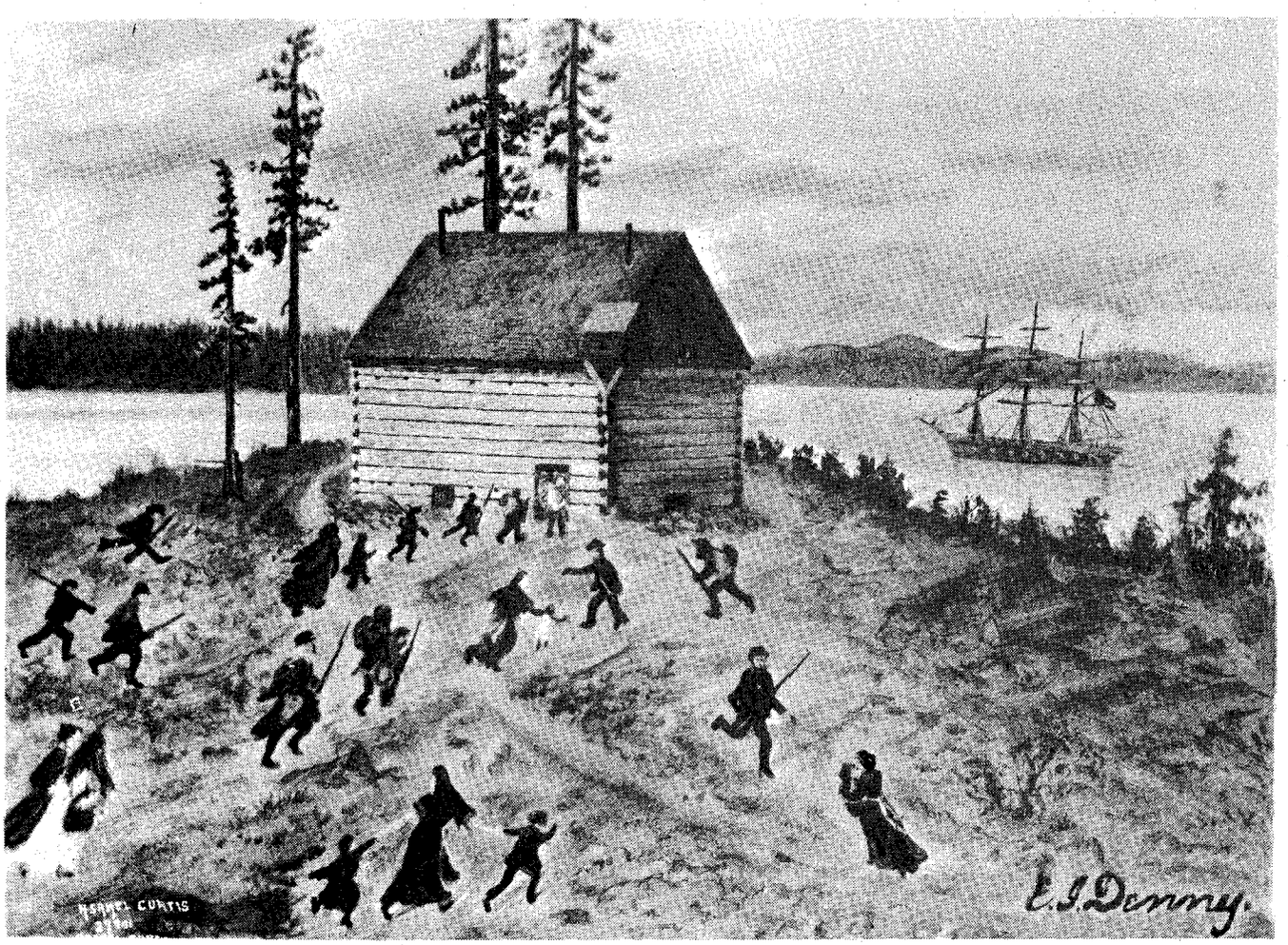
WHEN word of Indian unrest reached Governor Isaac I. Stevens (who had recently arrived as the first governor of the newly made Washington Territory) he immediately left for a tour of Puget Sound to assay the situation for himself.

He spent several months visiting with the various Indian tribes, attempting to understand them; to find a way to settle the problem of the clashes between them and the new settlers. He tried to calm the fears of the citizens of Seattle, telling them that in his opinion the Indians posed little threat to them.

In December, 1854, the governor sent word to the Indians of upper Puget Sound that he desired to hold a council with them. The place chosen was to be the council grounds of the Nisquallys and Squaxons at the mouth of Tuda'dab (shaman or shaman power) Creek or Medicine Creek, as the whites translated it.

By the 23rd day of that month the Indians from the various tribes began arriving at the council grounds. There were the Muckelshoots, Puyallups, Nisquallys, Squaxons as well as several lesser bands and tribes. Mat shelters were

Painting by eye-witness shows Seattle people running to the blockhouse when news of the massacre reached them.



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erected and camp made. The chiefs of these tribes awaited the arrival of Governor Stevens and his party from Olympia.

The governor's party arrived on Christmas Eve. There are many conflicting stories of the Medicine Creek Treaty and it is difficult to ascertain exactly what went on. Stevens told the Indians that if they would sell their land to the white man the Indians would receive great gifts.

When the chiefs, Leschi, Quiemulth, Stahi and Quilawowat heard the interpreter announce Governor Stevens' proposal they argued that the land was not theirs to give (they told of this afterwards) or sell to the white man. When the white man took his land the Indian way of life would vanish. Their hunting grounds would vanish; their camas patches would be ploughed under; the prairies would be fenced.

After hearing the arguments from all factions Governor Stevens adjourned the council until the next day, Christmas, 1854. They would return, after thinking about the terms of the treaty, and sign.

The next day the council was continued. The Indians were as sullen as the overcast sky. Leschi, Quiemulth and Stahi still argued against the signing of the treaty. In the end the renegade Indians forced the others to sign or be completely left out.

Chief Nelson of the Muckelshoots was dissatisfied with the treaty. He was supposed to move to a reservation with the Puget Sound Indians, his ancient enemies. The Muckelshoots were a river people, living on the White and Green Rivers.

On January 22, 1855, Governor Stevens' party, aboard the little steamer *Major Tompkins,* steamed into the mouth of the Snohomish River near Point Elliott to treat with the Indians residing on the eastern shores of the Sound. Presents of blankets and clothing were given as well as a thirty-one gun salute from the little steamer.

Here the Indian chiefs were in favor of negotiating a treaty. Chiefs Sealth, Pat Kanim, Goliah and Chowethzoet made speeches expressing satisfaction, good faith and friendship with the whites.

Governor Stevens went on to make other treaties with the Indians on the Sound and along the Pacific Coast. He then traveled east for councils with the Yakimas and Blackfeet.

The dissatisfaction of the Indians with their treaties, the treatment of the Indians at the hands of the whites, the failure of the whites to understand the basic culture of the Indians and the treatment of Indian girls by certain white men were all causes leading to the Indian uprising and the bloody White River massacre.

The white inhabitants of the Puget Sound area could see the crisis coming. As early as December 8, 1854, A. A. Denny had introduced in the House at Olympia a joint resolution requesting Congress to authorize Governor Stevens to accept two companies of volunteers to serve twelve months to quell the Indian trouble, to protect immigrant trains from the South Pass in the Rockies westward to the Pacific Coast and to recover stolen property from the Indians.

The Puget Sound settlements, Olympia, Seattle and Steilacoom, were alerted early to the possible danger from angry Indians. The families living in the outlying valleys were notified that the Muckelshoots, Nisquallys, Puyallups, as well as the western Klikitats, were not staying on the reservations. Very few of the farmers would leave their farms for the security of the villages where some defense against possible Indian uprisings could be made.

It was Leschi, according to Indian Agent Gosnell, who first started the story that the whites intended to send them to *Polakly Illehe,* "Land of Darkness." This was a land in the north that was perpetually frozen. The whites were said to be getting ready to put them on steamers and take them away. Perhaps this was some idea instilled into the primitive peoples' brains when they talked to the whites about reservations. The Indians were so afraid of this dread land that all the latent hatred for the whites rose to the surface.

Goshnell, as well as other American settlers, accused the Hudson's Bay Company people of agitating the Indians as well, hoping to benefit from driving the Americans from the

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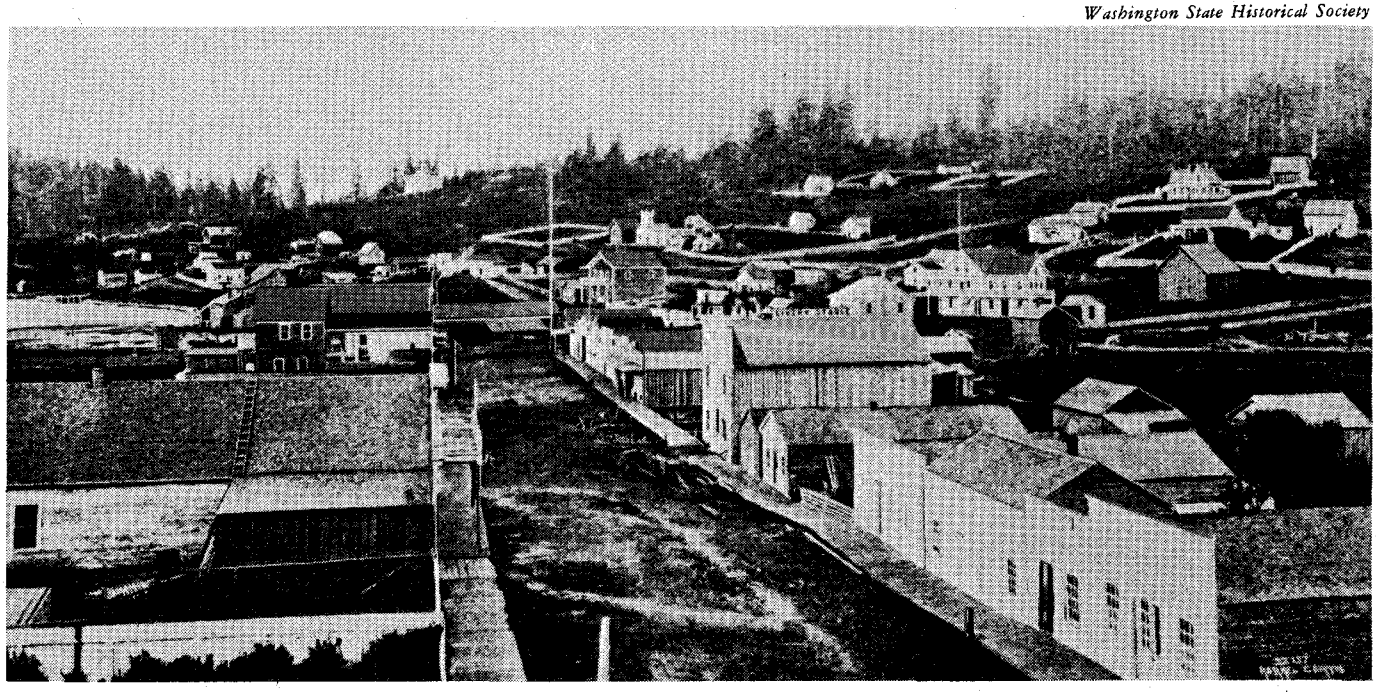

The pioneer city of Seattle as it looked about ten years after the White River Massacre.

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country. This, however, may very well be prejudice against the British fur trading company.

WHEN gold was discovered near Fort Colville in 1855, a rush to that Indian country was on. The Indians under Kamiahkan of the Yakimas could see the beginning of the end of the Indian way of life.

In August, 1855, A. J. Bolin was on his way to see the Yakima chief and try to bring about some sort of peace when he was murdered by the nephew of Kamiahkan. About the same time, Henry Mattice, a miner from Olympia, was murdered by the Yakimas. This precipitated the war.

Five men, Jamieson, Charles Walker, L. O. Merilt, J. C. Avery and Eugene Borier left Seattle for the Colville gold strike through the Sanqualmie Pass. When they had crossed the divide they found the camp of O. M. Eaton and Joseph Famjoy of King County. The camp was deserted and there were signs of a struggle. Later they found the two men dead, killed by the Yakimas.

The five prospectors were met by a group of Indians who professed their friendship and wish to help the white men. They would show them the trail into the mining country. They deceived the white men into thinking they had taken the wrong trail. Two of the miners, Jamieson and Walker, went ahead with the Indians to find the trail.

The Indians led them down the pass a distance, and, when the vigilance of the miners was relaxed, shot them both. The other miners, hearing the shots, rode as swiftly as they could to the spot from whence they had heard the shots. They found their two companions lying along the trail, bullets through their heads, their scalps gone, their horses and equipment stolen.

"Let's get the hell out of here," Avery told his companions, "or we'll be next."

They wasted no time about leaving and did not bother to bury their dead companions, but took to the brush along the trail for fear that the Indians would return and kill them.

The three men hid during the day and traveled only at night in the woods well off the trail as though the whole Yakima tribe was after them.

The trio made their way back to Seattle without meeting any more Indians. When they arrived at the tiny settlement on Elliott Bay they were in a semi-starved condition, completly exhausted and full of the horror of the Indians on the other side of the Cascades.

Their story of the Indian attack filled the inhabitants with dread and a deep fear that an attack on Seattle was imminent.

On the night of September 27, 1855, the Muckelshoot Indians, under Chief Nelson, attacked the house of A. L. Porter on the White River. Porter had been afraid of Indian attacks and had, to protect himself, been sleeping in the woods near his house. When he heard the Indians yelling and shooting about his house he fled down the White River warning the settlers as he went that the Indians were attacking. This gave the other settlers time to escape to Seattle.

Then the series of events that were to produce the biggest blunder of the dealings with the White River Indians took place. Governor Stevens, a well-meaning and fairly astute official, left the scene to investigate the Blackfeet country. His secretary, John Mason, took over as governor. Mason was unbelievably gullible and naive. It was his actions that brought to the final climax the White River Indian trouble.

Mason heard by messenger that the Muckelshoots were on the warpath. He secured an escort of regular troops from Fort Steilacoom and went to the White River area to talk with the Indians.

In his councils with the Muckelshoots Mason was told that the Indians were the white man's friends and that the settlers were silly to leave their homes. Chief Nelson said that the Porter incident was caused by some drunken Indians who meant no harm to the farmer.

ACTING Governor Mason believed that the Indians were telling him the truth. He went to Seattle with his escort and told the people their fears were for nothing.

"Chief Nelson assures me that his Indians are friendly. The Porter incident was just the exuberance of some of his braves who had too much to drink," he told A. A. Denney, one of the founders of Seattle, and a civic leader.

Mason talked some of the farmers into returning to their claims on the White River. Others felt they would jeopardize their lives by going back and stayed in relatively safe Seattle.

While the acting governor was persuading the farmers to return to their farms the *Decatuer*, under the command of Captain Sterrett, had sailed into Elliott Bay from distant Hawaii for the protection of Puget Sound from the Indians.

Secretary Mason visited the ship anchored in the bay. The captain greeted him cordially.

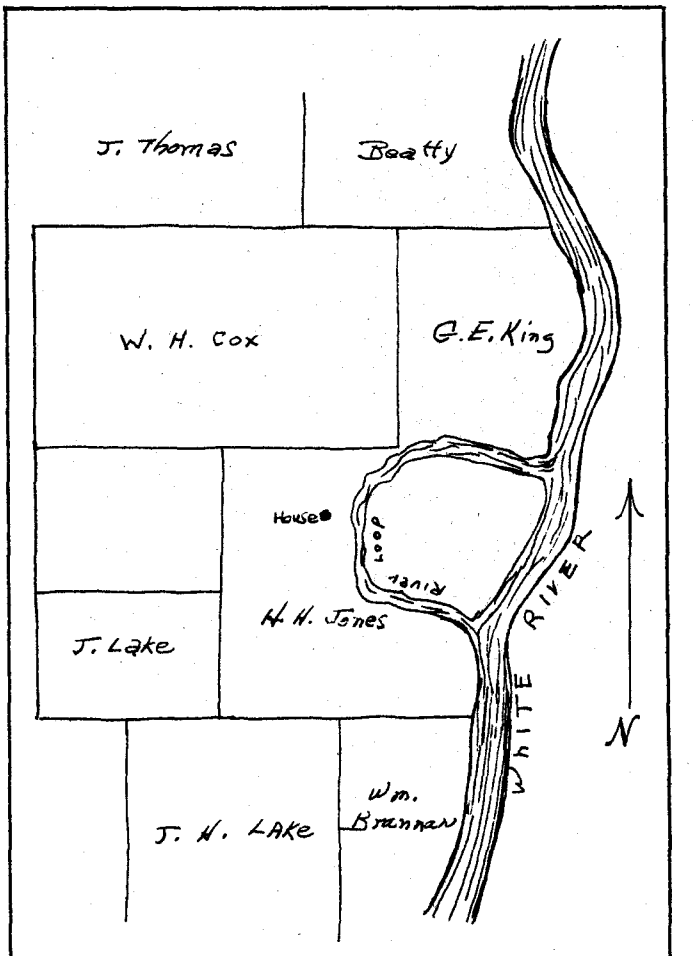
"Captain Sterrett, there is no need of your presence here at Seattle," Mason told the naval officer. "The settlers only desire your ship to be here to reap the benefit of the trade they will receive from you."

"My orders say to protect the settlers from the Indians and I understand, sir, that the White River Indians are on a rampage," he told Mason.

"There is no need for you to remain in these waters. It would be much better for you to cruise up and down Puget Sound to show the Indians our strength."

After Mason's departure the captain went ashore for a visit with Arthur Denney. Captain Sterrett recounted his conversation to the pioneer townsman.

"I have no power to prevent your leaving us," Denney told the captain of the *Decatuer*. "But if the people who have come to Seattle for protection return to their homes they will be murdered in a fortnight." *(Continued on page 58)*



Rough sketch shows position of homes in massacre.

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CALIFORNIA JOE

Photo: Denver Pub. Libr. Western Coll.

by Rex Bundy

Moses Embree Milner was known to one and all as "California Joe."

CALIFORNIA JOE'S REAL NAME was Moses Embree Milner, and by that name he was unknown even to his intimate friends. He was considered by William F. Cody to be one of the country's finest marksman, while General George A Custer, who hired him at one time as his Chief of Scouts, considered him the finest scout in the West. But the real estimation of his worth was firmly bolstered by the opinions of the men who lived on the frontier in the 1860's and 70's. They considered him the very best scout, guide, and frontiersman of them all!

He had every right to be called the greatest scout and guide that ever set foot on any trail. He knew the West as no man knew it before or since. He was intimately acquainted with most of that vast area extending from the 49th Parallel to the Rio Grande, and from Kentucky to the coast of California.

He knew the ways of the Indian tribes inhabiting this enormous expanse, and seemingly knew what they were going to do before the Indians decided on a course of action. He fought, at one time or another, nearly every one of these tribes, and never made an error where the Indian was concerned. Unfortunately, California Joe was not infallible—he turned his back to a white man.

With his wealth of experience, and his knowledge of this area, he should have been the foremost scout for the United States Army during the Indian troubles of the 1860's and 70's. But Joe had one great failing—a huge appetite and a corresponding fondness for whiskey—sometimes at the very moment his services were in the greatest demand.

Moses Embree Milner was born in Stanford, Kentucky, May 8, 1829. His ancestors were English and had emigrated to this country early in the 18th century and settled in what is now West Virginia, the family later moving to Kentucky.

When Milner was 14 the family moved to the Missouri frontier. Missouri seemed to hold nothing for young Milner, either that, or it was an argument with his father that caused the young lad to run away from home. It was two years before he returned, and these two years are a complete blank in his life. Only he knew where he had been and what had occurred and the boy never confided in anyone.

Reaching young manhood, Milner fell in love with a pretty little Tennessee girl who had just arrived in Missouri, Nancy Emma Watts. Although Nancy was only thirteen she was mature for her age, and cupid did his job well; the day following their marriage they joined a wagon train bound for California.

In the Ute country the wagon train was attacked, and Milner received his first close acquaintance with Indians. Young Moses, shuffling along behind the loose stock, was captured. He was immediately hustled across country, and when no pursuit was discovered, the Indians camped, no doubt prepared for a little hot fun.

Completely ignorant of the fact that far-ranging eyes had already marked their trail and camp, the Indians started preparations for an evening of enjoyment. Milner was trussed up like a Thanksgiving turkey.

One pole was placed under his knees and his hands were tied to another cross pole, the whole supported appropriately at either end. He was suspended in such a way that his rear was the closest portion of his anatomy to the ground. Under

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Milner began his life as a frontiersman by getting captured by some playful Indians which resulted in a painful and humiliating injury—especially for a newly married man—from which he luckily recovered

Photo: Amer. & West. Hist. Ass'n

Gen'l Custer in 1864.

Photo: Amer. & West. Hist. Ass'n.

General George Crook.

Photo: Denver Pub. Libr. Western Coll.

Major Frank North of Pawnee Scouts.

Photo: Amer. & West. Hist. Ass'n.

Chief of Scouts William F. Cody.

Photo: Amer. & West. Hist. Ass'n.

Captain Luther North, Pawnee Scouts.

Photo: Denver Pub. Libr. Western Coll.

"Poet Scout" Captain John Wallace.

his rear they built a small fire, and as it blazed higher, so did the lusty yells of young Milner.

His yells ceased when the pain caused him to faint, and the cacklings of the Indians were brought to an abrupt end by the crash of rifle fire. Nine lithe forms clad in buckskin ghosted through the swirling rifle smoke to make sure the eleven Indians were dead. In passing, one kicked the fire from under Milner's rear.

There was some good-natured joshing among the buckskin-clad men because of the fact two of them had been elected to get two Indians each with the first shot. One man claimed they kept bobbing their heads too much for him to get dead aim.

Milner came out of his faint in time to hear another remark in which he saw nothing funny, but it seemed hilarious to the others.

"Hey, Newt, loan me at air Green River o' yourn. Gonna cut me a few slices from this here young rump roast what these Diggers left."

Milner was taken back to the wagon train that had corralled some twenty miles distant, riding face down on a pack horse. On his bare, scorched butt were the stomach skins of two of the plumpest Indians, to alleviate the burns.

For some time he didn't sit down to eat, and hobbled when he walked, but one old-timer gave him a sovereign remedy for burns.

"Hit don' smell too purty good, but 'tis hell for healin' iffen yu jus' git a fresh cow pile an' **smear her on good!**"

(Continued from page 45)

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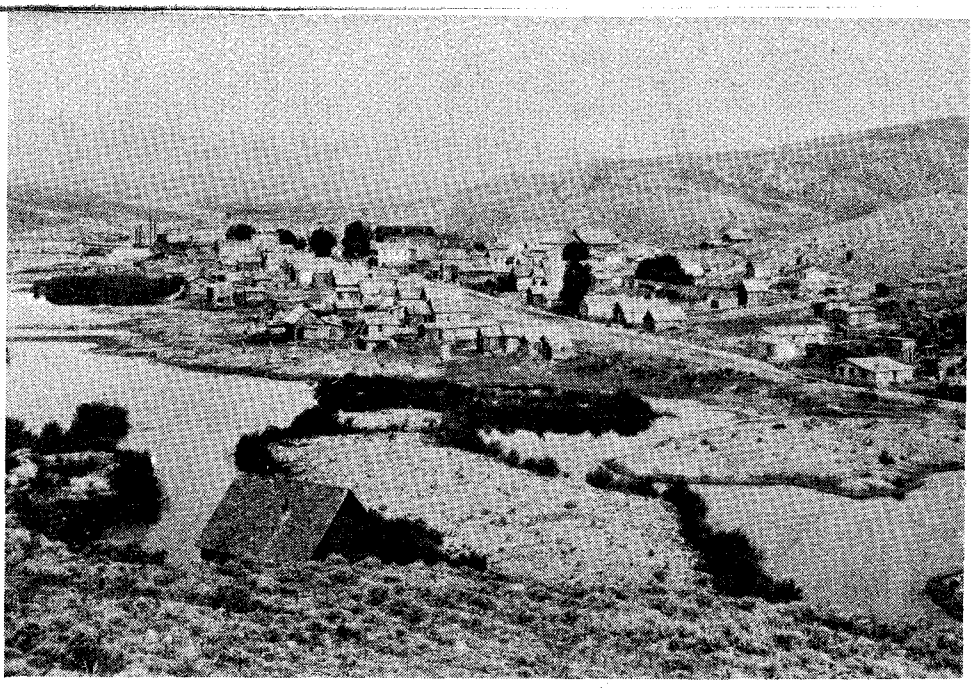
Henry Plummer's Promise

by Jean Michael Moore

Photos Courtesy L. H. Jorud, Helena, Mont.

The sheriff knew what he was talking about when he said a surprise was in the offing



The early-day mining camp at Bannack, Montana Territory.

The year was 1863 and the time shortly before Christmas in the early-day mining camp of Bannack, Montana Territory. Preparations for a dinner party which was to become an important incident in Montana history were being made. The host for the festive occasion was Henry Plummer, the charming and exceedingly popular sheriff of Alder Gulch.

Plummer had arrived in Bannack on Christmas day, 1862, and had been received with open arms by Bannack's terror-stricken residents. Road agents had been hijacking stagecoaches carrying shipments of gold with alarming regularity.

A cultured man who spoke excellent English, Plummer was endowed with the ability to mix with men in all walks of life. His opinions on mining or other businesses were eagerly sought and he was considered the most eligible bachelor in the camp.

In April 1863, Plummer was elected sheriff. Shortly after that he made a trip to the Sun River country. He returned to Bannack with a wife, Electa Bryan Plummer, who stayed with him just six weeks.

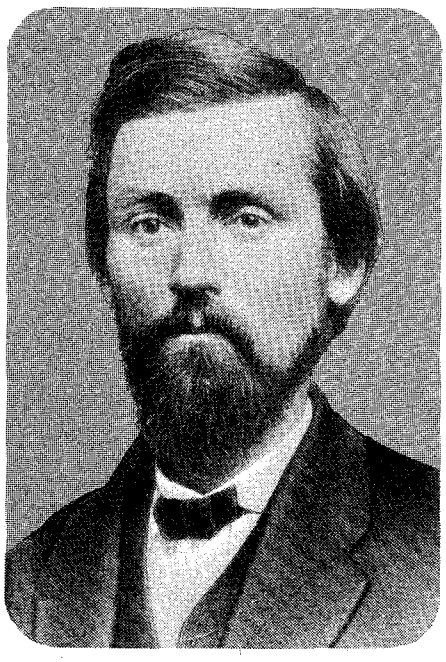
Although Sheriff Plummer seemed to exert every effort to restore order to Bannack and the surrounding area, a reign of terror continued to exist in the southwestern part of Montana Territory.

Said Plummer upon hearing of a particularly brutal murder and robbery, "I'm having a fine, sturdy gallows built in Hangman's Gulch. You'll soon see the leader of these blasted outlaws hanged on it along with his henchmen!"

Still the violence continued. Robbery and murder became the usual rather than the unusual course of events. Travelers took their lives in their hands whether traveling singly or by stagecoach. The outlaws seemed to have an uncanny knowledge of gold shipments and were always on hand to see that they did not reach their destinations.

The guest list for Sheriff Plummer's party was made up of many prominent names and included Sidney Edgerton, first Montana Territorial governor, and his nephew, Wilbur F. Sanders, a lawyer, whose name was destined to go down in Montana history as a result of his activities in attempting to establish law and order during the Montana gold rush days. About 50 guests were invited to the dinner party, several of whom, it became

(Continued on page 44)



Colonel Wilbur F. Sanders was waiting when the Vigilantes brought their captive to the Goodrich Hotel

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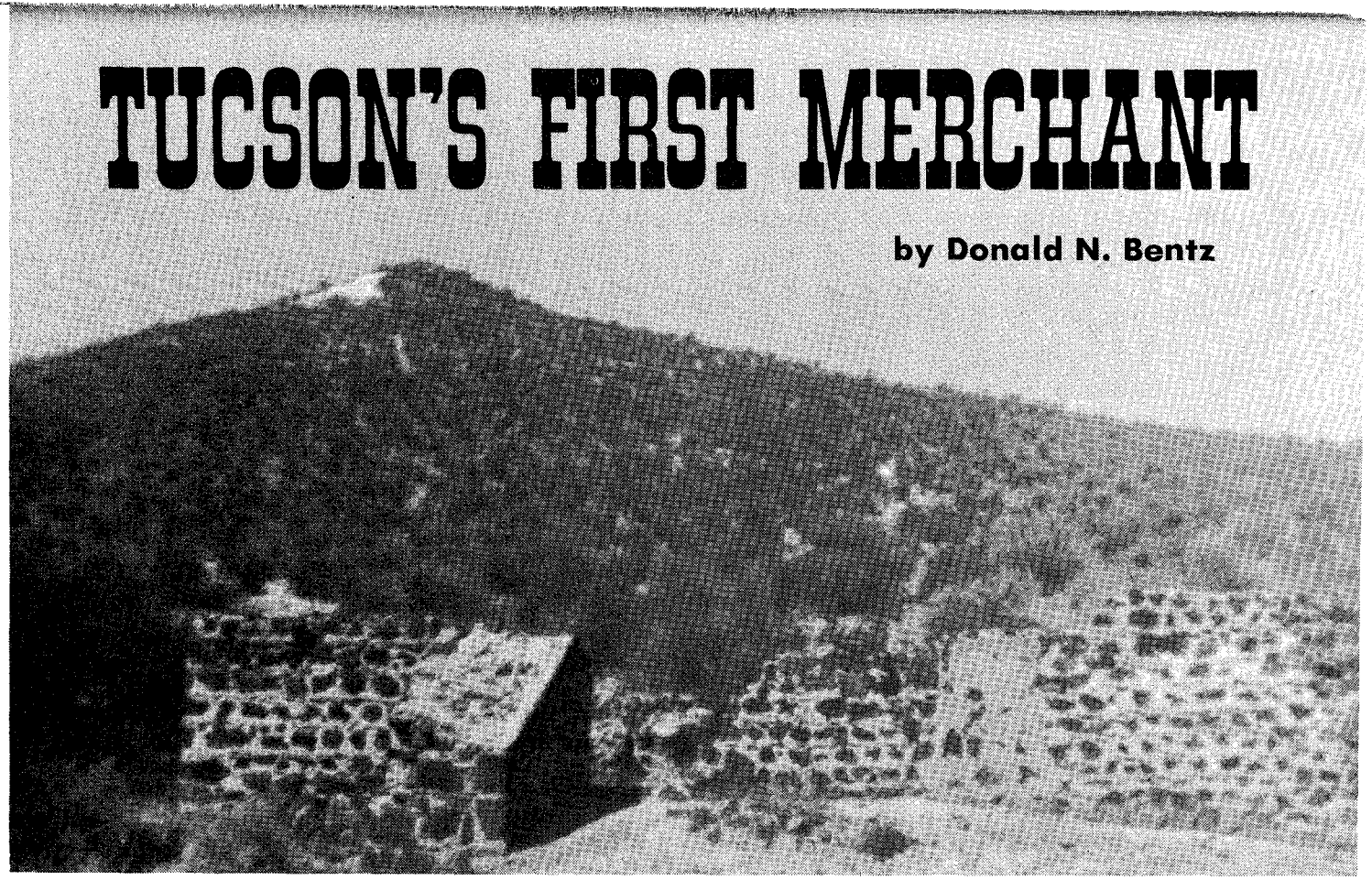
TUCSON'S FIRST MERCHANT

by Donald N. Bentz



Author's Photo

Ruins of Warner's Mill, built in 1874-75, Tucson, Arizona.

Pioneer, prospector and builder, Solomon Warner had to leave the country when the Civil War broke out, but he returned to become one of Arizona's leading citizens

I am now eighty (80) years old, badly crippled from wounds inflicted by Apache Indians, and poor, and respectfully ask the early attention of the Government to my just claims."

So spoke Solomon Warner on the 21st day of July, 1890, before William J. Osborn, Notary Public, Tucson, Pima County, Arizona, in his $10,283.62 claim against the United States Government.

This Arizona pioneer was born on February 8, 1811, near what is now known as the town of Warnersville, Schoharie County, New York. He was of German descent and the town of his birth was named after his ancestors. Solomon Warner claimed that he was the grandson of Nicholas Warner, a Revolutionary War veteran who died in Schoharie County in 1837 at the age of 96.

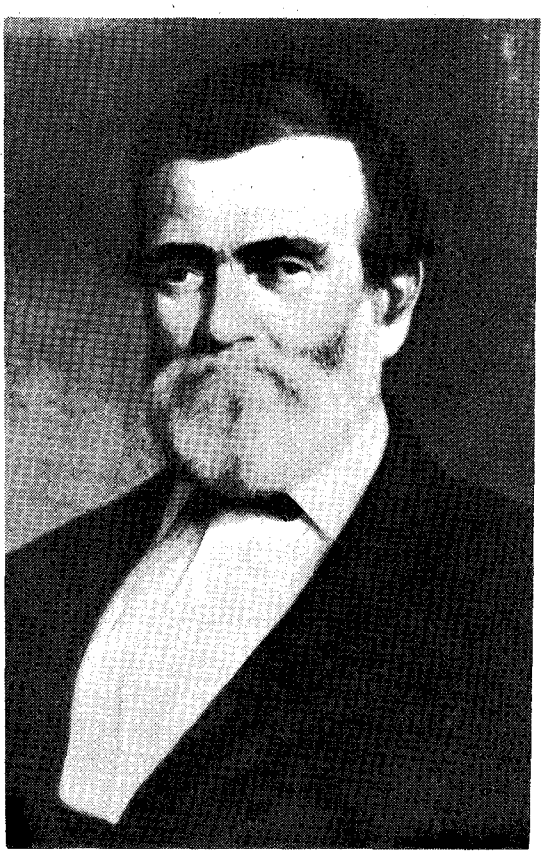
In that same year, when he was 26 years old, Solomon Warner left New York and made journeys up and down the Mississippi River, working on river boats. At the time of the California gold rush he was one of the early Forty-niners. For a time he lived near Sonora, Tuolumne County.

In 1851 he sailed to the Isthmus of Panama, worked in Nicaragua, and returned to San Francisco in the spring of 1853. He finally located at Crescent City where he lived for a year, returned to San Francisco for another year, and then moved to San Diego. Here Warner met Major McKinstrey, a quartermaster in the United States Army, who persuaded him to travel to Yuma, Arizona, there to follow his trade of masonry. Warner, arriving on January 13, 1855, laid foundation walls for buildings at Fort Yuma.

In July, 1855, outdoor work on the Fort Yuma buildings ceased because of the extremely hot weather. It was at this time Warner became associated with Hooper and Hinton, who were the owners of the Settlers' Store at the fort. These men had some trade from Sonora, Mexico. They opened a store on the Arizona side of the river serving Sonora citizens and emigrants. Hooper stayed on the fort side of the river and Hinton had charge of the store on the Arizona side. Steam boating had just begun on the Colorado River and ships were making regular trips from Yuma to the mouth of the river and back to Yuma. Hooper and Hinton were supplying themselves with goods from San Francisco directly by water. Their trade with Sonora was rapidly increasing, so they decided to build a larger store and warehouse on the Arizona side of the river. Solomon

(Continued on page 65)

Solomon Warner, 1811-1899.



Arizona Pioneers' Historical Society

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The brave Kiowa chieftain faced the classic, but most painful and tragic, dilemma of his life—how to persuade his fierce followers to accept the white man's despised culture and way of life...

Courtesy Nat'l Park Svc. Castillo de San Marcos Nat'l Monument.

Exiles at St. Augustine. (From l. to r.): Lone Wolf, a Kiowa; (2) unknown; (3) White Horse, Kiowa; (4) Woman an Heart, Kiowa; (5) unknown; (6) George Fox. Kicking Bird (opposite page) selected Kiowas for exile.

Kicking Bird — Kiowa Martyr

by Fred Grove

NOW AND THEN Kicking Bird caught the low-keyed muttering around him as he led the war party of one-hundred Kiowas toward Red River under the blistering July sun. Proud and angry, he ignored the taunts, as he had the hooting talk and contemptuous signs of the old men in camp. The sign for coward: trembling motions of hands and body, of a person shaking with fear. And the sign for woman: hands to the sides of the head and then curving the fingers downward as though combing the hair.

He was, the war chiefs accused, too friendly with the pony soldiers at the fort near Medicine Bluff. If he was still a warrior, let him prove himself again. Let him fight! Only Kiowas, credited with killing more white people in proportion to their numbers than any Plains tribe, could be so scornful.

Now, mounted on his fastest war pony, painted and dressed in his finest costume, his scarlet and white war bonnet fluttering in the hot wind, Kicking Bird rode south with an inflexible singleness of purpose: to fight the white in *Tejano* country and regain his lost prestige as a tribal leader. No mere stealing or raiding this time. He carried a *bois d'arc* lance, another indication of the grimness of his mission. For a lance-carrier could never retreat without losing face, and cowardice was worse than death to a Kiowa.

The dazzling sunlight revealed his wide, strong mouth and straight, broad nose. But it was an intelligent face, the dark eyes thoughtful and alert. In the rawhide saddle he looked tall and graceful, although almost slight in form compared to his burly tribesmen. His coppery complexion was also brighter, characteristic of his northern forebears. Years ago the Kiowas had roamed the Upper Yellowstone and Missouri Rivers, where they formed an alliance with the Crows. Kicking Bird was the grandson of a Crow adopted into the Kiowa tribe.

Sometimes, though, he felt like a stranger among his own people, as when he tried to convince them that the Kiowas' only salvation lay in making peace and settling down to a civilized

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life and when they, savagely, suspiciously, questioned his loyalty.

On the lookout for cavalry detachments on scout from Fort Sill, the war party watered its horses in the meandering Red and cached extra blankets and gear among the thickets. Presently a young man faced the body of warriors and spoke in the nasal, choking Kiowa tongue.

"Let's steal ponies!" he exhorted. "The *Tejanos* have many ponies! It will be easy! We are strong!"

Kicking Bird threw him a quick look of reproof. "We didn't come to steal. We're here to fight the whites. See that your weapons are ready."

Disgruntled, the young brave glowered his mocking arrogance, as if doubting Kicking Bird's courage; but he said no more.

Kicking Bird continued to ride south, meanwhile watchful of the impatient younger warriors. Even so, several braves, showing typical Indian disregard for discipline, slipped away and robbed a mail stage at Rock Station, fifteen miles west of Fort Richardson and near present Jermyn, Texas. Yet their wild impulsiveness brought about the clash Kicking Bird sought.

Pursuing cavalry swung out of Fort Richardson, just south of Jacksboro, 53 troopers and one civilian scout, with Captain Curwen B. McClellan, 6th Cavalry, in command. They struck northwest on the trail of the raiders, riding five days into the sixth.

Kiowa scouts, far out in front, suddenly began turning their ponies in tight circles. The signal for enemy sighted. A ripple of excitement ran through the warriors.

"Stick together!" Kicking Bird called. "Look out for each other! Be brave! Fight hard! Charge in close!"

McClellan didn't hesitate. He attacked at once, on a broad line. At 10A.M. on July 12, 1870, near where the town of Seymour is now, the two forces came together on a stretch of rolling, mesquite-dotted prairie, ideal for the cut and slash of light cavalry action.

As the troopers closed in, Kicking Bird jockeyed for position and sent flanking parties to either side and the Kiowas, resorting to old tactics, appeared to break before the charge. But no sooner did the troopers slacken that the Kiowas swarmed back. Certainly not as Hollywood so often shows Plains Indians charging, in an even, foolish line, easy to hit.

They charged in bunches. Like the buffalo. Howling like prairie wolves. And when they darted in and out, firing underneath their ponies' straining necks, they exposed only an acrobat's arm or leg while they hung like burs on the off-side of their agile mounts.

Kicking Bird led the first charge, straight into the din and roiling dust and confusion of wheeling, neighing horses. Bent low, he thrust his lance into a cavalryman and sent him reeling from the saddle.

The Kiowas veered off, only to circle and pile in once more. Again and again they repeated the pressuring maneuver. Today they seemed to fight with a greater skill and persistence than usual.

Captain McClellan, his rear threatened by flanking parties, started to fall back. For five hours the fight swayed back and forth, the yellow legs withdrawing and Kicking Bird's young men continually harrying the dogged, outnumbered command.

Suddenly the fighting broke off. There were dead and wounded men on both sides. The heat was intense, the horses were exhausted and parched throats ached for water.

McClellan reported two troopers killed and nine wounded, eight horses killed and twenty-one wounded. He said the Kiowas lost fifteen warriors killed and had "many more wounded," a rather high figure, it would seem, in contrast to the low casualties on the other side in an open fight. Neither was the loss corroborated by the Kiowas, who would not have considered the fight a victory had they lost that many men. Nor would a war party leader have been lauded had he led that many braves to their deaths.

The captain paid a fighting man's compliment to the Kiowas for "fighting bravely at close range" and said "the Indians almost surrounded the command."

Undoubtedly Kicking Bird had won, his courage proved again. And his act was the bravest because he had struck the enemy with a weapon held in his hand. Furthermore, it was the biggest fight of the raiding season.

Turning his jubilant young men north, Kicking Bird could see the change in their painted faces, their awed admiration and respect for him, a warrior who had fought in close and counted coup. Now they would listen to him! It was the last time he led the Kiowas against the whites.

Outside of army and agency officials around Fort Sill, few white men had ever heard of Kicking Bird or Tene-angpote, a Kiowa chief, other than as one of the signers of the treaty of Medicine Lodge, in Kansas, concluded October 21, 1867, which fixed the Kiowa-Comanche-Apache reservation in present western Oklahoma between the Red and Washita Rivers.

Texans, suffering from the repeated raids of war parties helling south across Red River, heard only of such no-quarter Kiowa raiders as Lone Wolf, Satank and Satanta, and Bull Bear, Wild Horse, Black Horse and Quanah Parker of the Comanches.

Even today Kicking Bird, whom army men considered a highly skilled battlefield leader, is all but unknown in contrast to such famous warriors as Sitting Bull, Crazy Horse, Red Cloud, Roman Nose, Dull Knife, Chief Joseph, Cochise, Geronimo and others.

Yet he was probably the only Indian leader who waged war to save "face" so that his people, undergoing the agonizing bewilderment of transition to the white man's ways, would then follow him in peace and survival. And scores of Texas settlers unknowingly owed him their lives during the last major outbreak on the southern Plains in 1874-75.

There was much celebrating in the Kiowa villages over the victory which silenced Kicking Bird's critics for the present. But even while he heard his *(Continued on page 62)*

Photo: University of Oklahoma Library.

His bitter destiny—to make final, unpopular decision.

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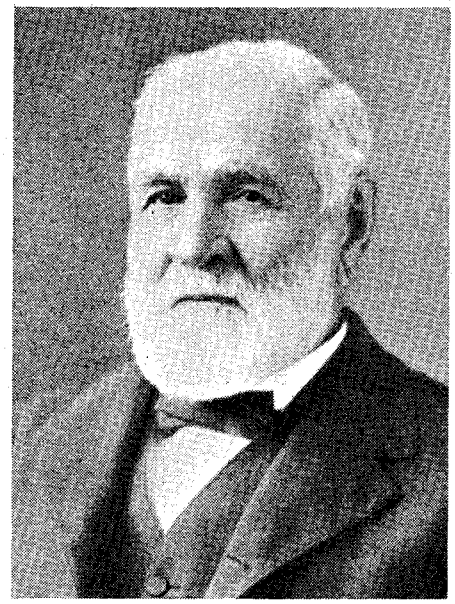
by Joe Koller

PILOT on the

It was a falling wooden barricade and not a heavenly shower of meteorites that laid LaBarge low and almost sent him in a comatose state to the funeral pyre...

Photo: N. Dak. Historical Soc.



Captain Joseph LaBarge.

WHEN CAPTAIN Joseph LaBarge was past the doughty age of 80, he grimly recalled a night of terror when the sky blazed an astral omen and death hung over the flooded Missouri River. By Winter Count—the Sioux people's pictograph calendar—this year of phenomenon was 1833.

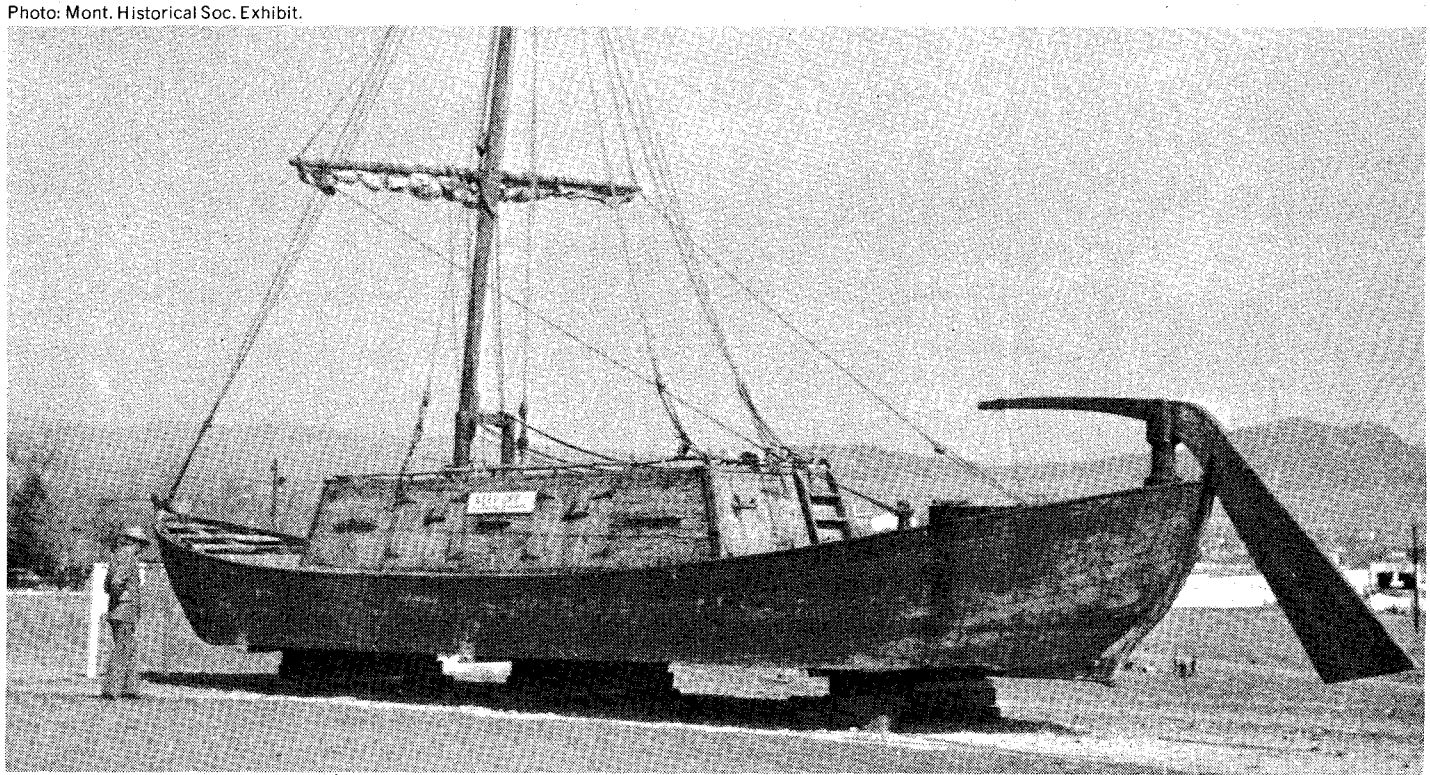
At 18 years of age LaBarge, an apprentice clerk on the American Fur Company's steamboat *Yellowstone*, was headed up the wild Missouri with a $175,000 cargo for Fort Union, the company's trading post. A night stop was made at a timbered island in Dakota and the hawser tied to a tree. Roustabouts went ashore to replenish the ship's fuel supply. As Negroes toiled by firelight an axeman doubled up on the ground and gyrated in agony. Dread took possession of his companions. LaBarge, unaware of this, was in his cabin bunk, dozing off to sleep, but the experience that was to scar his memory for life was just then shaping up.

Young LaBarge was being trained for a trader's life. Pierre Chouteau, merchant prince of St. Louis, had transferred him from store to ship service to broaden his experience under "challenging" conditions.

At this time, too, the northwest of Lewis & Clark was being looted of its fur harvest by the Canadians, who used whiskey and Hudson Bay guns to turn tribes against the licensed American traders that came up the Missouri. For decades this river of hazards knew only the voyagers that paddled and cordelled keelboats upstream to Fort Union and returned by keel or Mackinaw crafts with fur tonnage for the St. Louis market.

The American Fur Company, headed up by Pierre Chouteau and Alexander Mackenzie, planned the defeat of such competition by initiating steam power traffic. In 1832 the *Yellowstone*, a Mississippi side-wheeler, churned its way up

Photo: Mont. Historical Soc. Exhibit.



This is a keelboat, of the type used by voyagers on the Missouri before steamboats came into use.

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RIVER OF HAZARDS

the river to Fort Union and back. LaBarge, aboard it, saw Indians fall on their faces at sight of the fire-belching monster that walked on water under the whiteman's magic. However, more knowledgeable squawmen soon dispelled such awe, and the ship was fired on when it returned downriver.

It was LaBarge's ambition to advance from clerk to pilot and from pilot to command. Being Chouteau's protege influenced the Captain to invite LaBarge to the pilothouse to acquaint him with the helmsman's duties and responsibilities. While steering a craft the pilot had to watch the channel and avoid floating trees, buried snags, and hidden sandbars.

One pilot even encouraged LaBarge to take brief turns at the wheel, for the short, stocky youth had been raised on the Mississippi, and knew waterways.

On this second venture up the river the *Yellowstone* was ambushed by Indians on a riverside bluff. One man was killed and three others were wounded in the attack. A plank barricade was erected for emergency cover on deck. That terrible night the ship was safely moored to the island tree and everything seemed shipshape when LaBarge turned in.

He awoke suddenly, his heart pounding as if with presentiment of the difficult time ahead. He heard clamor and pistol shots on the island. There were running steps on deck.

"Cap'n!" someone bawled.

LaBarge, wide awake, noticed a strange ruddy glow that filled the cabin. He was pulling on a pair of breeches when a fiery object streaked past the window. He hastened out on deck and stopped short, transfixed by the awesome spectacle.

The heavens were ablaze. Fiery-tailed suns slashed the firmament, casting a lurid light and emitting a weird roar. The vast riverscape was alive with kaleidoscopic shadows. There was bedlam and commotion on both island and ship. The conglomerated aspects advanced one thought—it was doomsday; the world was being destroyed by fire!

Joseph LaBarge's legs gave way. Cold ague shook him. He was wordless. Roustabouts rushed up the companionway. The panic-stricken Negroes upset the barricade and the plank wall fell on Joseph LaBarge, knocking him out...

When his eyes opened again he was in his bunk. The sun seemed to be shining and the sky was blue. But his head—his bandaged head throbbed with pain and he remembered the barricade falling on him.

Jupitor, the shiny-haired galleycook was bending over him. As LaBarge opened his eyes, the man gave a grunt of relief. "Yuh was bein' toted to the burial fire b'fore us savvied you all was alive, suh." His fat, friendly face offered a grin.

LaBarge remembered the burning clouds. "What happened?" he asked.

Jupitor gave the Captain's explanation. It was a meteor shower. Falling stars. He explained that there had been additional tragedy; an epidemic, and a revolt.

The wood choppers visiting the island had found Indian burials and they had been unable to refrain from molesting them in their greedy search for trophies. Out of such desecration had seeped the fumes of cholera, claiming victims on island and ship. The officers had tried to quell the panic, but it had been next to impossible to command calm. Some men stole small boats and abandoned the ship under fire. Some bewildered Negroes had leaped into the river. The cholera-dead

(Continued on page 47)

Photo: Koller Coll.

A close-up of keelboat superstructure showing the cargo housing.

Photo: S. Dak. Historical Museum.

Dr. Walter A. Burleigh, Dakota Territory's delegate to Congress.

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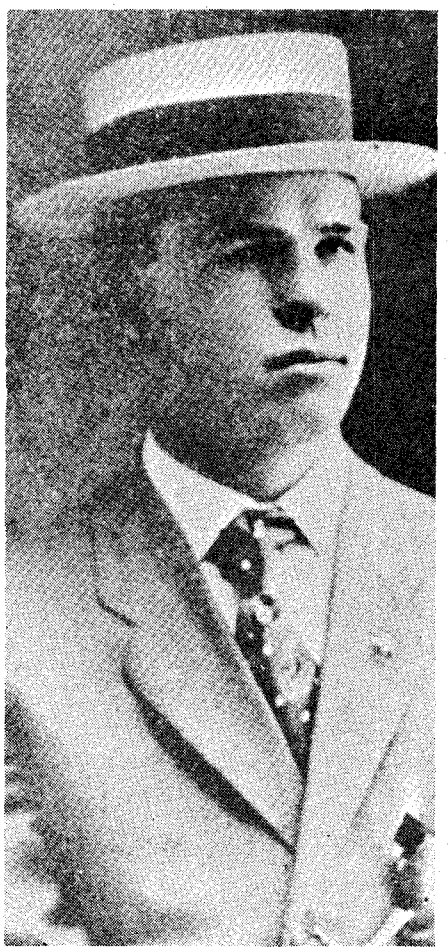

"Battling" Nelson was guaranteed $20,000.

TEX RICKARD, THE WEST'S INCREDIBLE PROMOTER

by Julian R. Green

IN A REAL SENSE there were two types of adventurers who rushed to the Klondike for gold. There were those who went to relieve the earth of its golden burden by picking up or picking out the gold everyone knew was there. These people were willing to endure hardship and hard work to get their gold. They were outdoor, honest, industrious people.

The second group was mostly composed of people who rushed to the Klondike in an effort to relieve the relievers in the first group. These were the indoor, the crafty and the "never sweat" group determined to make their strike where it was warm and glasses clinked.

"Tex" Rickard and his long-time Texas friend, Will Slack, were active members of the second group, having taken membership when they arrived in Alaska during November, 1895, about two years before the gold-mad hordes reached their peak.

Up there too were Wyatt Earp, Lucky Baldwin, Calamity Jane, Jack London, Wilson Mizner, Key Pittman and even Marjorie Rambeau, the famed actress who was then a child performer.

Tex and Will pushed on toward Juneau to await the spring thaw, and Tex immediately settled down for a long, long poker game. The street was lined with honky-tonks of all stripes and there was no shortage of gold dust.

In April, Tex and Will set out for the Chilkoot Pass, burdened beyond belief with food, equipment, clothes and everything a prospector might need. It was so cold that the sun seemed to freeze in its endless celestial path. Tex later described the mounting of the Pass as the most difficult task he had ever accomplished. This from a hard-riding Texas cowboy! Slack eventually turned back to Juneau. But Tex pushed on, heading for Circle City, which already boasted 28 saloons, gambling halls and brothels, along with an opera house, two general stores and a blacksmith's shop. Circle City had something else too.

When the thaw came, the place turned to a bog, festooned with moss so clinging it did everything but "jump up and wrestle with a man," as Mizner put it. Burning smudge pots darkened the sky 24 hours a day because the mosquitoes were monstrous and many. Miners had been known to die from repeated attacks and horses had to have their nostrils cleaned to keep them from strangling on the insects!

But Tex didn't have any plans to be out in the moss, nor where the mosquitoes buzzed. Flatter than a salted snail, he immediately got a job as a dealer in a gambling layout owned by Sam Bonnifield, remembered as the Yukon's most famous gambler.

Rickard did his best to emulate Sam, watching him win and lose thousands in what were considered routine games.

One day Sam was handling the faro box and Louis Golden had $5,000 in dust riding on the queen.

Sam turned the soda, the first card, a king. Then the second card was a queen, a winner for Golden. Sam looked up at Tex, then rose from the faro layout. "Tex, take over dealing. Pay Goldie that $5,000. Give him nineteen and a half pounds of gold dust! Aw, make it twenty pounds," Sam said laughing.

But Goldie didn't want to quit. He took his money in $100 chips and before the night's play was over, he had lost $22,000!

The next night, Sam ran into another sour streak and lost $75,000 plus the whole gambling house, saloon and trappings! He was just about to sign it over when a grub-staked prospector strode in and dumped two huge sacks of gold on the table. "That'll partly pay you for the stake," the miner said. Sam merely smiled as he shoved the gold over to the winner, then retrieved the papers of title. Before the next dawn, that lucky customer had been cleaned out of all the gold dust in those sacks, plus what he had on hand.

Sam pushed another run hard and accumulated enough gold to buy the finest place in Circle City. "Here Tex," Sam said. "She's all yours."

Tex was grateful, but his confidence exceeded his skill. In little more than a week, a steely-eyed gambler won the whole gambling layout. Tex shook hands with the new owner, wished him luck, then walked down the street to Sam's place where he was immediately hired as a bartender. Tex, chameleon-like, settled peaceably into the job as he had always done during most of his life before coming to the Yukon and Alaskan areas.

DURING the 58 tumultuous years of his life which began January 2, 1871, in Clay County, Missouri, George Lewis Rickard seemed born to stand up and fight—or at least to get someone to fight for him as was proved with his million dollar gates in New York's boxing gardens.

It was somehow typical, too, that even his first sounds

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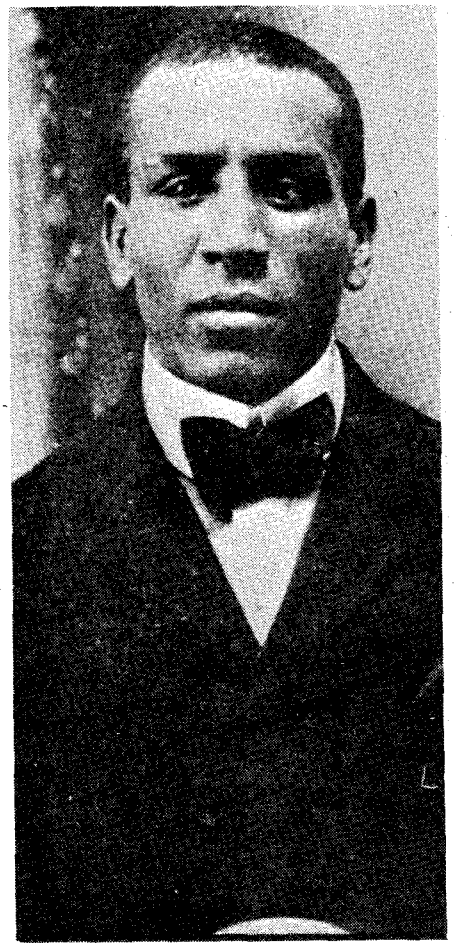
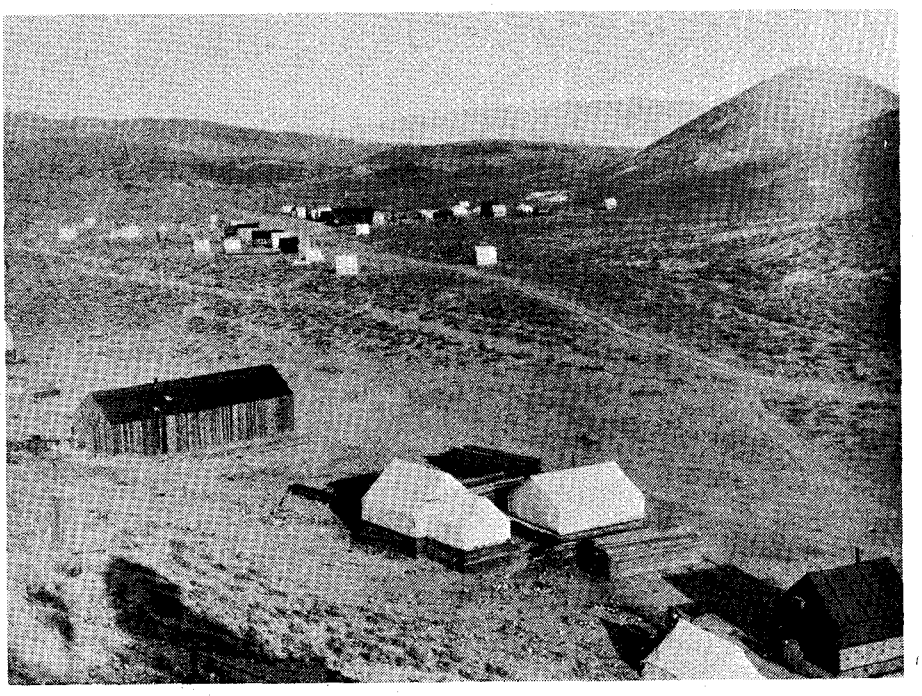


Joe Gans won on a foul in the 42nd round.



Goldfield, Nevada, as it was in the early days (above) and later (below).

Young Collection

This wild-eyed, ex-cowboy had an imagination that kept the West in the throes of excitement

were drowned out by others, as they were so often later. But the day he was born, bullets were flying about, and the roar of guns thundered outside as a hard-riding posse chased the James boys who lived thereabouts.

Tex was only four when Pinkerton men raided the James' farmhouse, killing an 8-year-old boy and injuring three others. Tex's dad decided that was enough and they moved to Cambridge, Texas. Tex was shining shoes, cowboy boots that is, by the time he was seven and he spent hours listening to the riders tell of their troubles on the trail, stampedes and gun fights.

When Tex's father died, he quit school, at the third grade, and took over as man of the house. He got himself hired as a hand on a ranch near Henrietta for $10 a month. When he got some money ahead, his mother and numerous children moved nearby.

For the next ten years, Tex grew up in a saddle, always looking to the far horizon, or even more frequently the sky. "One of these day I'll be able to reach up there, grab the stars and turn everyone of them into twenty dollar gold pieces," he would tell his mother with complete confidence.

Tex was tough as whang leather and a hard, loyal worker. He worked up from wrangler to drag and a full fledged trail driver. Tex never provoked trouble but he never avoided it either. His model, and Tex always had one, was Sheriff Cooper Wright, a lawman with more guts than could be hung on a line fence. He watched Wright save killers from mobs and enforce the laws without fear or favor. Tex wanted to do the same. In time he did. During 1894 he was made city marshal of Henrietta and got married a few weeks later.

Tex handled the miscreants with a glib tongue rather than a gun and his career was extremely successful. His home life wasn't. A year after being married his wife had a baby boy. He died shortly after birth and so did Leona, Tex's wife. Texas no longer held an allure for him and when news of the Alaskan gold strike came, he set off for the far horizon believing this was his chance to grab up those stars and turn 'em into gold.

The main chance seemed to have arrived for Tex when

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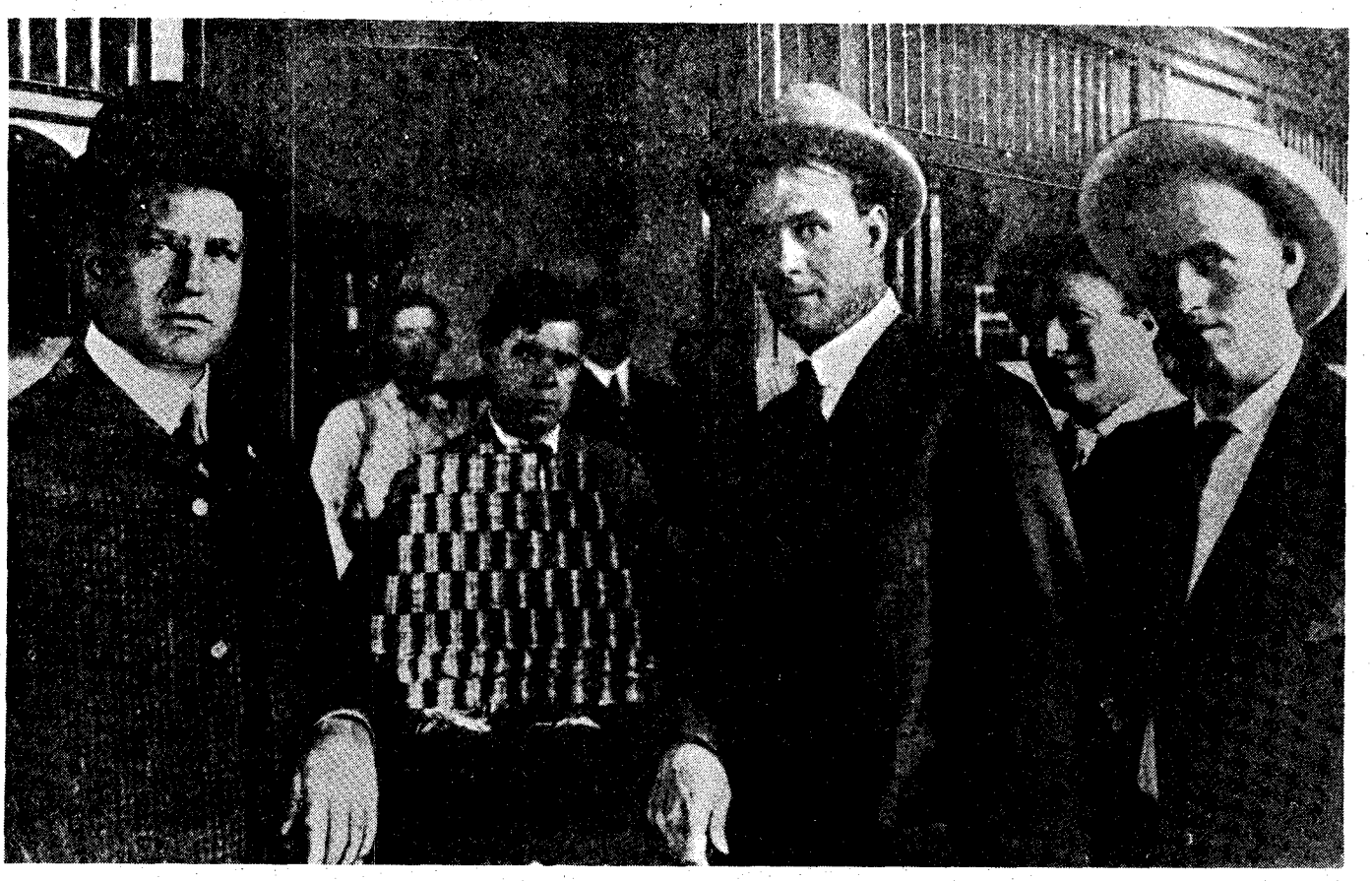

Tex Rickard (center) stands beside the $30,000 gold coin purse of the Nelson-Gans championship fight.

news of the strike on the Klondike River came into Circle City. Immediately the prices of houses dropped from $500 to $25 and the price of dogs to pull sleds rose from $25 to $1500 each!

Two days later Tex and Harry Ash hit the trail for the Klondike along with everyone else in Circle City.

Tex staked out two claims along Bonanza Creek and hadn't raised much more than a frozen sweat when an Englishman gave him $60,000 for the claims. Tex's first impulse was to return to Texas and buy a ranch, but when Tom Turner convinced him that a gambling layout and saloon would be an indoor gold mine Tex forgot about Texas. They moved to the junction of the Klondike and Yukon Rivers where a tent city, Dawson, was already mushrooming. Tex and Turner opened the Northern saloon and within four months they had $155,000 in their pokes.

One night later, Tex and Turner had been stripped of every cent, including the Northern. When he paid off and shook hands with the new owners, Tex didn't even have a place to sleep.

For more than a year thereafter Tex worked as a dealer, bartender and handshaker, usually at the Monte Carlo, owned by Swiftwater Bill Gates. Though Tex drew $20 a shift, he was perpetually broke, not being able to convince himself that no one, not even a dealer, can successfully buck the house tiger. Tex carefully avoided the tin-horns and the short card artists, gambling honestly but not successfully.

When the news of the enormous strike hit San Francisco on July 14, 1897, the northern gold rush was on! It was sheer, utter and complete tragedy for most of the adventurers. They died from hunger, from accident, from fights, from cold and privation But the hardier ones kept moving northward. Dawson's 10,000 population doubled, then doubled again early in '98. One of those able to survive the chaos and danger was Wilson Mizner, one of the West's greatest wits, who worked alongside of Tex at the Monte Carlo. From that association they became life-long friends. It was a natural: Mizner was urbane and an endless talker. Tex was earthy and a patient listener. Curiously, too, it was Mizner who first opened Tex's eyes about the possibilities of promoting fights for a price.

The first fight ended with one of the maulers being knocked through the ropes into Rickard's lap. Though Tex lost his bet, he was sold on the excitement and sport that would draw men anywhere in the world, but surely in the boom camps. Tex was a dedicated rainbow chaser already.

Gold attracted Frank Slavin, called the Sydney Cornstalk. He wasn't much interested in fighting for a fee, but he got loaded in the Monte Carlo and was punched around by a Dawson bully-boy called Biff Hoffman. Mizner and Tex were on the spot to pull the men apart. Each convinced one man that such a contest should be staged where everyone could see it—for a price. They agreed.

Seats were built in the dance hall and sold for $15 and $25 each. The seats were scarcely warm when the fight was over. Slavin knocked out Hoffman with his first punch.

Rickard decided to take a geographic cure for his bad luck and moved towards Rampart, where the Yukon touches the Arctic Circle. Tex had the golden touch to promote his gambles. From Dawson on, he always worked with OPM—Other People's Money.

FLAMBOYANT even in the wilderness, Tex opened his layout with a "grand ball and a prize fight." It scored. So much in fact that there wasn't even room to build a ring. The circle of the miners pushed the men together until one was knocked out. Tex did very well while the Rampart boom ripped. But it wasn't more than dust deep. Tex, along with Rex Beach the novelist, and a few others spent a dismal winter cutting wood for the river steamers. But he got something even better than the $15 a cord for the wood. He got the news that a big strike had been made at Nome.

Tex didn't have more than $50 to his name when he

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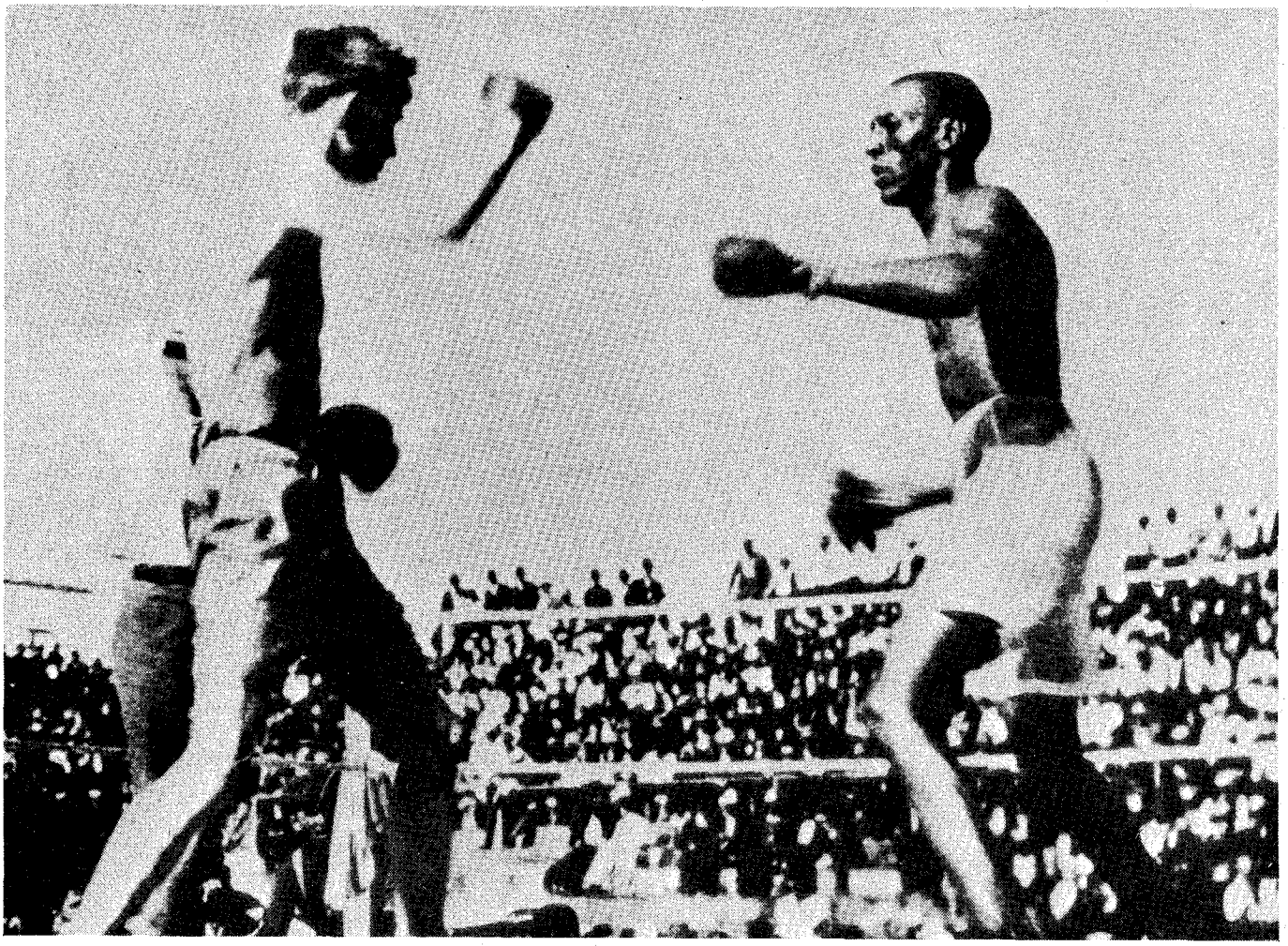


Battling Nelson (l.) and Joe Gans fought 42 brawling, punishing rounds before Nelson fouled Gans.

started for Nome with Jim White, who pooled his $25 with Tex to start a tent gambling layout.

Tex and Jim were among the first on the ground and they pitched on a Front Street lot which cost $100, but which they got for sugar-lip option.

Planks for a board floor were acquired the same way. Then a shipload of whisky and other potables was left in Tex's care with the admonition to keep tab on what was used and pay when he could. A cigar salesman was talked out of his supplies and Tex and Jim were really in business.

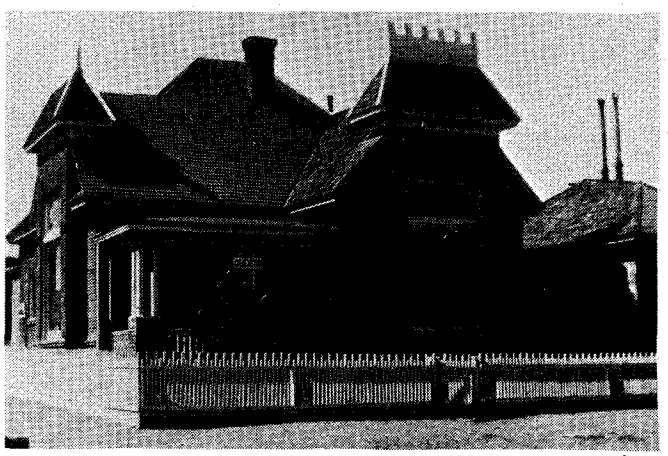
The first night they netted $1,000. Within 10 days, Jim sold out for $10,000. Tex dug deeper, knowing this was a good gamble. His reputation was well known in the North. Miners left their accumulated pokes with Tex, sometimes for weeks and months. Some were never claimed. In addition to being the best, most honest gambler in the area, Tex Rickard also became an informal banker. Though thousands in gold dust lay in pokes behind the bar, his place was never robbed.

Tex's honesty and luck parleyed when gold was discovered in the sands of the beach fronting Nome, literally a few feet from his Northern saloon. The bartenders, bums, dealers and dolls all rushed to pan out $100 a day. During the first two months, an estimated million dollars in gold was washed out with one claim producing nearly $50,000 in three days. Fabulous finds.

The Northern sky seemed to lower just so Tex Rickard could pluck out the stars and turn them into gold coins.

Dawson had the Mounted Police, but Nome knew no law. When the first representatives of law did arrive Nome was worse off than before. Judge Noyes and Alex McKenzie worked like pick and pan to fleece the verdant miner. In mining litigation, the Judge would appoint McKenzie as court receiver while the claim was being argued in court. While Judge Noyes was setting legal blocks wherever possible to stall and delay the trial, McKenzie would be working the disputed claim for all he was worth and the miners were robbed of whatever prize they sought. In time, the judge and McKenzie were exposed and convicted, but they stole millions in the meantime. (Rex Beach's novel *The Spoilers* was based largely on this affair.) *(Continued on page 60)*

Tex Rickard's house in Goldfield, Nevada.



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KING of

Henry Lawrence Kinney was more than a trader; he was an adventurer, a promoter, a colonizer, a politician, an Indian fighter—and a ladies' man

by Dee Woods

Photo: Corpus Christi Chamber of Commerce.

Henry Lawrence Kinney, founder of Corpus Christi.

HE WAS KINGPIN of the area between the Nueces River and the Rio Grande, which was designated on old, old maps as the Wild Horse Desert. Kinney's Trading Post, later to be known as Corpus Christi, was the only settlement in the territory. Although both Mexico and the Republic of Texas claimed the land it was occupied by neither. Thus Kinney's settlement was a town without a country.

Col. Henry Lawrence Kinney—the colonel was complimentary—was more than a trader. He was an adventurer, a promoter, a colonizer, a politician, a filibuster, an Indian fighter and a ladies' man.

And he was King of the Wild Horse Desert.

In 1839 Kinney constructed wharfs and buildings at the junction of Corpus Christi and Nueces Bays. Kinney's Trading Post was actually a smuggling operation. The tariff was so high in Mexico that the traffic in contraband was profitable. Carreta trains and pack horses began arriving at the new Post. Trade goods were carried by schooners from New Orleans.

Kinney had no conflict with Texas for, on Feb. 1st, 1839, trade with Mexico was authorized by a proclamation of Mirabeau Bounaparte Lamar, President of the Republic of Texas.

In Mexico, Kinney "built his fences" by a visit to Gen. Mariano Arista, Commander-In-Chief of Northern Mexico. After that visit it just happened the Trading Post was never molested by Mexican authorities. However, Kinney must not have been satisfied with his power of diplomacy because he left a spy in Matamorous. Too, he kept in touch with the United States Consul John P. Schatzel of that city.

Two leagues of land skirting Corpus Christi Bay upon which the Trading Post was located had been purchased by Kinney from a man named Levi Jones who actually had no title to the property. The land between the Nueces River and the Oso belonged to Capt. Enrique de Villereal who had it by grant from Fernandez, Governor of the Mexican state of Tamaulipas as a reward for patriotic services.

How Kinney secured the sixteen leagues of the area is one of the most incredible episodes in the history of the West.

Chipito Sandoval, the spy Kinney had left in Matamorous, rode into the Trading Post on an almost dead horse. He informed the "colonel" that Villereal with a force of 300 men was starting from Mexico to drive the traders from his land.

Kinney had forty men, a force enough for defence against renegades and Indians but far too few to confront Villereal's 300 men.

Being a man of action and determined not to give up the Post, Kinney hurriedly set sail for Aransas City on Live Oak Point, a small settlement on the southeast corner of Copano Bay.

He was unsuccessful in recruiting even one man. And when he returned he discovered that all but eight of his forty men had decamped. The runaways had taken with them all of the trade goods they could carry.

The Post was in a worse predicament.

Villereal arrived and camped on the prairie three miles from the Post. Under a white flag he sent an envoy with orders for Kinney to surrender. He was to turn over the Post and all of the goods therein as the price of peace.

But the audacious Kinney was ready. He concealed the fact that he had so few men so that the messenger would not guess his desperate condition. He was gracious but firm. He would not be dispossessed.

At Kinney's signal his men set off a half-dozen buried bombs. They exploded with a great roar sending skyward showers of earth.

The frightened envoy was sent back with Kinney's promise to confer with Villereal the next day. He also warned that if Villereal attacked that his bones and those of his men would lay bleaching on the prairie.

Sounds of the explosions and Kinney's threats were convincing. Arriving for the conference with great ceremony, attended by all eight of his men, Kinney used great diplomacy with slightly veiled threats. He offered to buy Villereal's land.

Terms were arranged which gave Kinney one of the great estates of Texas—thirty square miles. The price: down payment of 845 reales and agreement to future installments of a total of $4000 in money and merchandise. Final papers were signed

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The Wild Horse Desert

Jan. 4, 1840 but not till 1847 did Kinney make the last payment. This was to Villereal's widow.

In the document signed Kinney agreed "as a foreigner to procure from the Supreme Government of Mexico, letters of citizenship that he may be able to hold landed property within the territory of the Republic of Mexico." This part of the deal was probably ignored. Kinney was not in Mexico city until he went with the United States Army during the Mexican War. Anyway he claimed, at least to Texans, that his land was in Texas.

No man in Texas ever got a greater land bargain than Kinney. It happened because of a great bluff and because the "colonel" had the foresight to station a spy in Matamorous, Mexico.

The contraband business prospered. Kinney's partner, William P. Aubrey "kept the store" while Kinney traveled, acted as contact man with the Mexicans, Indians and Texans. He spoke Spanish like a native of Mexico and knew several Indian dialects.

Goods smuggled into Mexico were chiefly calico and other cotton cloth and tobacco. From south of the Border, for exchange, came hides, wool and crude silver bars molded in sand, worth $50 to $60 each.

Kinney had all but immobilized the Indian tribes in his domain by his friendliness and fair dealing but the Comanches came down from the north and often looted the wagon trains and killed the drivers.

After a series of raids by Comanche Chief Santana, Kinney had the chance to go against the Comanches. Santana and seventeen of his braves boldly watered their horses at a pond in the arroyo near Kinney's residence.

Taking eleven men Kinney pursued the savages. He overtook them on the open prairie where Villereal and his 300 troops had camped.

Strangely, both Kinney's men and the Indians dismounted. Santana, a show-off, brandished his buffalo shield. Kinney's men fired, most of them at Santana. The Indians gave a war whoop and charged. Before the guns could be reloaded the Indians were upon them. It was a bloody battle, hand to hand.

Kinney alone regained his horse. Caught in the center of the fight he seized a spear from a dead brave. First on the right, then on the left he slew Comanches. He lost the spear and cracked the third Indian with the butt of his pistol. Three of Kinney's men were killed. Kinney was wounded twice. Seven Indians were dead.

As an Indian fighter, Kinney's men termed him "el diablo," the devil. After Chief Santana's defeat the Comanches were not so bold about raiding wagon trains in the Wild Horse Desert.

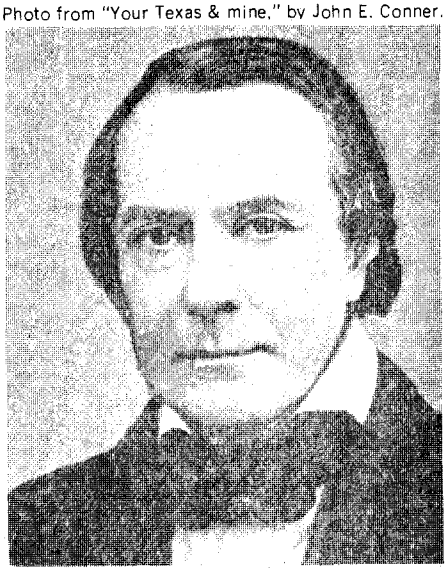
Kinney knew and was respected by many important men of his day: Lamar, Schatzell, Zackary Taylor, Daniel Webster, Abraham Lincoln, Sam Houston, Ulysses Grant, Franklin Pierce, Jefferson Davis, men in the United States and Texas.

His friendships in Mexico with Gen. Arista and with Gen. Pedro Ampudia did not help him when someone whispered in Arista's ear that Kinney was in league with the Mexican revolutionist, Antonio Canalas, currently using the Wild Horse Desert as an operations base.

Author's photo.

General Mariano Arista of Mexico.

Photo from "Your Texas & mine," by John E. Conner.



Mirabeau B. Lamar, President of the Republic of Texas, appointed Kinney to "cultivate friendly negotiations between Americans and Mexicans."

Kinney was imprisoned in the rat-infested bastille in Matamorous but not for long. Chipito Sandoval affected a daring release. Not long thereafter he was again on the "good side" of Arista.

Soon Henry Lawrence Kinney was in even more serious trouble. He was arrested, taken to Austin and accused of treason.

This came about because Philip Dimit (also spelled Dimmit), a well known leader during the Texas Revolution, set up a trading post at Flour Bluff, fifteen miles south of Kinney's establishment. Gen. Ampudia and his men raided Dimit's store and confiscated $6,000 worth of goods. They took Dimit, his pardner, James Gourley, Jr. and two employees, James C. Boyd and Stephen F. Farrow as prisoners to Mexico.

A trader by the name of Don Juan reported that he had been shown a letter in Matamorous denouncing Dimit and Gourley as spies. The letter stated that the men were placed at Flour Bluff by the Texas Government to report on movements of Mexicans. The letter, the trader said, was written by one of Dimit's own countrymen. This plainly intimated Kinney was the informer.

Some newspapers began the cry of treason against Kinney and Aubrey. Indignation meetings were held at Victoria, Refugie, Lamar and other towns.

In Austin at the trial, Judge Hutchinson of the Fourth Independent Court, on August 22, 1841, ruled that there was no evidence to incriminate the two men.

Mirabeau Lamar testified for Kinney and Aubrey. Kinney returned to the Post "smelling like a rose" as a special agent, having been appointed by Lamar "to cultivate friendly negotiations between Americans on the border and the Mexicans."

Kinney survived the thrusts of his rivals but other difficulties continued to harass him. Indians, Mexican and Texas outlaws raided indiscriminately on all wagon trains and the Trading Post business suf-

(Continued on page 49)

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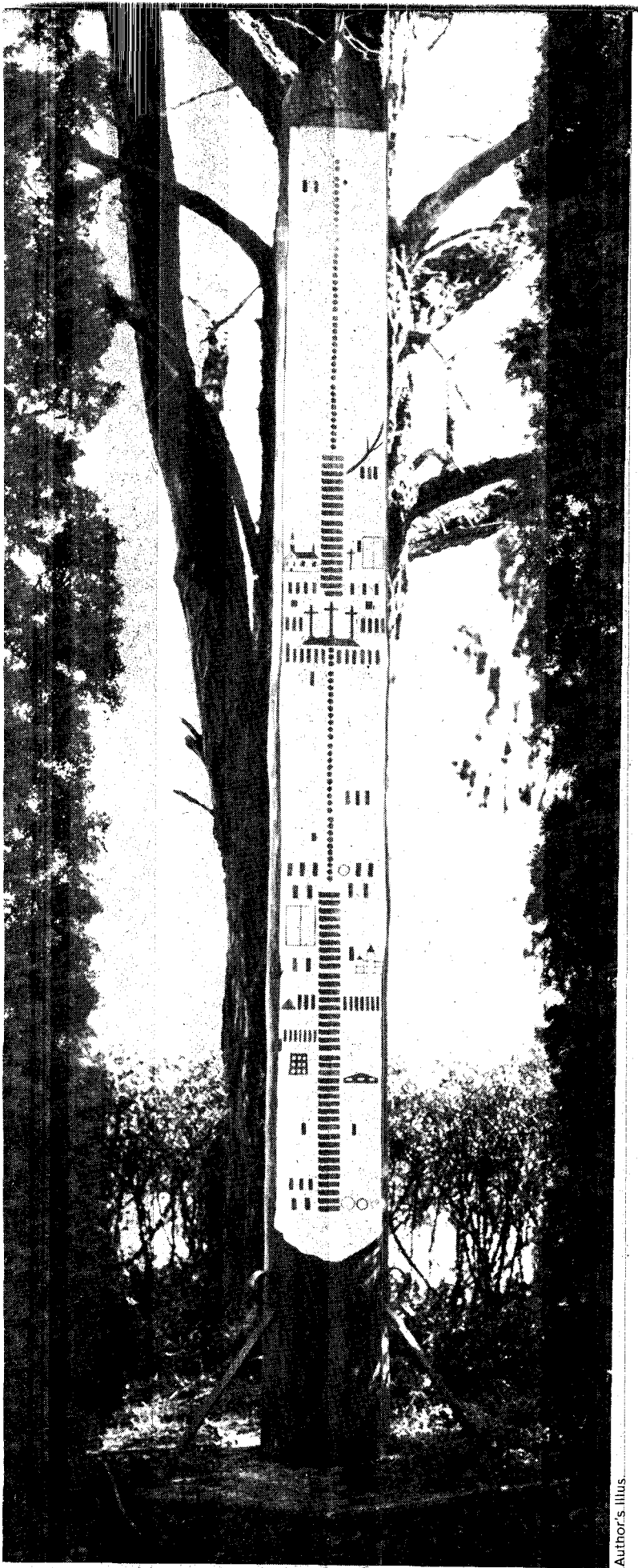

Author's Illus.

The "Catholic Ladder" was means of teaching Indians through "pictograph writing," a media common to them.

WITHOUT A GUN

An old answer to the modern, slick "Have Gun, Will Travel" we are all familiar with is the grave marker motto the author once mused over: Doctor Gun—Kills All—Cures None!

by C.R. Jensen

JESSE JAMES, BILLY THE KID, Wes Hardin, Doc Holliday! All legendary names that have marched briefly across that vast stage of the history of the American West. The haunts of these men were the gambling halls, houses of prostitution and the ever present barroom where John Barleycorn had usually landed the first good punch or two in the lives of these men.

Brave men or cowards? The controversy has raged for years. One thing is certain—if they didn't shoot each other in the back, they were almost sure to eventually be gunned down by equally famous marshals and deputies, men who were too frequently no better than those they hunted, and whose zeal in discharging the duties of their office was far too often influenced by the amount of bounty on the outlaw scalp. (My father was a deputy marshal and he would be the first to admit to this).

Lawman or outlaw, these wild men of the Old West had one thing in common: they were men of violence, men who determined most vexing situations with a flaming six-gun. Carved on a grave marker I once saw a motto that would apply to all—"Doctor Gun, Kills All, Cures None."

The wild region of the great Northwest had more than its fair share of the killers and the desperados, but like other turbulent areas of the Old West, there was to be found another group of pioneers who rejected the use of violence to establish equality with their fellow man. The motto of these men was that "God Created All Men Equal." Their lives and conduct exhibited such humanitarianism as to impress even the Indians, who desired to learn of the "Great Spirit" and to acquire for themselves "The Book" that contained the "secrets" of the pioneers.

The search for this "Book" of the white men had become such an obsession with the Nez Perce tribe that in the year 1830—approximately—they sent a delegation comprised of four men, two old men and two young men, on a 2,000-mile trek to St. Louis, a journey through unknown land inhabited by their enemies.

The purpose of this trip was to contact a white man they admired, General William Clark, and whom they had met during the Lewis and Clark expedition through the northwest. Surely he would aid them in their quest for the Sacred Book!

The Nez Perce story of hardship, frustration and death has been written many times. We can only imagine the burden of

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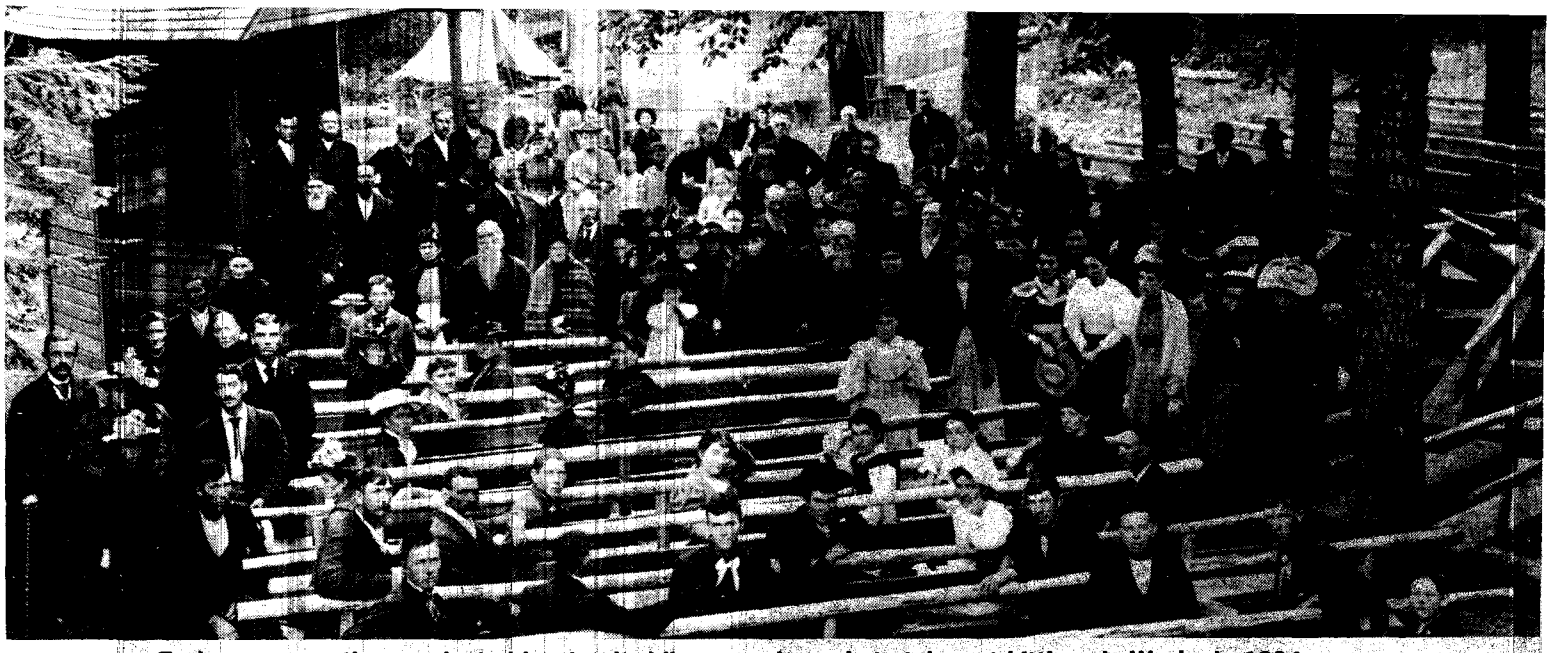

Early camp meeting conducted by circuit riding preacher; photo taken at Littlerock, Wash., in 1894.

Photo: Wash. State Hist. Society.

Dr. John McLoughlin, Chief Factor, Hudson's Bay Co. was ordered to keep Americans south of Columbia.

Photo: Courtesy Erle Howell.

Rev. H.C. Vincent entered Columbia River Conference of Methodist Episcopal Church in 1917, served until 1965.

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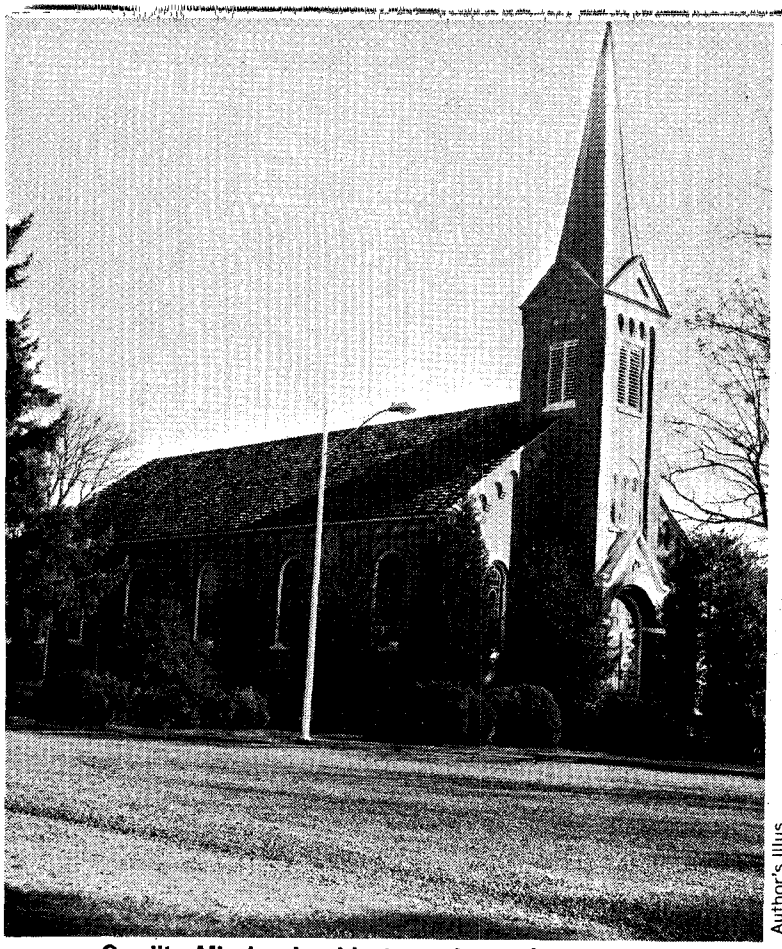


Author's Illus.

Cowlitz Mission is oldest continuously operated mission in Northwest; Augustin Rochon built original structure.

sorrow that was heavy upon the heart of the lone surviving delegate, Hi-Youts-To-Han, as he told his people of how he had been wined and dined in St. Louis, but that the mission had failed. Nowhere could he find the Book.

It is one of the tragedies of western history that Hi-Youts-To-Han was never to know that the Nez Perce delegation had succeeded far beyond their remotest expectations, and that through their sacrifice all of the western Indians would have the Book made available to them.

General Clark was a man of action. He admired the Indians' determination in the search for enlightenment. Oh sure! There were lots of Bibles around, but how could a Bible do the Indian any good? To be *the* Book, it had to be in a language he could read. And also, he would need instruction.

The Methodists were at that time attending a conference in St. Louis. Clark resolutely went to them and told the Nez Perce story. He told how he had found it necessary to allow these Indians to return to their people 2,000 miles away, disappointed. Clark also had the story sent to the Catholics, hoping that their previous mission activities might provide a solution to the spiritual needs of the western Indians.

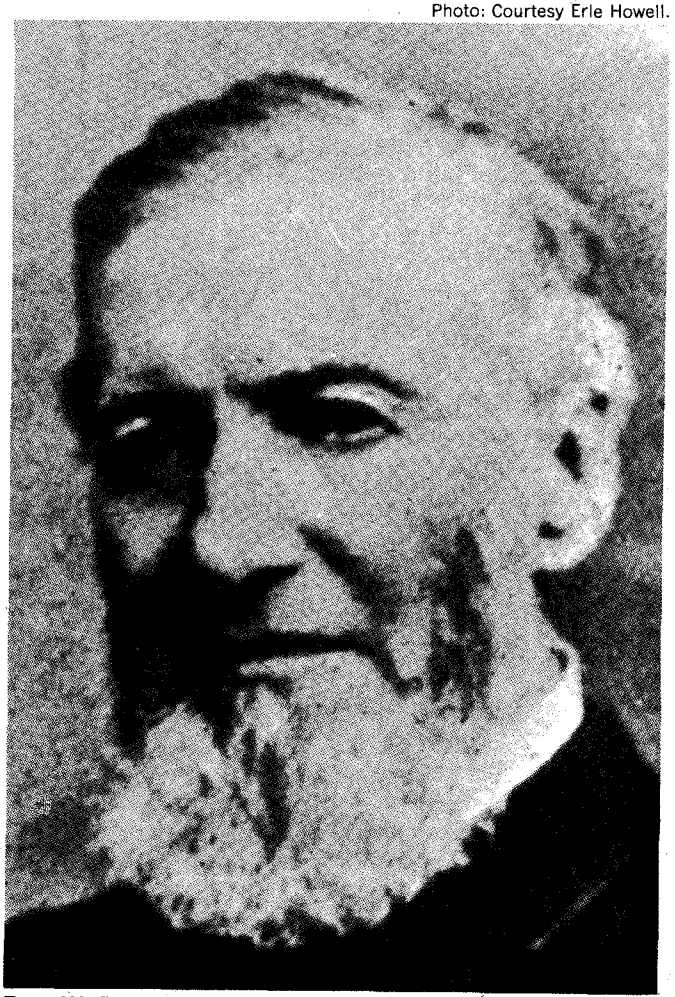
The Methodists were the first to respond, and in 1834 they sent Jason Lee and his nephew Daniel Lee as their first missionaries to the Northwest.

Jason Lee was well suited for the life of the frontier. Only 31 years old, he was 6 feet 3 inches tall and with a physique more in keeping with a pugilist than a preacher. It is interesting to note that the first Protestant sermon preached west of the Rockies took place during this westward journey. The sermon was delivered by Jason Lee at Fort Hall on July 14. Fort Hall was on the Snake River near the present city of Pocatello, Idaho.

Photo: Wash. State Hist. Society.

Indians liked fair-dealing Gen'l William Clark.

Photo: Courtesy Erle Howell.



Rev. W. Roberts became supt. of Cal.-Ore. Mission Conf.

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It is difficult to understand why Lee bypassed the Nez Perce country, (which consisted of what is now Idaho and Eastern Washington), to construct his first mission in November, 1834, in the Willamette Valley of Oregon. Most likely Lee's location south of the Columbia River was at the insistence of Dr. John McLoughlin, Chief Factor for the Hudson's Bay Company. England and her Hudson's Bay Company took a decidedly dim view of any settlers north of the river at that time.

Or perhaps Lee noted that the French-Canadian laborers of Hudson's Bay Company changed common-law wives oftener than shirts and in a state of shock arrived at the conclusion that they needed the Book more than the Indians did.

That Lee took unkindly to being pushed around by the English is evidenced by his early agitation for the formation and Americanization of the Oregon Territory. His political activities in this endeavor were to ultimately cost him his position as a missionary, but it planted the seed that gained us the territory.

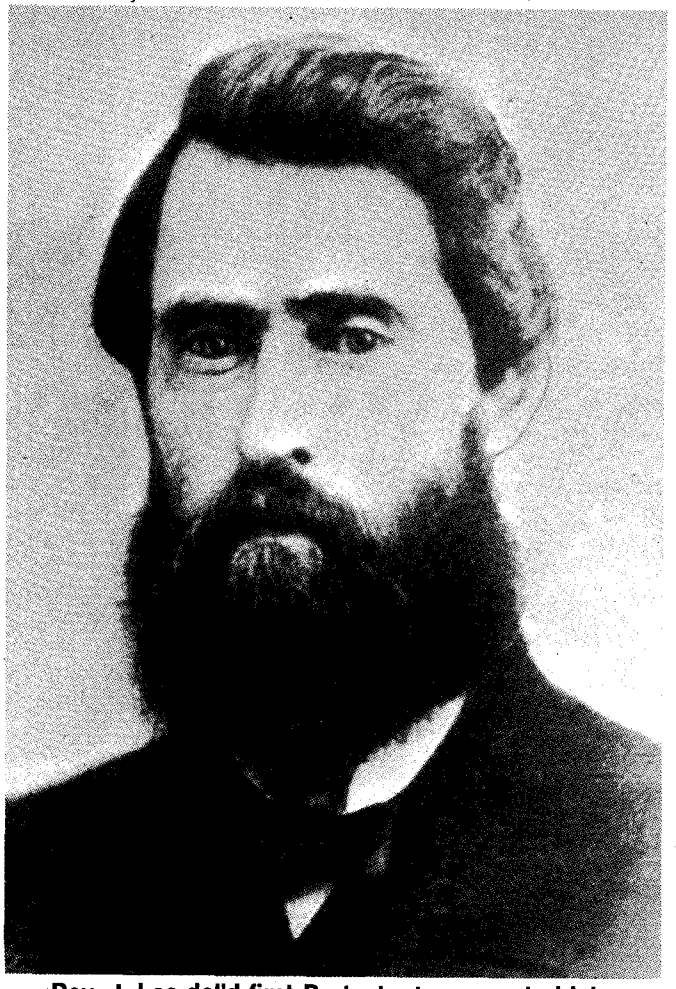
Next to venture out into the vast wilderness of the often hostile Northwest were the Presbyterian missionaries, Marcus and Narcissa Whitman, who in spite of the wishes of the Hudson's Bay Company took it upon themselves, in 1836, to build their mission at Waiilatpu, situated in the eastern part of what is now Washington State. This was bringing the Book a whole lot closer to those who had so ardently desired it. The poor Whitmans, however good as missionaries they may have been, were quite ignorant of Indian-White relations, a fact that resulted in a series of blunders which in time was to cost them their lives at the hands of the Cayuse Indians whom they had hoped to help.

Seeing all this Protestant activity in the Pacific Northwest in the year 1837 *(Continued on page 64)*

Author's Illus.

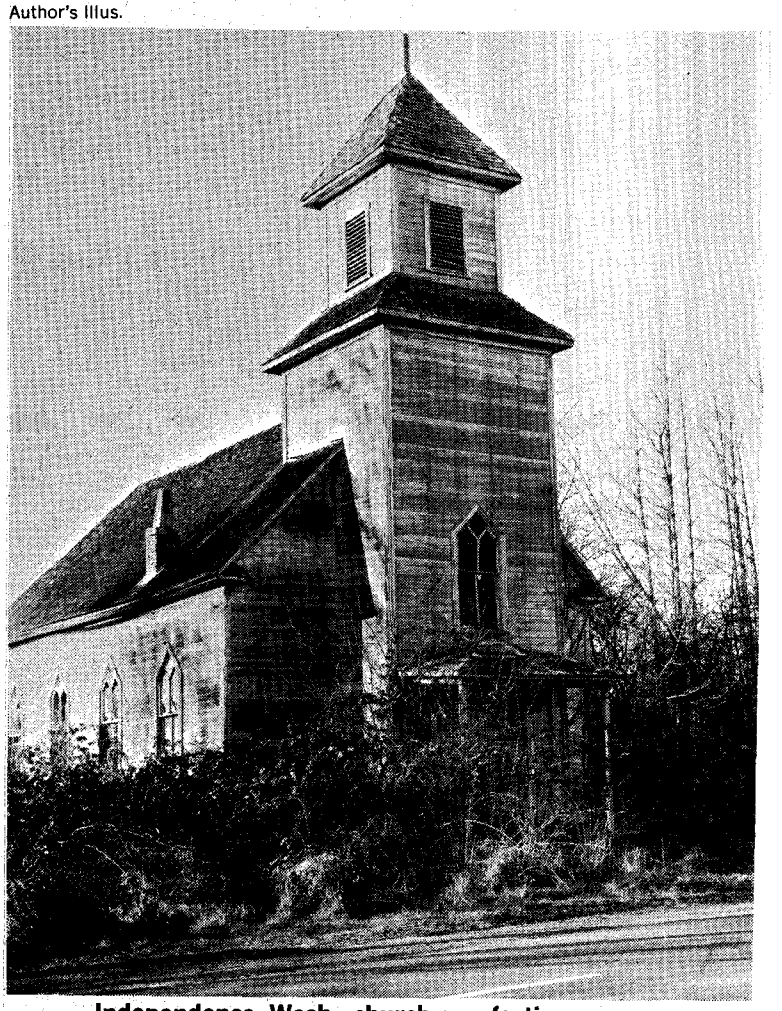
Marker commemorating Cowlitz Mission, A.D. 1838.

Photo: Courtesy Erle Howell.



Rev. J. Lee del'd first Protestant sermon in Idaho.

Author's Illus.



Independence, Wash., church saw festive scenes.

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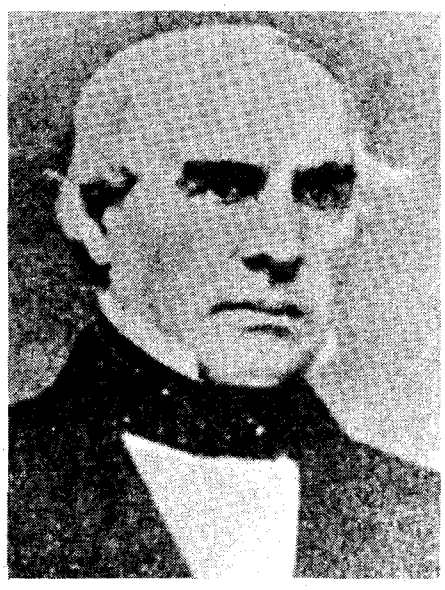
The blunt fact was that Butterfield's stage was scheduled to follow the Gila Trail, and in the past every stage caught on that trail had been set upon by the fierce Apaches and burned to ashes; usually every passenger had been tortured to death

All illus. furnished by author.

The first Overland Mail stage arrives at its destination in San Francisco a day early—Oct. 1858.

by Leo Rosenhouse

BUTTERFIELD'S



John Butterfield gambled fortune.

IN ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI, newspaper offices were still rolling their presses and paper vendors still hawked their sheets to the gathering crowd at the mail stage stables at midnight; it was September 16, 1858.

"FAKE!" one headline read. "BUTTERFIELD IS BLUFFING." And another scandal sheet frightened the public by printing: "The Butterfield Stage is a living hearse. Death lies ahead!"

The tabloids were really whooping it up. Nothing so sensational as the new mail stage proposed by John Butterfield had come their way in a long time. The situation was not only political—actual lives were at stake!

Thus early that hot September morning the first of the sparkling new red-painted coaches moved out across the plains in a westerly direction. Their destination: San Francisco!

For many weeks John Butterfield, one of the founders of the American Express Company, had advertised that he was going to successfully send mail and passengers across the United States and its western territory, and to deliver them in safety and the record time of 25 days; a journey that usually took three months.

When relatives and friends saw the coach passengers tightly packed in the Butterfield stage many wept, thinking it was truly a journey of death.

One newspaper had published the blunt facts.

"The stage is scheduled to follow the Gila Trail," the paper stated. "Every stage caught on that trail in the past has been burned to ashes by the savage Apaches, and usually each man, woman, and child has been tortured to death. *No one ever captured by the fierce apaches has come*

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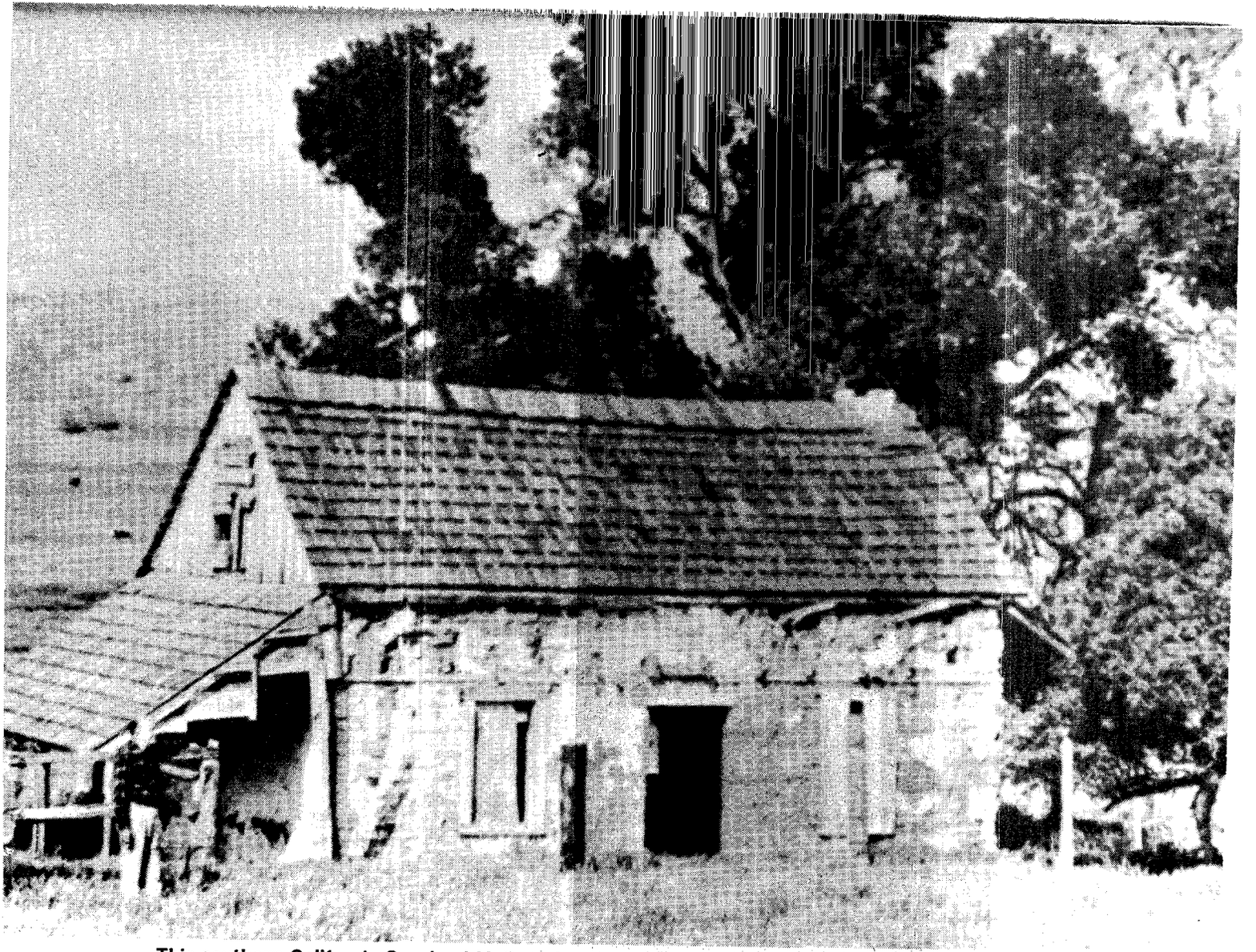

This southern California Overland Mail station is now located on Warner Bros. studio ranch.

TRUCE WITH COCHISE

back alive!" It made scary reading . . .

The lurid sheet then went on to describe how Apaches treated their captives. Men would be staked to the ground with glowing hot coals placed on their raw poor nude bellies until their guts were thoroughly roasted. Those who still remained alive had honey smeared on their face to attract a trail of red desert ants that ate the suffering individual *alive.*

Little children became members of the Apache tribe, but if they showed any cowardice they were quickly destroyed. The comely women were forced to become brides of warriors, and the rest were burnt to death or scalped!

Not only would the Butterfield stage have to contend with the dangerous Apaches, but there were the Sioux and the Utes to look out for. These tribes were also in a killing mood!

Nevertheless, in spite of all this clamor to drop his expedition to San Francisco through hostile Indian territory John Butterfield had remained unperturbed. He had been a remarkable success in New York as a merchant, and when he turned to the transportation business, running passenger stages along the New England Coast, he was even more successful—and quickly became a millionaire.

Tall, gaunt, but with a square, determined chin and rugged look, this man, who at age 56 already had snow white hair, had refused to accept retirement and a luxurious life; instead, he had volunteered when the United States Government appealed for a man who could successfully operate mail stages across the country.

Although the government was willing to give the lucky contractor a fat contract, it cannily required that he first put up more than $600,000 of his own money to build stage stations, buy horses and coaches, and hire drivers, sharpshooters, and stable boys. However, the government agreed to return the first year's expenses if the enterprise survived, and Butterfield was comfortable with this and-if-and-but arrangement; he considered it a fair shake.

"Men," said Butterfield, as he bade his drivers goodbye on that pre-dawn departure from St. Louis. "Remember that nothing on God's earth must stop the U.S. mail."

He had said a silent prayer as the first coach departed, and then he had waited until the tense crowd dispersed. Motioning to a cluster of men who had remained in the stable behind the stage depot, Butterfield and his party of three business partners mounted the spirited steeds the stablemen led out to them and the four men took off after the coach on horse-

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back, meaning to keep an eye on things.

They would follow the coach through hostile Sioux territory for a certain distance and then turn back. It was Butterfield's intention to find out at first hand how faithfully the drivers would obey instructions, and how well the coach and horseflesh held up, to say nothing of the passengers.

Butterfield was a shrewd and calculating man. When he had bid on the mail contract, he had asked permission to also carry passengers, and this was granted; this meant immediately, a greater financial return from the venture.

Secretly—and as soon as the contract had been awarded— Butterfield had hired dependable Indian scouts, and a variety of men who were on friendly terms with the redmen across the land. Traveling 2,800 miles with these men, from St. Louis to El Paso, then on to Tucson, Fort Yuma, and Los Angeles, Butterfield had engaged in earnest parley with Indian chiefs along the route.

"We want only permission to cross your land," said Butterfield through the interpreters and the friends of the redmen. "We will pay with money, goods, rifles, and food."

Making one solemn contract after another, Butterfield concluded some fantastic agreements. No passenger, driver or sharpshooter aboard would kill any game, he promised—not even the buffalo. Nor would any coach tarry in Indian sanctuaries, spiritual lands they considered to belong to their gods.

However, the Apaches gave trouble. They had refused to make any kind of compromise, but when Butterfield departed he had wisely left them many desirable gifts. He hoped his luck would hold with the fierce Apaches.

"Whatever you do," he warned his employes, "in Indian country, do not return fire if attacked. Just make the fastest dash you can to one of our way stations along the route and hole up there until help comes.

"You know we've designed our stations to ward off attack. Every station has a supply of food and water. Regular patrols can spot trouble from Indians, and we'll have guards at some of the way stations where we suspect possible ambush or a fight."

What the public and even the U.S. Government did not know was that John Butterfield had had to take on a number of silent partners to finance the mail and passenger stage he called the Overland Mail Company. President Buchanan had invited him to the White House and had given him letters of praise and recommendation, as well as friendly notes to hand to Indian Chiefs in case of trouble. The Indians would know that the Great White Father was favoring Butterfield.

The company Butterfield had formed consisted of 750 men, and of these, 150 were the finest stage drivers in the country. For coaches, he had craftsmen build well balanced Concords painted yellow, red, and brown, and all weighing about 3,000 pounds apiece. They cost a phenomenal $1500 per coach. An impressive price for that time. Each Concord had reinforced springs and wide axles and wheels to prevent overturning on curves.

One rule Butterfield meant the passengers to obey was to eschew liquor in any form on Butterfield coaches. "You cannot drink spirits," said Butterfield, "unless it is sweet brandy or cognac for a chest cold or other illness. Any passenger drinking spirits improperly or handing spirits to any Indian will be taken off the coach immediately and left wherever it happens to be enroute."

The cost of the fare—one way—was $200, and baggage was limited to one suitcase or bag to weigh not over 40 pounds. Each passenger was given a list of necessary supplies to carry with that one bag; passengers were given permission to carry on their persons a small Colt pistol to be used in case of dire emergency. All perishables had to be wrapped in oiled paper or silk for protection.

Riding behind the stage as it pulled into its Memphis stop, Butterfield and his partners were pleased with the first portion of the run. Each coach was pulled by from two to six horses, and now as a new team and coach took over, the next step was to reach El Paso safely. There were Mexican bandits to consider, as well as American guerillas. Rumor in Memphis had it that flash floods on the Texas plains had washed out the trail, and the stage would have to veer into dangerous Indian

Illus. furnished by author.

Overland Mail Co. was first called Butterfield's Folly.

Imaginative artist depicts Indians attacking Butterfield's coach.

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territory—it would be hazardous!

The coach, however, was full—mostly with women and children going to join soldier husbands and fathers who served at military outposts along the way. When the precious sack of mail was placed aboard, the stage took off.

"Heave!" the driver kept shouting as he and his shotgun rider companion commanded their six-horse team while trying to negotiate the rutted scar in the earth which was called a trail.

The coach made it to El Paso, having experienced a broken wheel enroute. One woman almost drowned as they forded a deep stream, but the mail had been kept dry.

Unfortunately, the stage was now two days behind schedule. Unless it reached San Francisco within 25 days of its departure from St. Louis, Butterfield and his partners would become penniless men.

In El Paso, a passenger with a heavy money belt containing over $25,000 boarded the stage, violating the rule that no one could have more than a few hundred dollars on their person in addition to fare money. (Butterfield wanted it known that highwaymen would find his stages poor subjects for robbing.)

The man was a banker who was buying land at Tucson, and stood to make a fortune if he could reach the town on time. He kept crying and wringing his hands as the stage tarried to wait for a tardy mail bag. The driver was grim and worried. A rider had just come in from the trail to report the Apaches were on the warpath and had killed six men at a relay station at Dragoon Springs, inside Arizona. The much-feared Cochise was thought to be in the area.

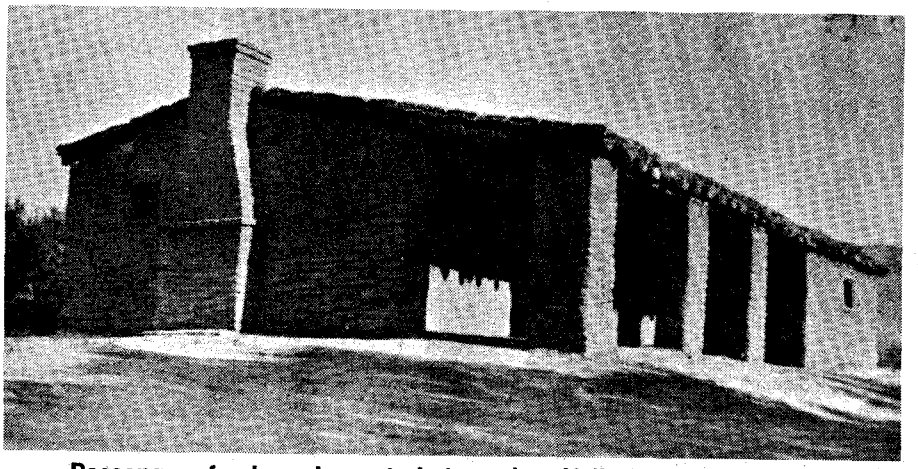
A military escort rode a few miles with the stage and then wished everyone luck as they turned back. At the first relay station, some 40 miles out, passengers were given just enough time to make a quick toilet in the shrubbery... in this wilderness there was no nonsense about outhouses or any other such luxury...

Each person was given a handful of cooked beans and some jerked beef and the coach was off, swerving into the dusk to avoid the Dragoon Springs region. The women held tight to Bibles in their laps, and the men sweated and tried not to show fear.

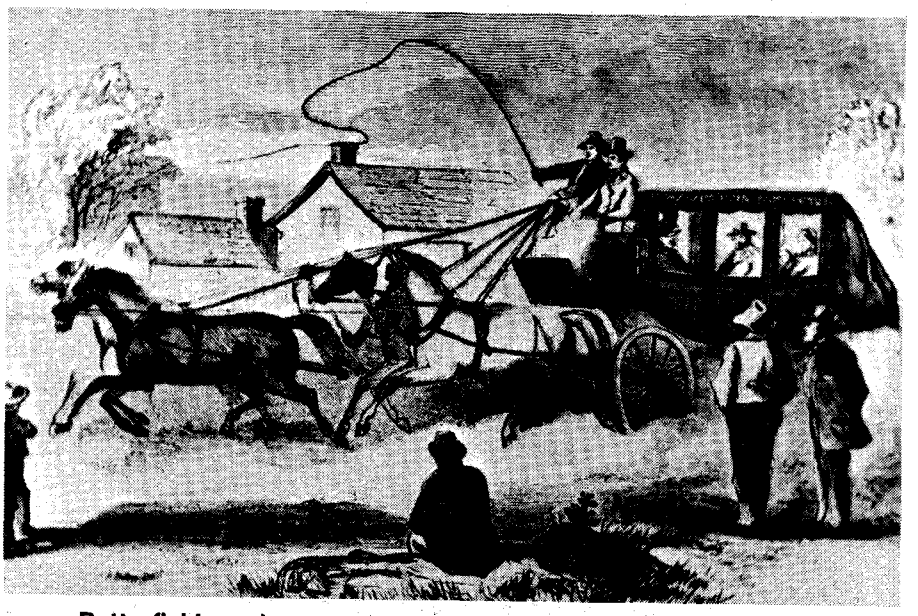
However, although an Apache did spot the coach and got word to Cochise, the great Apache leader told his warriors the stage would not be attacked if it stayed out of the valley of their ancestors.

In Tucson, the stage was discolored to a dirty brown by the fine dust storm which swirled about; 800 people in the fort-like community gave the passengers and drivers a heroes' welcome. They had believed the coach would be attacked and the drivers and passengers butchered. But here they all were, and better yet, the stage had made up one of the two lost days of its precarious schedule—thanks to Cochise!

Mail stage stops in Southern Arizona for change of coach, horses.



Passengers freshened up, ate hot meal, at Vallecitos way station.



Butterfield coaches were rugged, usually weighed 3000 pounds.

The banker with his money belt completed his deal and then tipped the stage drivers lavishly, but they cursed him when they learned he had been carrying so great a sum of money, and refused to honor his return trip ticket.

The new coach which took off from Tucson was slightly different from its predecessors. It had an unusually low center of gravity, and its wheel bands were ex-

(Continued from page 53)

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GRAT DALTON'S FATAL

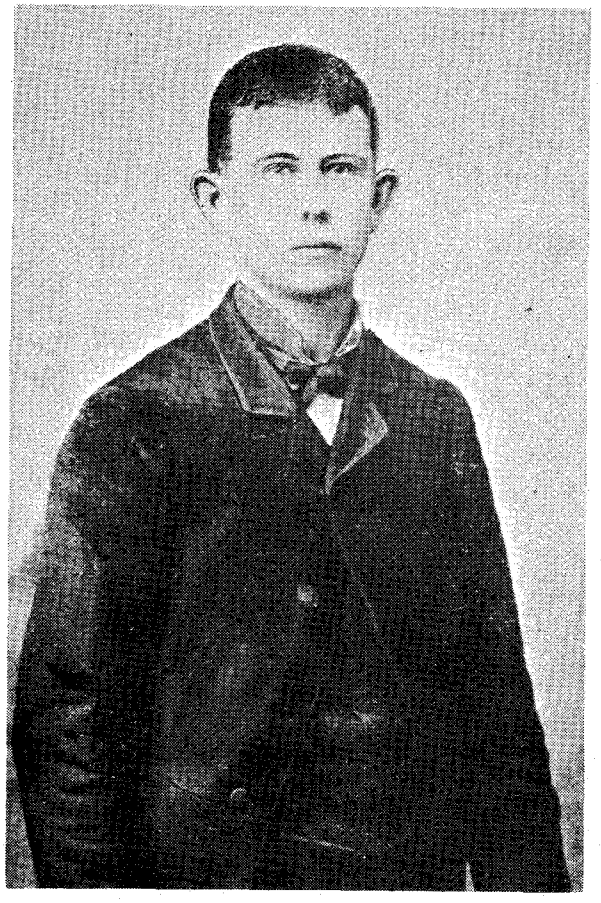
GRAT DALTON and his crazy little looking glass! What a combination! There probably are not many old timers in Oklahoma now, eyes dimmed with age, who remember Grat and his looking glass; but Grat and his looking glass is a deeply intrenched legend in the criminal annals of the old Indian Territory and Oklahoma. You still hear about it when the subject of the Daltons comes up.

There were those who claimed this funny looking glass played a weird part in the story of the Daltons, although nobody was ever specific on this subject.

People in those old days wondered what Grat Dalton wanted with a looking glass. Grat himself wasn't a very impressive figure reflected in a mirror. Bob Dalton, his younger brother, happened to be the family member who shone like a prairie chicken cock as the boys ambled around lightening the cargo of trains by removing their cash.

But Grat cherished that four-inch oval of glass with its chipped gaudy frame even more than he did any favorite six-gun of the moment. You see, it was the only gift he ever got from his daddy.

N. H. Rose Collection, U. of Oklahoma Library



Grat Dalton when he was 24 years old.

Old man John Lewis Dalton had picked the mirror up at one of the traveling carnivals employing him as a spieler, roustabout, and handler of defanged snakes. In general, the senior Mr. Dalton had set no example of togetherness with his children, fifteen of them all told. He ambled home once a year to get his wife started on the incubation of another junior Dalton, then was off again with the carnies.

At sixteen, Grat had the heft of a bull calf and the disposition of a baby rattlesnake. He'd whipped every boy his age around Belton, Missouri, his growing up place, and could drink more whiskey than Quantrill. That year of 1877, Daddy Dalton came home for a spell to hand Grat that looking glass. For years, the handy trinket would never be out of the big fellow's pocket.

When he got into one of his fist fights, he'd usually hand it to his kid brother, Emmett, for safekeeping. Later, when Grat, Bob and Emmett were all Federal lawmen in Indian Territory, Grat's bauble was his luck piece that he kept polished brighter than his badge, which sometimes looked rusty.

Sitting on a log by some creek, he would study his image for hours. Maybe it was good that he felt disposed to admire it, since nobody else did. There was a sort of communication with the mirror that he was never able to set up with other, real members of the human race. The glass revealed to him when an eye needed patching after disagreement with another citizen over a poker game or the favors of some generous nester lass whom each horny wanderer yearned to squire into the bushes.

The mirror made him feel a hero after he had stood up to whiskey runners as a deputy marshal supposed to keep them from pizening the Indians with firewater. It was an even greater boost to his ego after he and Emmett and Bob had lost their badges for swinging wide loops across other people's horses.

Nesters and Indians could say that Grat wasn't bright

California State Library

John Sontag and sheriff's posse that captured him.

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LOOKING GLASS

by Harold Preece

Author of "The Dalton Gang, the End of an Outlaw Era."

This looking glass had a strange influence on Grat Dalton and the tragic end that came to the Daltons

like Bob and Emmett and that brightest of all the Dalton brothers, Bill, since removed to California after an embarrassing situation involving the virtue of a country girl.

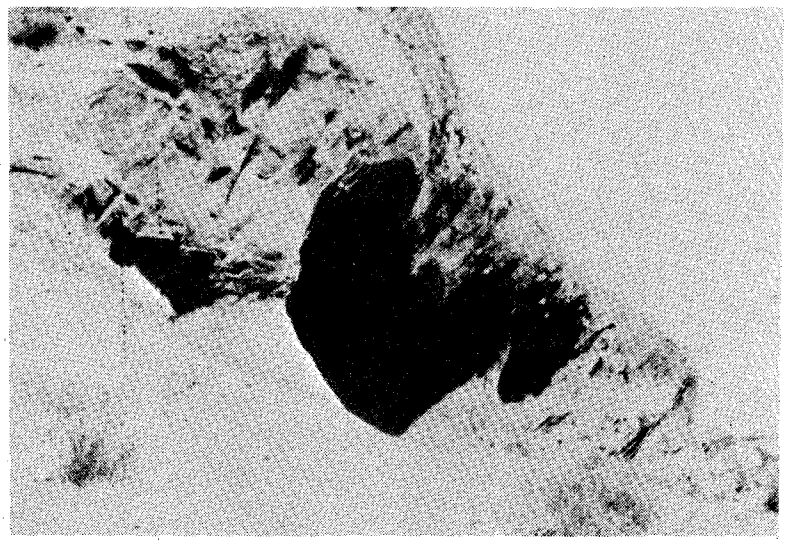
But Grat knew he was somebody when he admired himself in the looking glass. He knew that he was the damndest bravest buckie who ever snapped triggers or forked leather. He knew that he could out-ride Bob, out-cuss Emmett, and out-lie Bill. It helped to console him when the girls obviously preferred Bob.

GRAT found that his mirror was his best friend after he busted out of the Tulare County jailhouse in Visalia, California, on September 19, 1891. He and Bob had been accused of robbing the Southern Pacific Express at Alila in the same county on February 6th. Bob had hot-hoofed it back to the Territory in an epochal ride of more than a thousand miles in thirteen days. Grat, always the Dalton who got caught, was now facing twenty years in the pen. Named also in the charge were brother Bill, who would finally go free, and Emmett, who hadn't even been in California when bandits had thrown down on the train.

Actually the Alila job was the work of the Sontag-Evans gang which had been robbing trains in California before any Dalton ever jumped an engine. Two days before the time set for his sentencing, Grat decided that California's raw justice tasted worse than Missouri's raw whiskey.

So on that historic Sunday night he departed with a pair of gents who were hardly in his league as bad men. One was horse-thief John Beck, the other W. M. Smith, who made out by burglarizing railroad boxcars. Somebody (Emmett would write that it was a trusty) slipped Grat a key to a locked iron window of the basement. With a second key, he opened the jail kitchen. With a third, he then unlocked the cells occupied by his card partners, Beck and Smith. Lurid stories of Grat escaping on a train from the custody of a Southern Pacific detective while *(Continued from page 54)*

U. S. Forest Service



Grat Dalton's reputed hiding place in the California hills.

Division of Manuscripts, Library, U. of Oklahoma

Dead outlaws: Bill Powers, Dick Broadwell, Bob Dalton, Grat Dalton and one other, perhaps brother Emmitt Dalton.

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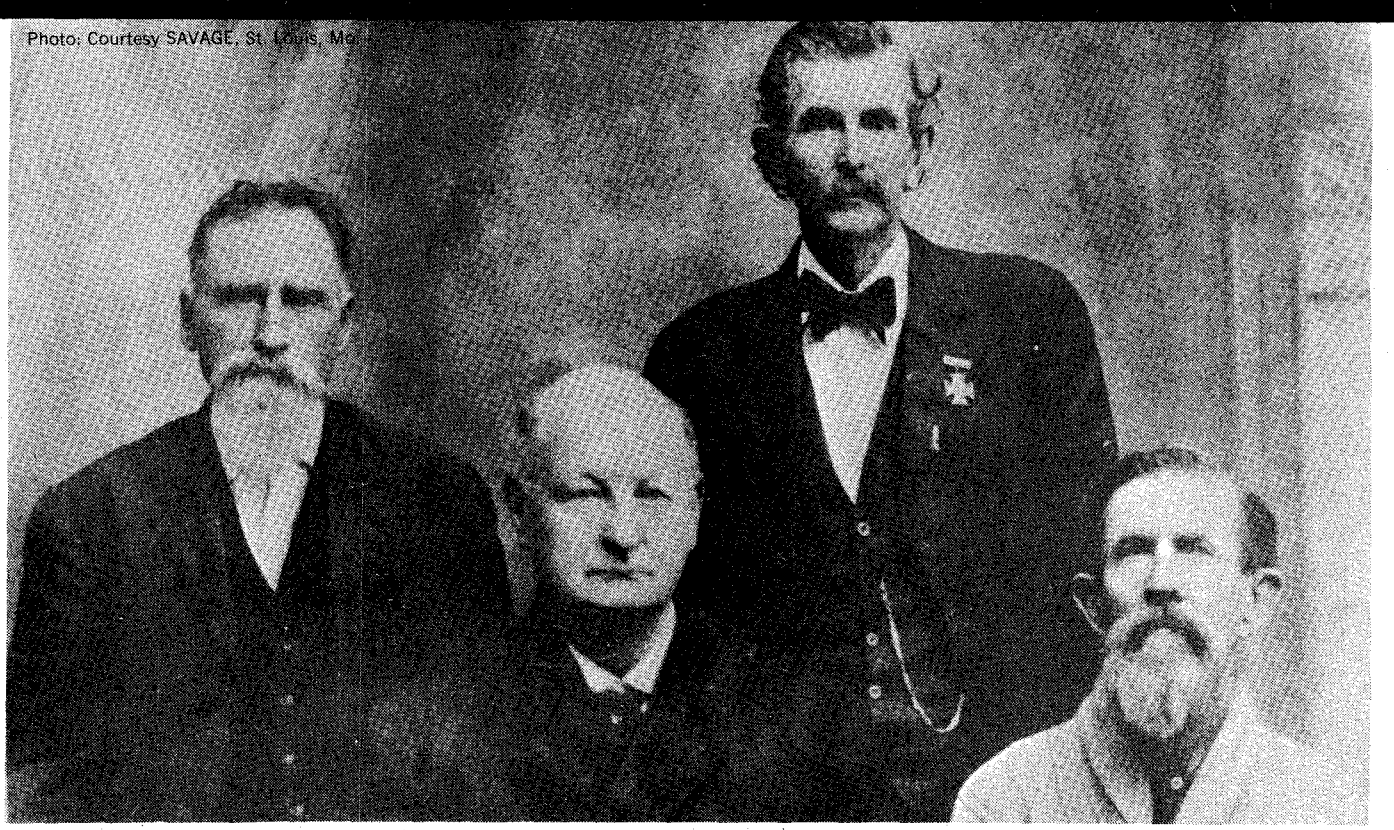
Fletcher Taylor, Frank James and Jesse James, from left to right; Taylor was later Missouri legislator.

Photo: Luis Garcia, Jr. Valley Evening Monitor.

WILLIAM CLARKE QUANTRILL

Photo: Courtesy SAVAGE, St. Louis, Mo.



Cole Younger is man seated at left; others are, from l. to r., Jeff Boggs, Jim Campbell, and Mr. Dutton.

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Rare photo of Wm. Clarke Quantrill and cherished watch he carried throughout Civil War...

Author's photo.

AND HIS LIEUTENANTS ☆☆☆

by Carl W. Breihan

Now and then, as happened for instance in Boonville, Missouri, partisans both Northern and Southern banded together in defense against Quantrill's raids—which meant their pillaged towns being put to the torch—the Southerners stipulating only that they would not fire on regular Confederate soldiers . . .

NO SAINTED HERO WAS William Clarke Quantrill, a man who was to make his career in the border conflict between Missouri and Kansas. From the start he was a difficult child, with mean and vicious traits. His boyhood pranks were merely the forerunners of the crimes he perpetrated when he became a man. Despite this, the legend has long persisted that he was entitled to a halo of righteousness.

When he was a young boy he liked to catch two cats, tie their tails together and hang them over a wire fence or clothesline, and watch them claw and fight frantically until both were dead. He took the family cow of one of his neighbors and painted the unfortunate animal red. Since the paint could not be removed in time, the cow died. He hated school and, when compelled to attend, made life miserable for the teacher.

Once he took a young girl to the church belfry and locked her in the tower all night while the whole town searched for her, and her parents became frantic with terror and grief. When the child was finally found she was suffering from shock and exposure, on the verge of collapse. Yet young Quantrill thought it was a good joke.

Small wonder that his mother sent the incorrigible boy to Illinois to board with the Clapp family. She said she hoped that a change of scene might improve him.

In the town of Mendota young Will Quantrill was restless and homesick. He wrote home that he needed money, and asked his mother to send his books and a few other of his belongings so that he might sell them and buy things he needed.

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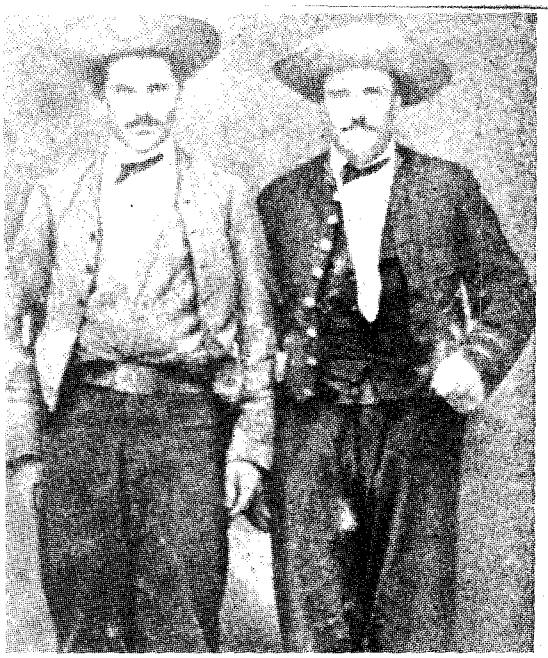


Lee McMurtry and Wm. Hulse were with Quantrill when he was killed.

She did send them, but he was unable to sell them. Discouraged, and feeling that he had been cast off by his family, he stopped writing home.

His mother did not hear from him again until February, 1856, when he was 18 years of age, and teaching school in Fort Wayne, Indiana. He did not, of course, tell his mother that he had left Illinois under a cloud. Later it was learned that there had been a killing in Mendota and that young Quantrill had been arrested on suspicion. When apprehended, he told the authorities that while working in a lumber yard he had been attacked by a robber one night, and in self-defense had shot the man.

Since no witness appeared against him, he was released and advised to leave town.

Whatever had actually happened in the lumber yard, Quantrill was now a changed young man. The following spring he did return to Canal Dover, Ohio, where his mother lived. But restlessness struck him again, and when he next left Ohio he failed to pay his board bill in the Ulrichsville school district. His harassed mother had appealed to the Beeson family, who had experienced many a difficulty with her husband Henry, to take the wayward boy to Kansas. As the boy headed westward he was moving into a dark destiny, one which was to make his name a word used to frighten unruly children.

To comprehend the character of this individual, it is necessary to look into the history of his family when, prior to 1812, the Quantrills arrived in America and first settled in Hagerstown, Maryland. Though the name has a French ring, the Christian names of the early members of the family gave the impression they were of English stock: William, Thomas, Jesse, Archibald. Will Quantrill's grandfather, Captain Thomas Quantrill, always claimed that his ancestors had come from England.

This Captain Quantrill was an outstanding personality who attracted attention wherever he went. Six-feet tall and very respectable-looking, he was the Hagerstown blacksmith after having successfully served as an Army officer. He married Miss Judith Heiser, sister of William Heiser, who was for many years president of the Hagerstown bank.

One of the sons of this union was Thomas Henry (called Henry), the father of William Clarke Quantrill, the boy who was to become the dreaded guerrilla. Others of his children were Archibald Rollin and Jesse Duncan Quantrill.

To be sure, the family was not without notoriety even in those early days, for one of the sons—it is not now possible to establish which one—became a pirate on the high seas. He operated for many years on the Gulf of Mexico, between Galveston Island and the mouth of the Sabine River.

Captain Thomas Quantrill often visited his son Henry in Canal Dover (now Dover), Ohio, where Henry was regarded as a handsome man of fine personality. The Captain, by the time he had become a portly old gentleman, moved to Washington, D.C., and died there suddenly, of apoplexy.

Henry's brother Jesse was sent to school in New York City, but he failed to apply himself to his studies, and after returning home he got into a little trouble. Since Jesse was the son who was the Captain's favorite, he had always been indulged and allowed to grow up in idleness.

A dashing young fellow with certain unconventional instincts, he nevertheless married Miss Mary Lane, daughter of Seth Lane, one of the foremost Hagerstown citizens. Mary was heir to a large sum of money which was not to be touched until she reached her majority. However, through trickery Jesse managed to withdraw the money from the bank and squander it.

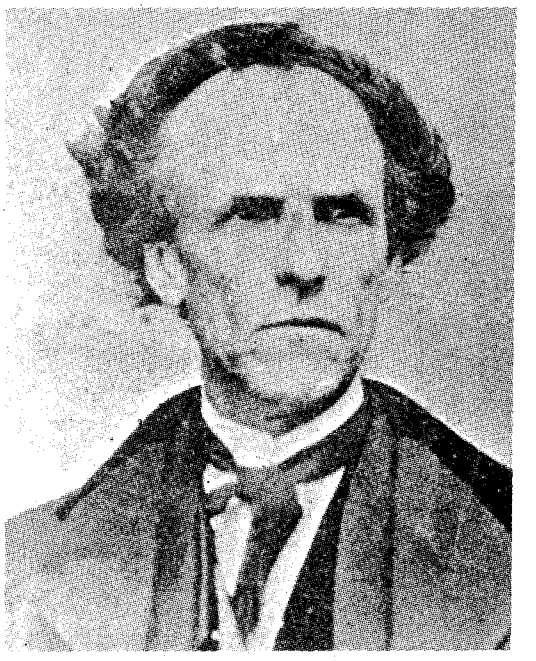
Later he had the audacity to try to collect the sum a second time when his wife came of age, claiming that the bank had had no legal right to relinquish it earlier and had thus violated Seth Lane's trust.

Jesse moved to Williamsport, Pennsylvania, where he engaged in the grocery business and failed. Not a bit discouraged, he went back to New York City and, representing himself as the son of a certain well-known wealthy Virginia merchant, he bought on credit a large stock of goods which he ordered shipped to Baltimore. The merchant discovered the swindle in time to stop part of the consignment, but the crafty Jesse had managed to dispose of the rest of the merchandise in a way which baffled all attempts to trace it.

He next tried bankruptcy, but his application was denied when it was proved to be based on fraud, and he was sent to prison. Oddly enough, for six months his beautiful wife, the former Mary Lane, shared his prison cell. He finally secured release, charging conspiracy on the part of the merchant from whom he had stolen the goods.

While in prison Jesse studied law under the direction of William Price, one of the leading lawyers in Maryland, whose interest in this Quantrill was no doubt the result of influence on the part of Jesse's in-laws. After his release Jesse went to St. Louis, Missouri, where again his criminal tendencies got him into trouble with the law. His faithful wife secured his release this time, and they boarded a boat for Cincinnati, Ohio. Before the boat had docked his illegal use of a pen was the cause of his next predicament, for the forgery was quickly discovered; but once again he escaped punishment.

Photo: Luis Garcia, Jr. Valley Evening Monitor.



Gen'l James Lane, sought by guerrillas when they sacked Lawrence, Kansas.

From Cincinnati Jesse moved to New Orleans, where he led a dissipated life and neglected and abused his wife. She fell seriously ill, and, strange as it may seem, her condition appeared to work a change for the better in Jesse—for a while. They returned to Cincinnati, and there as the consequence of another forgery, he was thrown into prison. Mary bailed him out, and he repaid her loyalty by deserting her and fleeing town.

The next time she heard of him he was in Hagerstown, when he was again in trouble over forgery. He escaped con-

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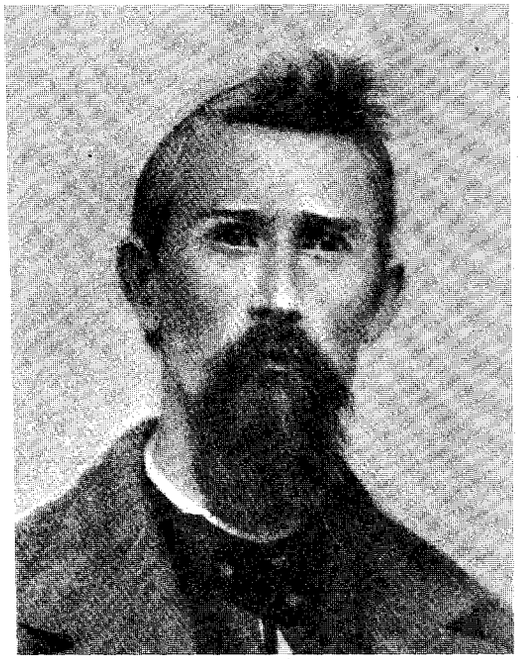
viction, went to Philadelphia, committed forgery again, was tried, convicted, and sentenced to three years in prison.

Mary Lane Quantrill finally divorced Jesse and remarried. Her second husband was Andrew Cowton, the proprietor of the United States Hotel at Cumberland, Maryland. In the meantime Jesse drew a second sentence, this time of seven years, but he was free again in 1848.

Mrs. Cowton was in her apartment at the United States Hotel when the man she had divorced was suddenly ushered into her presence. He dismissed the servant, bolted the door, and declared he had come to kill Mary. When she screamed for help he caught her by the throat, threw her to the floor, and triggered a loaded revolver in her face. Miraculously the gun missed fire, and the infuriated man was drawing a wicked-looking knife when several persons burst into the room

Photo: Luis Garcia, Jr. Valley Evening Monitor.



Capt. Wm. H. Gregg; former aide wrote several stories about Quantrill.

and rescued the frightened young woman.

Jesse was arrested, found guilty of assault with intent to kill, and sentenced to a long term.

Jesse must have possessed a fascinating personality, for he won the confidence of the prison officials, and was allowed considerable freedom, even acting as a trustee, to guard the other prisoners. In 1851 he was pardoned on condition that he leave the state and never return.

After a year or two spent as a jockey, and horse dealer, in Canal Dover, Ohio where his brother Henry lived, he disappeared. However, news of his escapades reached that village periodically for many years afterward.

Under various aliases (such as Doctor Hayne) he married and deserted *six women*.

Jesse's brother Archibald was a printer who at one time worked as a compositor on the *National Intelligencer* at Washington, D.C. He must have been one of the younger sons of Captain Thomas Quantrill, for it was in 1862 that he married a Mary Sands whose age was given as thirty-two. She was a staunch supporter of the Union. Her brother, George Sands, was United States Collector of Internal Revenue under President Lincoln. When General "Stonewall" Jackson and his Confederate troops passed through Frederick, Maryland, this Mrs. Archibald Quantrill, and her daughter Virginia, stood at their gate and defiantly waved the Stars and Stripes in the faces of the Confederates.

A soldier cut the flag from Mrs. Quantrill's hand with his sword. General Jackson rebuked the soldier and, turning to Mrs. Quantrill, raised his hat, saying, "To you, madam, not to your flag."

(The poet Whittier may have immortalized the wrong woman, for the one he mentioned, Barbara Frietchie, was a bedridden lady.)

Henry, that son of Captain Thomas Quantrill who was the father of the notorious guerrilla, was somewhat above the average in education, and he, also, was addicted to sharp practices. In Canal Dover he confiscated some of the school funds entrusted to his care and used them to publish a Lightning Calculator. He also published a number of books on mathematics, using school funds. This misuse of the money was discovered by the school board and brought to the attention of the public.

Henry Quantrill vowed he would kill the man responsible for this bad publicity, and late one evening he entered the home of H.V. Beeson with a cocked revolver in his hand and murder in his heart. Beeson grabbed an iron poker and struck Henry Quantrill over the head with it, knocking him unconscious and incidentally saving his own life. Neighbors rushed in and carried the beaten man out of the house and to his home.

About the same time Henry was also having trouble with a Mrs. Roscoe, a teacher of painting and the vivacious wife of a Frenchman. Henry was reported to have made some derogatory remarks about her character, so when the spirited lady met him on the street she gave him a public lashing with a bull-whip, much to the delight of the townsfolk.

Despite his reputation, it came about that when the Canal Dover Union School was organized in 1849, Henry Quantrill was appointed assistant to the principal. In 1851 he became the principal and continued in this office until his death of consumption in 1854.

In the meantime the Quantrill family

Capt. John Jarrette, one of Quantrill's finest men; he turned to ranching.

Bible recorded the birth date of William Clarke Quantrill as July 31, 1837, and this record, together with other data, was published in the Louisville (Kentucky) *Courier-Journal* of May 13, 1888, to refute the outlaw's sometime claim that he had become a guerrilla to avenge the death of his "elder brother" at the hands of Kansas Redlegs during the Kansas-Missouri border warfare. The record reads:

MARRIAGE: Thomas Henry Quantrill and Caroline Cornelia Clarke—October 11, 1836

BIRTHS
William Clarke Quantrill, July 31, 1837
Mary Quantrill, September 24, 1838
Franklin Quantrill, November 12, 1840
MacLindley Quantrill, December 18, 1841
Cornelia Lisette Quantrill, June 20, 1843
Thompson Quantrill, October 3, 1844
Clarke Quantrill, September 5, 1847
Archibald Rollin Quantrill, September 27, 1850

DEATHS
MacLindley Quantrill, died August 26, 1842
Cornelia Quantrill, July 28, 1844
Clarke Quantrill, September 5, 1847
Archibald Quantrill, March 2, 1851.

At the time these records appeared in the paper, Mrs. Thomas Henry Quantrill, formerly Miss Caroline Clarke, showed visitors the old family Bible and said, "We had eight children in all, but four of them died in infancy. Here in the old Bible in which the family records

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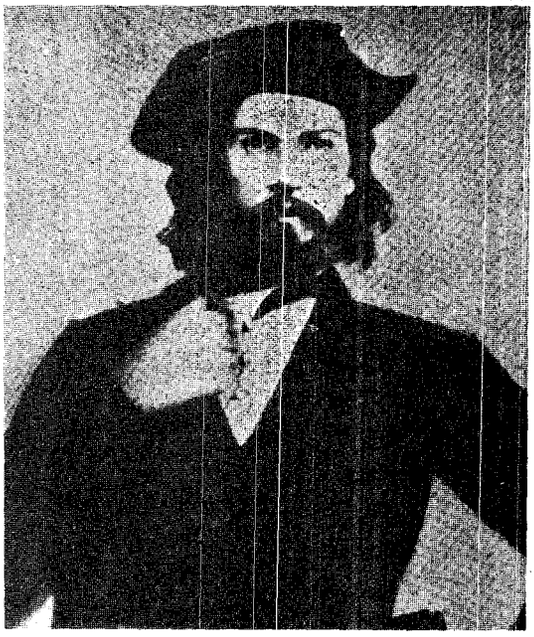


Capt. "Bloody Bill" Anderson; soldiers dragged his body through streets.

were kept you see the names and dates. These records were all made by my husband. I have never written a line in this Bible since his death, which accounts for the balance not being in. Only one of my children is still living—Thompson, who lives in Montana, where he has a family and is doing well. My daughter Mary died in 1865. She was never married. My son Franklin died six years ago, leaving his wife and four daughters, two of whom are grown. One is a teacher at Canal Dover."

Quantrill's mother had been born in Somerset County, Pennsylvania, but her family soon moved to Chambersburg, where her parents died when she was only about six months old. She was taken into the home of an uncle, Alexander Thompson, who was a judge in Somerset and Bedford Counties. Caroline was raised to be a good homemaker and cook, and in fact she was always a devoted wife and mother.

While rearing her large family she had to stay close to home, and in time she was known never to visit the neighbors or to go to church. It may be that Quantrill's inclination to be a "lone wolf" stemmed from his mother's side; from his father who was very sociable he must have inherited some of his other characteristics.

Mary was a cripple and was seldom seen outside her home, and this may have been the main reason why her mother remained at home so constantly. Mary passed away at the age of twenty-five, in 1863, at about the time her brother William Clarke Quantrill was at the zenith of his wild career in Missouri.

The many intelligent people who persist in depicting Quantrill as a brave and misunderstood commander must be ignorant of the facts, for there is nothing in the documents to warrant their admiration. As a matter of fact and record, Quantrill never rode with all his men on any raid except one—for the pillage of Lawrence, Kansas, he was accompanied by about three hundred men. At all other times he sent out small detachments of from twenty to thirty men (occasionally as many as fifty) under the command of his lieutenants who owed him no actual allegiance.

These petty leaders, who by no means considered themselves Quantrill's subordinates, included Bloody Bill Anderson, George Todd, Bill Gregg, Fletch Taylor, John Thrailkill, John Jarrette, George Shepherd, Cole Younger, Kit Dalton, John Hildebrand, Arch Clements, and occasionally Frank James, brother of the notorious Jesse James. Appended to this roster is a list of the nearly three hundred men who were at one time or another known to have ridden with Quantrill on his murderous missions.

It was Quantrill's custom to pillage, then put to the torch, small undefended towns or villages, deliberately murdering any who dared to protest. Now and then, as happened, for instance, in Boonville, Missouri, both Northerners and men in favor of the South banded together in defense against such raids, the Southerners stipulating only that they should not be asked to fire on regular Confederate troops. Several times a town was saved from depredations by the guerrillas only by such concerted action.

Certain writers have given William Clarke Quantrill the glowing title of The Blond Apollo of the Prairies. While in his youth he was considered handsome, he was hardly a Greek god in any sense. Not only was he vicious but he did not have any justification for being so. Several members of his organization had reason to wreak vengeance, but the guerrilla chieftain merely indulged his desire to destroy.

Even though he had been born a Northerner, he did not side with the Unionists. Perhaps, as he claimed, because he hated Kansas after he inspired the Kansans to drive him out of the state. He chose to fight for the Confederacy because it was a chance to hit back at the people of Kansas. His declarations at Richmond and his later actions were proof enough of his underlying motive.

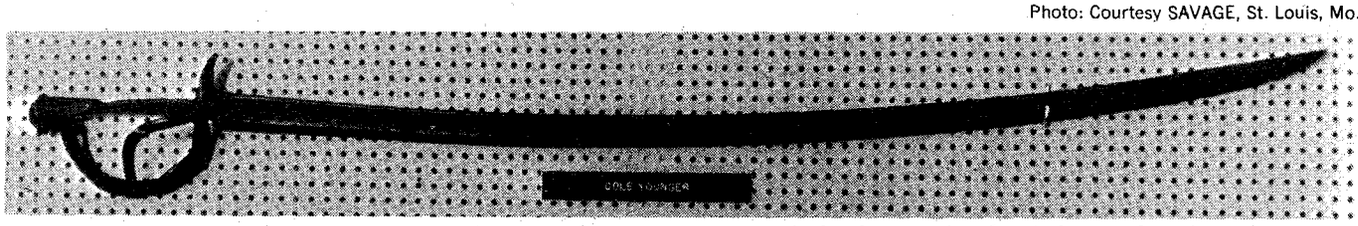
Cole Younger, whose full name was Thomas Coleman Younger, was one of the first men to join Quantrill's group and one of the first to leave it. To those who knew Cole it was clear that he had suffered terrible wrongs and endured many provocations before he became a guerrilla, for he was never a bloodthirsty or merciless man. He was a dead shot, an expert with firearms, and it was said of him that he never missed a target. Only on one occasion did he commit an inexcusable act, and that was when he killed several Redlegs with a captured Federal Enfield rifle.

It is inconceivable that he would have conducted such an experiment against regular Union soldiers. He was brave to the point of recklessness, desperate to rashness, and even courageous in showing mercy.

Col. H.W. Younger was killed in Missouri by Walley's Jayhawkers.

For instance, during the massacre at Lawrence he secretly saved the lives of

Photo: Courtesy SAVAGE, St. Louis, Mo.



This is the sword Cole Younger used when he was a captain in the regular Confederate Cavalry.

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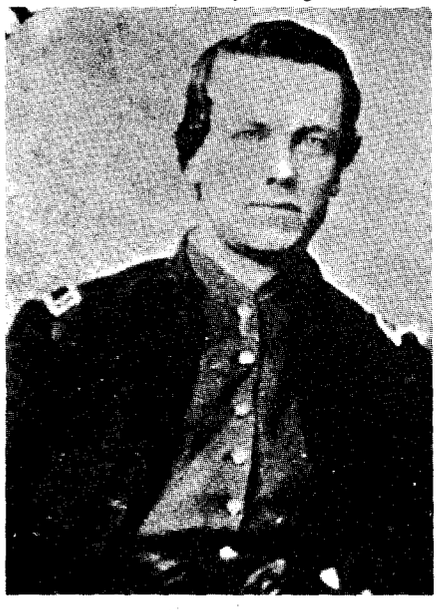
several old men, despite Quantrill's strict orders that not one male citizen should be spared.

After the close of the Civil War there were many people who credited their lives to Cole Younger, who had prevented their ruthless killing while they were prisoners of Quantrill's gang. His many acts of kindness stood him in good stead when he himself was a prisoner in the Minnesota State Penitentiary—sentenced to life imprisonment for his part in the abortive raid on the Northfield (Minnesota) bank in 1876 with Jesse James.

Luis Garcia, Jr. Valley Evening Monitor.



Captain W. Todd; killed in skirmish with Capt. Wagner's 2nd Colo. Cavalry.

Many remembered his courage on the battlefield and came to his aid. Not only people without influence but some with powerful connections worked until they eventually secured his release, after twenty-five years.

Cole's family long bore the brunt of persecution.

Thomas Coleman Younger, commonly known as Cole, was born January 15, 1844, on the Younger farm near Big Creek at Lee's Summit, Missouri. There Cole learned the art of handling firearms and soon became an expert. It had been his father's wish that he do so, for Cole often assisted him with the mail route, where dangers were ever present. Colonel Younger operated several United States mail routes for the government for many years. One of the routes was between Harrisonville and Butler, with Cole carrying the mail on this route when he was but seventeen years old.

In ante-bellum days Colonel Younger represented Jackson County three times in the Legislature, and was also Judge of the County Court. He was a wealthy man, and was consequently the prey of the Kansas Jayhawkers, who raided constantly into Missouri and along the Kansas border. It was a desperate fight between those who wanted Kansas admitted as a Free State, and those who wanted her admitted as a Slave State.

As those turbulent days brought the Civil War closer and closer Colonel Younger relinquished his post as Judge of the Jackson County Court and moved his family to his farm at Harrisonville, Missouri.

The clash between the North and the South became more and more inevitable, and adherents of the North formed themselves into military companies. One of these companies, called Neugent's Regiment of the Enrolled Missouri Militia, was stationed near the county seat at Harrisonville.

Captain Irvin Walley, in command of a company of Neugent's Militia, hated Cole Younger because the young man refused to encourage his sister to favor the captain. To make matters worse, Colonel Mockbee gave a dance for the young folks at his home in Harrisonville. This occurred the day after the Confederates had shelled Fort Sumter. At the dance Cole's sister ignored Captain Walley, refusing to dance with him and loudly proclaiming why she did not care to do so.

The irate captain took his spite out on Cole by stating the boy was a spy for Quantrill. Colonel Younger made efforts to persuade the boy to attend college at Kansas City, but young Cole refused, stating that if he had to fight now was the time.

It was during the winter of 1861 that Cole Younger threw in his fortunes with Quantrill. He was not much more than a boy, but from the first his work and his word were those of a man of high standing. He was the one who refused to kill except in battle or self-defense. Quantrill recognized in him the kind of man who could carry out orders. Numerous times Cole saved the band from annihilation by some clever decision. His presence of mind in emergencies made him an incalculable asset. He fought as a real soldier, for a cause he believed in, a glory and an ideal.

But Cole's family suffered. Not long after he joined Quantrill's guerrillas, Cole's father was brutally murdered by Federal soldiers. His mother was forced at gun-point to set fire to her own home in the dead of winter, and then she had to battle her way through deep snow to the house of a neighbor. Cole's mother was ill with consumption and her health was greatly worsened by this exposure in the bitter cold. It was natural that all this should weigh on Cole Younger's heart and mind, and cause him to be one of the best fighters in the Quantrill band.

But he was an anomaly among them, for his nature was generous, kind, and loyal, and he was a man of his word. Cole never refused to help a friend.

In 1863 Cole Younger, weary of the seesaw warfare in Missouri, reported for duty to General Henry E. McCulloch at Bonham, Texas. After doing quite a lot of scout duty for McCulloch, Cole was ordered to report to General E. Kirby Smith at Shreveport, Louisiana.

As captain in the Confederate army Cole was told by General Smith to rid the Mississippi River bottoms of the numerous speculators and cotton thieves who infested that area.

In February, 1864, Cole was sent to Warren, Arkansas, to report to General John S. Marmaduke (later a Democrat Party Governor of Missouri) on direct orders of General Jo Shelby.

His work was so well performed that, in May of the same year, Colonel George S. Jackson was able to lead 300 Confederate cavalrymen across the plains into Colorado to intercept some wagon trains and to cut the transcontinental telegraph wire from Leavenworth to San Francisco.

They found the wagon trains deserted. By order from Richmond, Cole Younger was then sent to the Pacific Coast, where he was stationed at the time the war closed.

Frank James also became one of Quantrill's guerrillas under provocation. During the Battle of Wilson's Creek he was captured by Union forces and granted a field parole, which meant that he was to return home and never enlist again on either side. Both governments recognized such paroles, **and they were seldom** vio-

(Continued from page 56)

Photo of Capt. Anderson in death; he died at head of column, near Orrick.

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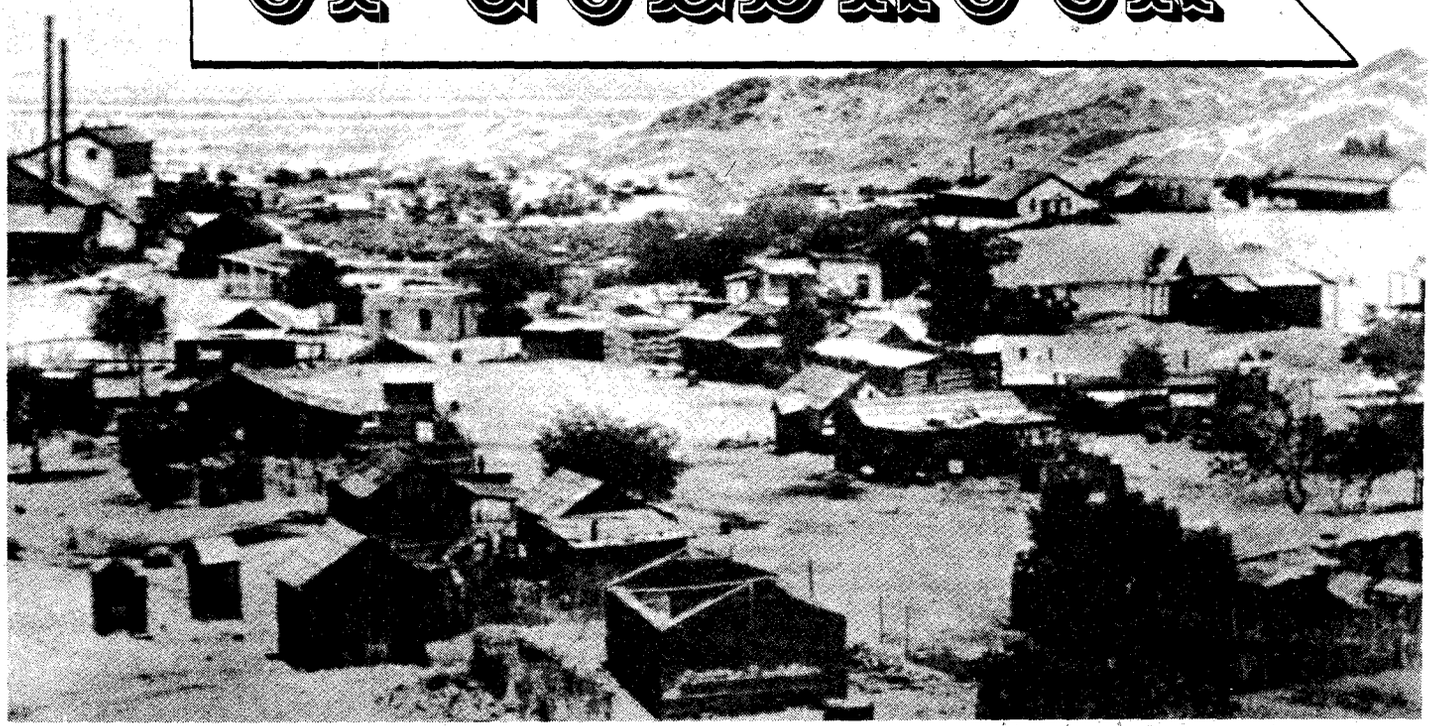
THE LEGENDRY OF GOLDROCK



Goldrock, Calif. (1905), a town long dead now, is one of the most interesting western ghost towns, easily accessible.

by Tom Barkdull

THE SPRAWLING HUSK of Goldrock ponders its burned-out mines and ravaged graves where the Cargo Muchachoes first begin to raise their hackles over the California dunes. From the old townsite the range sweeps upward and eastward in its meander toward the Colorado River.

This is a bleak land—swept by the incessant desert wind, chafed by blowing sand—but it's gold country, too, stubbornly hiding at least six of the West's most famous treasures.

Legend of treasure-trove in the vicinity of Goldrock preceded the birth of the town by two and a half centuries. In the early 17th Century there existed, west of the Cargoes, a huge inland sea formed by invasion of the Colorado River, and shown on ancient maps as Lake Cahuilla. In 1615, history relates, one Juan de Iturbe mistakenly sailed into a narrow inlet connecting the river and lake when navigating upriver with a cargo of pearls from the Gulf of California.

While Iturbe was exploring the lake a flash flood completely blocked his watercourse back to the river, and he was compelled to abandon ship and treasure. The De Anza party reported finding the remains of the ship in 1775 when two and a half days west of Yuma. Later, members of De Anza's crew returned to the desert but were unable to relocate the treasure. The lost ship was sighted again—only once, but in fairly recent times—by Perta Socia Tucker who related seeing a sun-bleached hulk, "Of ancient appearance and having big round discs on its sides" while crossing the area with her first husband, Santiago Socia.

There is no record of the Lost Pearl Ship being seen since that time, but the legend persists, has been verified, and sets the stage for Goldrock's bizarre history beginning many years later.

During its unbridled years Goldrock had a quality unique among camps of that era. This was a schizo-quality evidenced by the sharp line of demarcation that ran along the outer fringes of the town's heart, separating it from the ragtag shantytown that encircled it. And that this acknowledged boundary created two disparate worlds is confirmed by those pioneers who still recall the early days in the tiny village that rose over the sand hills.

Mrs. C. S. Walker, who was a small girl in Goldrock and now has a ranch and trading post five miles from the abandoned ruins, chatted with me about the "inner city" as it was "then." And as this gracious lady described life in the town that changed its name three times in thirty years, I easily turned back time and, in fancy, heard the clatter of the hoist, savored the smell of woodburning furnaces, and visioned the bustle of a community caught up in the contagion of gold fever.

Seventy years ago, Mrs. Walker told me, Goldrock's streets teemed with several thousand souls—miners, housewives, school-children, shopkeepers, tinhorn gamblers and the inevitable fast-buck crowd that ministered to every camp while

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Two youths entered the tiny camp one evening, their shirts bulging with rich ore; whereupon the district, camp and mountain range were promptly named Cargo Muchacho—Loaded Boy

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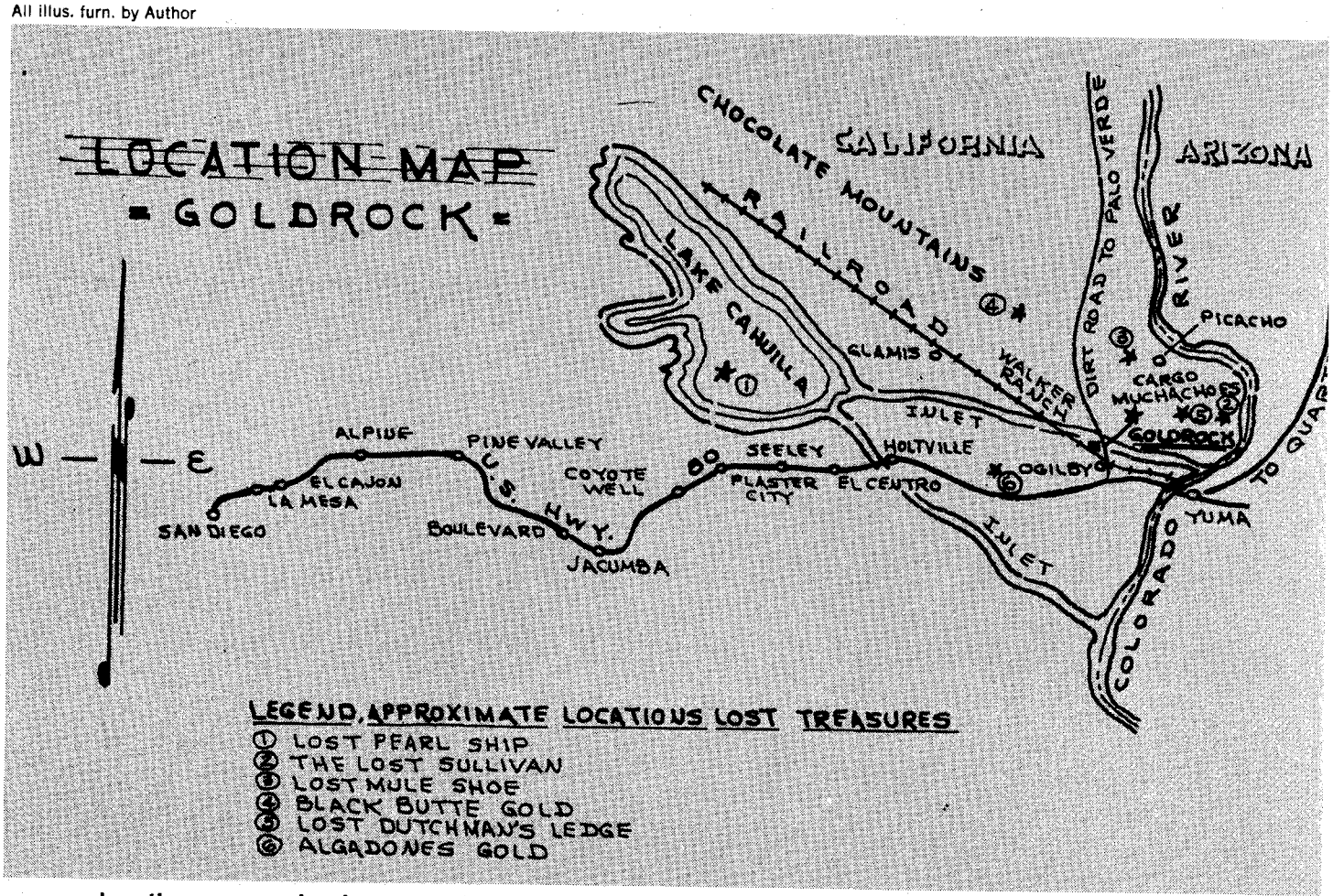
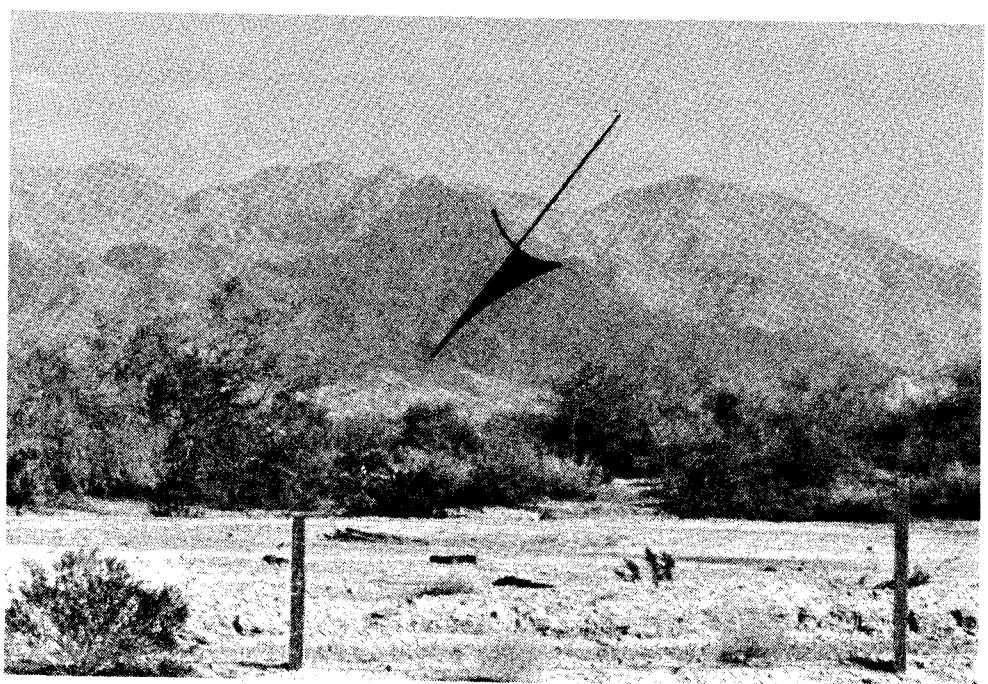


Location map may inspire renewed activity—we recommend skeptical attitude for serious diggers.

its gold held out. All of these, and more, were there because the ore trundled to the surface was fabulously rich. Homes in the town proper were tastefully appointed with cut glass and silver, choice rugs and fine linen—and the miners with their ladies strolled the "main stem" on Saturday evenings in full formal attire. The nightspots were busy and gay. Even Tex Rickard was there—not yet the famous fight promoter of later years—dealing faro in one of the casinos.

But beyond its polite social aspect Goldrock showed another face—ugly, offensive—as different from its other self as night from day. This face was described most vividly by Billy Horan before his death in 1951. Horan had been the town's constable and undertaker between 1892 and 1896, during which time he also owned the Stingaree Saloon.

His tales of the outlying part of Goldrock during those years were both blood-curdling and hair-raising—tales of gunfights, knifings, and of hauling bodies from bistro to cemetery in the wagon he used for a hearse. Billy's favorite story



View of the Cargo Muchachoes from the Walker ranch and trading post. Arrow points to Goldrock.

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concerned the night he was impaled to a saloon wall by knives thrown through both arms by a rampaging Mexican. His life was saved, he said, by a friend who shot and killed the man on the spot.

The Stingaree was managed by a burly Irishman named Jim Sullivan. Horan recalled the unusually hot summer when Sullivan hired an Indian swamper whom he noticed was always well heeled with rich gold ore. After sufficient blandishment the swamper agreed to take Sullivan to his diggings, whereupon the two loaded up with supplies and travelled about 15 miles to the east where they arrived at a ledge rich in veins of free gold. Work began immediately with pick and shovel, proceeding furiously until Sullivan paused for a drink of water. Lifting one of the cans, he tipped it and drank thirstily for long seconds when suddenly an expression of dismay darkened his already flushed face.

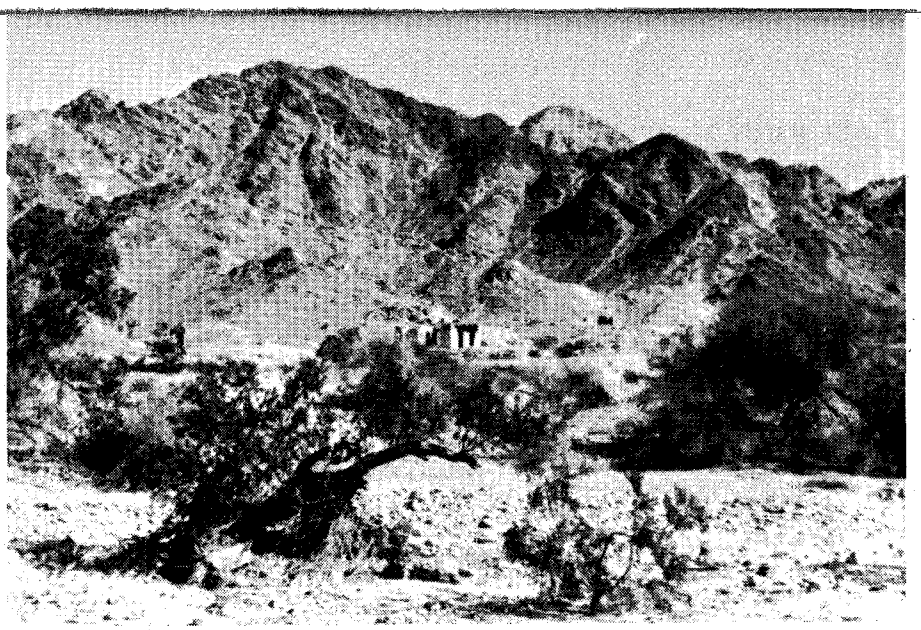
Gagging and spewing water over the ground, he angrily launched a string of epithets at his companion, even including that unfortunate's ancestors. As Billy Horan related the incident, Sullivan had delegated the necessary water supply to his swamper who had unthinkingly placed it in unwashed kerosene cans! So, the two had to hike through the blinding desert heat back to Goldrock where Sullivan, due to dehydration, was shipped to the nearest hospital for medical attention.

Horan's wry comment was, "The Indian knew more about gold than kerosene cans, while Jim knew more about six-shooters than gold." The ledge was never recovered by those who tried, and still is known in western lore as The Lost Sullivan.

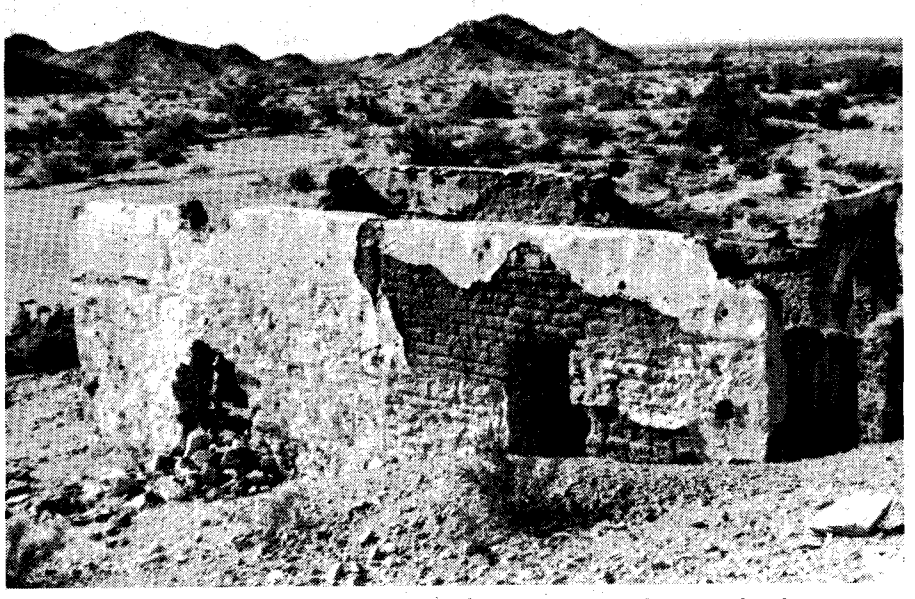
Other stories lurked behind Billy's eyes, but he refused to talk further, dismissing the subject with a weary, "Let it rest!"

Thus, during its palmy years Goldrock presented to the world a double behavior pattern. It was gracious and refined, but it was also violent and coarse. And it soared to economic heights twice, only to nosedive into total destitution both times. When the town finally died, four names had identified it, all of which are still used by the few visitors who walk its chewed-up streets.

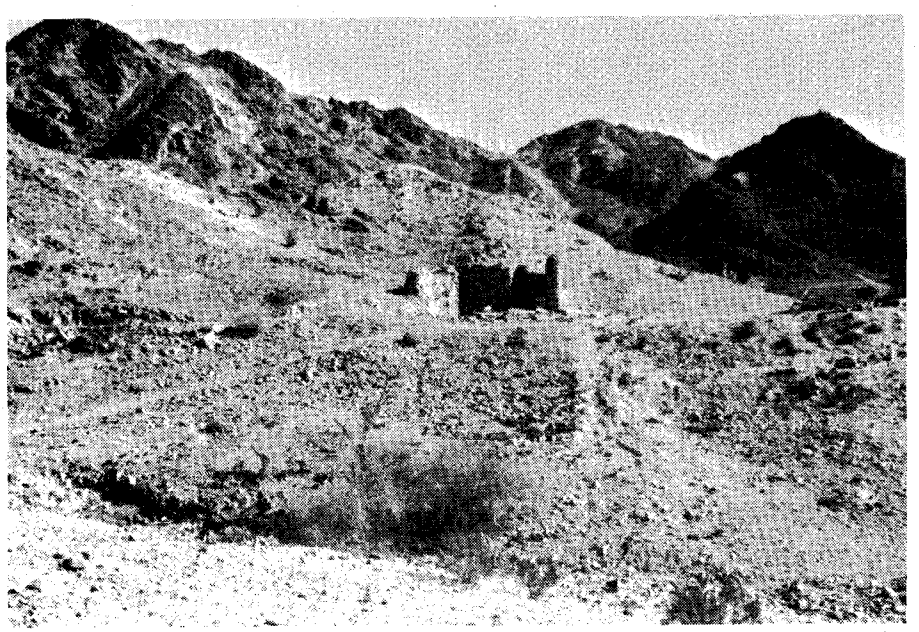
The first operation in what would later be Goldrock was started with the establishment of the Mexican Republic. Two youths entered the tiny camp one evening, their shirts bulging with rich ore, where-upon the district, camp and mountain range were promptly named Cargo Muchacho—*Loaded Boy*. This remained the name until the 1880's when the town's name was changed to Hedges, after a mine foreman; the district became Goldrock, and the mountains retained the original name. The first claim in the district, Little Mary Lode, was filed in 1884, and the town was on its way to



Looking N.E. at Goldrock townsite; Cargo Muchachoes in background.



Adobe block bldg. on Main St.; interior arrangement suggests store.



Remains of building at upper end of town, near Golden Queen shaft.

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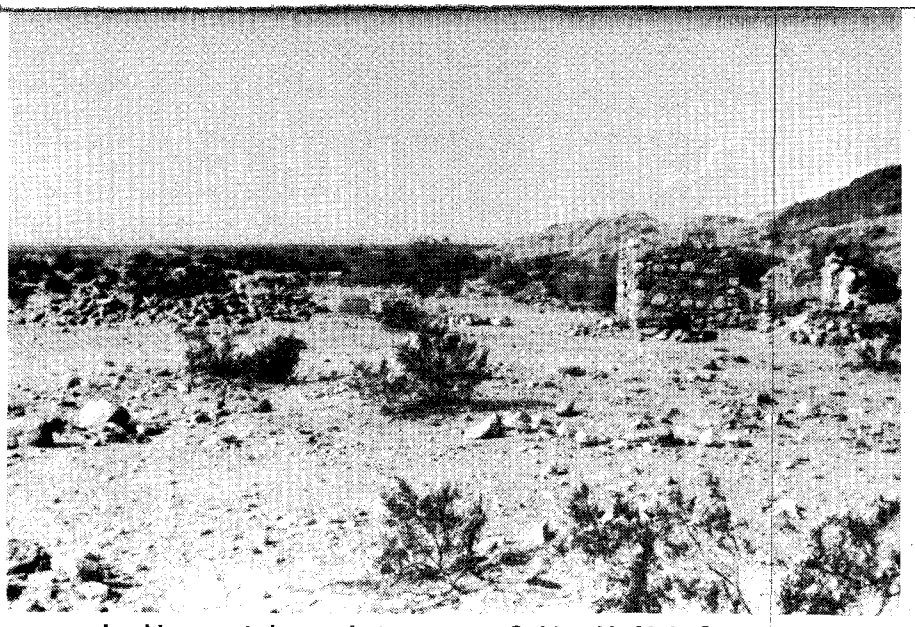
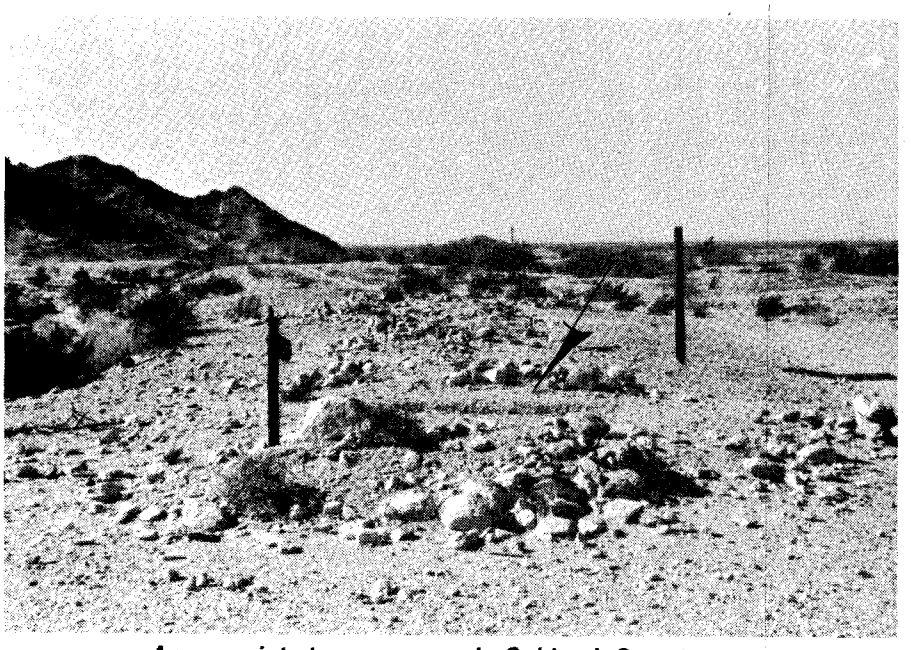


Looking west down what was once Goldrock's Main Street.



Arrow points to open grave in Goldrock Cemetery.

All illus. furn. by Author

Ruins of sun-bleached home once housed hopeful miners.

much more than regional fame.

Records of the '80's show that the ore was being hauled to a mill near present Winterhaven, but when the boom hit its stride in the early 1890's a 20-stamp mill was built on the site and a small water line constructed to the mines from the Colorado River. Discovery of more and richer ore in 1893 justified enlarging the mill to 40 stamps and installing a force water main from the river, with pumps to overcome the 500 foot raise.

In 1895 a new 100 stamp mill was constructed on higher ground, and in the following year the town's three mines, Golden Queen, Golden Crown and Golden Cross, went into 24-hour operation.

The legendry of Goldrock was again enriched during the mid-90's by the discovery and loss of still another famous treasure of the West. As the documented story goes, a man in extremely ill health left Picacho for the railroad via Goldrock, which was Hedges at that time. While traversing the rugged Cargo Muchachoes he became dizzy and fell from the saddle. After about an hour he woke to find that he was lying on a bed of nuggets at the base of a ledge streaked with gold. Hoping to return and file a claim, he marked the location by placing his vest on the ledge, with a mule shoe to hold it in place. From Goldrock the man was taken to the railroad at Ogilby where he continued his journey to the Veterans' Hospital at Sawtelle, dying there soon after arriving.

The Lost Mule Shoe has been the object of many search parties through the years, all without success. Some roads from Picacho to Goldrock, through the Cargo Muchachoes, are now under water, and the rest have been erased by time and elements.

By 1896 Hedges' population had surpassed 2500 and the community was being served by schools, stores, a hospital, four saloons and two cemeteries. Prosperity was evident both downtown and in the surrounding tenderloin—and it remained stable through the last years of the century. However, problems began to erode the town's economy early in the 1900's—about the time that the name Goldrock was officially adopted.

Whether from poor engineering or the advent of labor union activities, recovery in the mines became increasingly lean. Adding to this, tailings began to fan out over the area, necessitating relocation of equipment and homes. The fuel supply was running out as the foothills and alluvial plain were stripped of flammable vegetation, this in turn causing floods which destroyed pumps and machinery. The 100 stamp mill was reduced to 20 stamps, then abandoned altogether.

When milling and mining operations were cut back, the town staggered under its first economic crisis and then, as the mines died, Goldrock died with them.

(Continued on page 66)

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HENRY PLUMMER'S PROMISE

(Continued from page 12)

known later, were members of a newly formed Vigilante organization.

The dinner party came off on schedule and was described as a most brilliant affair with dozens of lighted candles casting a soft, hospitable glow over the linen damask-covered table set with silverware and crystal fit for a king. Plummer's sister, a refined and pleasant lady, presided at the table in the absence of his wife, who, he said, was visiting in the East.

Preparations for the elaborate holiday dinner had actually been made far in advance and no money had been spared in securing the best of food. Turkeys had been shipped in from Salt Lake City, the first to be sent into Montana Territory, at a cost of $40 each in gold. Many other delicacies had also been imported into the territory for the gala occasion.

Noted for his gracious manners and brilliant conversation, Plummer was the perfect host, but despite his efforts a feeling of depression seemed to pervade the holiday atmosphere.

Plummer suggested a toast to the prosperity and growth of Alder Gulch which, he said, "has so generously contributed its wealth in gold to the treasure seekers in Montana Territory."

One of the guests responded to his toast with, "Perhaps a peaceful Alder Gulch would be better! What good are riches if the finder doesn't live long enough to enjoy them?"

Plummer quickly accepted the challenge with, "It won't be long now. I'm certain we have the outlaws cornered. I plan a surprise for you soon."

The guests departed at a late hour. As he said "good night" to his guests, Plummer commented on the beauty of the clear Montana sky with a soft beam of winter moonlight falling on the new-fallen snow.

The weather turned bitter cold and stormy, but it failed to cool the determination of the Vigilantes. They set traps for the road agents and caught them. The outlaws were given brief, but fair, trials, found guilty and quickly hanged. Knowing before they died that they had reached the end of their careers of crime, the road agents testified that their leader was none other than Sheriff Henry Plummer. Armed with this testimony, the Vigilantes kept on the job until they had complete proof of the Jekyl-Hyde existence of Alder Gulch's one-time respected sheriff.

Plummer was tipped off about the Vigilantes' activities and returned to Bannack, accompanied by two partners in crime, Buck Stinson and Ned Ray. They had their best horses brought in and prepared to hit the open road, unaware that their every move was being watched by the Vigilantes.

The Vigilantes were well prepared for their mission. A rope was obtained from Governor Edgerton's house, and three separate groups were quickly organized. Each group was given orders to capture one of the outlaws.

The following night, January 10, 1864, was bitter cold and footsteps on the hard packed snow made sounds like breaking glass. Colonel Sanders' cabin was next to Sheriff Plummer's, and between the two houses was a small, dark, narrow space. Mrs. Sanders was alone with a maid and her two children. Her husband told her he had to go out on a secret errand, saying he would explain the nature of it when he returned. He came back after a few minutes and appeared to be very nervous, telling her he had to go out again, but not to worry. She was not to open the door for anyone while he was gone.

Mrs. Sanders was an intelligent person. She knew something of great importance was about to take place, but had no idea as to what that something would be. Unable to relax, she kept listening for strange noises. After many hours of suspense she heard someone in the narrow space between her house and Sheriff Plummer's. Venturing a surreptitious look out of the window, Mrs. Sanders saw the light from her room reflected on the muzzle of a rifle. She almost panicked when she remembered that her husband had received threats against his life in recent days. Were assassins waiting there to murder Colonel Sanders when he returned home?

The frightened woman blew out the candles and waited in the dark for what seemed like an eternity. Finally she heard more noises outside and saw silhouetted figures moving across the front of her house.

Men were surrounding Plummer's house!

Henry Plummer had come in early, loosened his necktie, unbuckled his belt and handed his revolvers to his sister saying, "I won't be needing these tonight." It was the first time in his career that Henry Plummer had ever been unarmed, even when he was sleeping. He lay down on his bed without removing his clothes because he intended to leave Bannack early in the morning.

Suddenly the door was thrown open and Henry Plummer found himself surrounded by four armed men. He was arrested and the men, led by John Lott, took him to the Goodrich Hotel where his former friend and recent dinner guest, Colonel Sanders, was waiting for them. Plummer stepped up to Sanders and said, "This is a terrible thing." The Colonel drew away from him.

Plummer begged pitifully for his life, screaming that he was too young to die, but his pleas fell upon unsympathetic ears. Like so many other hardened criminals, Henry Plummer was a complete coward when it came to his turn to die. He was taken to Hangman's Gulch, a short distance from Bannack's main street, and hanged on the gallows he had erected a few months before. Thus Henry Plummer, bandit-sheriff of Alder Gulch, kept the promise he had made to his former friends when he said they would soon see the leader of the gang of organized outlaws in Montana Territory and his henchmen hanged. ●

When Plummer was tipped off about the Vigilantes he returned to Bannack. But he was not aware that the Vigilantes were watching every move he made.

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CALIFORNIA JOE

(Continued from page 11)

Milner did just that, and suffered no serious results from the scorching he had received. What his bride of just a few weeks thought of his remedy was never recorded.

On reaching California the rumors concerning the discovery of gold became facts, and Milner lost no time in rushing to the new "diggins." Near the original discovery at Sutter's mill he put in two years of hard labor with the usual miner's luck. At the end of that period, with no great improvement in his financial status, he decided life on the end of an "idiot stick" was not for him.

With this in mind, he moved north in 1852 and took up 640 acres in Benton County, twelve miles west of present day Corvallis, Oregon, near Wren's Station. Here he settled his family and here were born four of his sons, Edgar A., October 1, 1853; George, February 17, 1855; Charley, February 18, 1857; and Eugene, March 17, 1859.

For the next five years he worked hard on his holdings and developed a good ranch. So good, in fact, that he was able to employ help. Then, using his ranch as a base, he operated a pack train into surrounding areas. By 1859 he was running a pack train into Walla Walla. In 1860, when gold was discovered in the region to the east, Milner commenced packing supplies to the new gold fields of what is now Idaho.

Milner had seen, with his own eyes, that the person who supplied the miner was the one that garnered the gold, so he ran a regular pack train into the diggings until the idea of constructing a toll road occurred to him, and he built one from the gold mines to Mount Idaho. He is given credit, by some, of establishing the town of Mount Idaho, but this has never been substantiated.

Milner's toll road was a success, and in 1861, he was made an offer he could not afford to turn down so he sold out and returned to Oregon.

Oregon could not hold him, though, and in 1862 he was again following rumors of another gold discovery. This time east of the Salmon River country. He was in Hellsgate when the news of the gold strike on Grasshopper Creek was first heard. He joined the rush to the new discovery, and staked a claim not far from Bannack, in what is now the state of Montana.

Milner had no partner and was forced to leave his claim unguarded when going for supplies. One day, on his return from such a trip, he found three claim-jumpers in possession. He killed one, crippled another, but the third escaped when Milner's old cap and ball pistol misfired.

Not too long after this incident his claim petered out and he joined the hordes looking for new fields. He finally wound up in newly established Virginia City, which was now located in the newly created Idaho Territory.

When he first appeared here, in 1863, one officious person took it upon himself to question him. This person is thought to have been John X. Beidler, who later became a prominent member of the Vigilantes, but there is no authentication for this. One look at Milner's six-foot four-inch frame, and the two hundred and ten pounds distributed on it, made this man a firm believer in Milner's statement, "I'm from California, where most of the gold is found, and my name is Joe! That's all you need to know!"

By this name, of his own choosing, he was known throughout the West in the 1860's and 70's, and was never known by any other even to his intimate friends.

It wasn't long before California Joe, as he will be known hereafter, had another run-in with the officious person that had questioned him on his arrival when the story was spread that Joe had killed a man for two gallons of whiskey. Joe didn't kill the man for that, but he accepted payment. He killed the man for kicking his dog.

The man was something of a bully, and had made a name for himself as a fighter with the result that most men gave him a wide berth. But Joe told him he had been waiting for an excuse to kill him, and for him to arm himself because he fully intended to kill him before morning. The man left, with a few of his hangers-on, apparently to arm himself.

It was then the saloon owner offered Joe two gallons of his finest whiskey if he would kill the man. Joe told him he didn't need the whiskey, before or after, but that he would be back to collect. He then followed the man to his cabin, and offered to fight the man and his friends, but the friends declined. The man fired at Joe and missed. Joe didn't.

The Vigilantes were organized by this time, and four of them paid Joe a visit. The four included the officious person that had questioned him when he first arrived in town. Joe told them that four to one were just the odds he liked, but they backed down. They then told him that there were many more that could be called on, and would be, if it became necessary. Joe decided, if they were going to run like a pack of wolves, that perhaps he had better see some additional country.

He left the mines, and returned to his home in Oregon, but he could not settle down, the urge to travel was too great for him.

He was next heard of in New Mexico, Nevada, and Texas, in the years 1865-66-67. In Texas, Joe killed another man. This time for being cheated out of his money

(Continued on page 46)

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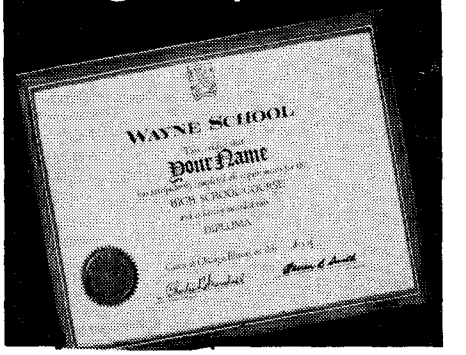

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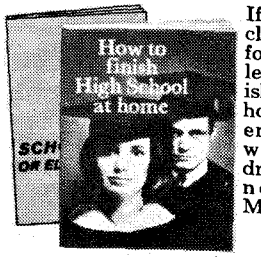

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CALIFORNIA JOE

(Continued from page 45)

while on one of his periodical drunks. Some of his friends, after he had sobered up, told him the man had deliberately cheated him in a card game, so Joe went to the man and demanded his money back. The man laughed at him, but not for long.

In 1868, Joe was selected by George A. Custer as his Chief of Scouts. At the time Joe was 39 years old, wore his hair long, and sported a beard out of which protruded a pipe at all hours of the day whether lit or not. His eyes had a sleepy cast which nevertheless instantaneously recorded everything of interest that occurred around him. He wore an old black hat, whether asleep or awake, and a caped soldier's overcoat, with trousers stuffed into high boots. This constituted his usual attire. He was armed with a long, breech-loading Springfield from which he was inseparable. In his belt he carried a revolver and a huge knife. His mount, by preference a mule, completed his equipment for the field.

California Joe was known to have expressed opinions of Custer's abilities as an Indian fighter which do not coincide with history books. It is also known that he asked Custer bluntly whether he, Custer, was an ambulance man or a horse man. He seemed somewhat mollified when Custer answered he was a horse man.

At the very start of the Washita campaign, California Joe told Custer there were no hostile Indians anywhere near the Washita. This from the sworn statement of Jack Corbin, who was also a scout on this foray.

Just prior to the final assault on the Indian village, Custer thought to send Joe to make a final reconnaissance, but Joe could not be found. Custer proceeded with his plans but before they could be completed there was a rifle shot on the picket line, accompanied by screams that would have startled a stone, and out of the darkness came California Joe astride his long-legged mule, swiping at soldiers right and left with his long-barreled rifle.

Drunk as only he could get—and seemingly under the impression he was charging an Indian camp—there was nothing to do but to knock him out. This turned out to be a considerable chore, but he was finally tied and placed under guard.

This ended Joe's career as Chief of Scouts. He did accompany the expedition—under protest as is said—and saved the lives of two Indian women and one child in the blood-letting aftermath. He also, with Jack Corbin, carried dispatches for Custer after the battle.

Some men, present at the time of this episode and who knew Joe well, always maintained that this demonstration by him was only a means of trying to warn the Indian camp. Even though he had no use for an Indian, neither did he believe in making the innocent suffer. Nor would he become an out and out traitor, which is exactly what he would have been branded had he tried straight-out to warn the Indian camp of what was sure to happen.

After this campaign, Joe wandered around the country. He made two visits to his home in Oregon, and was in the Sierra Madre Mountains in California for some time, but the wanderlust got the better of him and in the spring of 1873 he was near Pioche, Nevada. He established a ranch here to supply the nearby mines with beef in partnership with a man named Wilson. This did not hold his interest for long, and he signed on to guide a party of men into New Mexico on a prospecting expedition. Of the original sixty men in this party, twenty were killed by Apaches before the party returned to civilization.

In 1874, he was once again with Custer acting as guide for the Black Hills Expedition. He made no outstanding contributions to this expedition, but as soon as the party was out of the Black Hills, Joe high-tailed it for Fort Laramie. Here he met some of his friends, informed them of the gold find in the Black Hills, and they were on their way.

One slight hitch occurred. The Army, to protect the treaty made with the Sioux, was patrolling all routes into the Black Hills, and Joe and his party were forced to hole up about six miles from Fort Laramie where they waited for the Third Cavalry to bring in some prospectors they had rounded up and expelled from the Black Hills.

It was while in this camp that California Joe became acquainted with the North brothers, Frank and Luther of Pawnee Scout fame. They had been assigned the chore of keeping an eye on the routes to the Black Hills out of Fort Laramie. For some time they kept Joe and his party under daily observation, but one morning they were gone. Troops were notified, but Joe and his party spent the remainder of the year in the Black Hills, ducking Army patrols and panning gold. Joe remarked later that Major North must have liked him real well, because he came to see him every day he was camped near Fort Laramie.

In the spring of 1875, California Joe was again in Fort Laramie, and was hired as a guide for Professor Jenney's Black Hills Expedition. This was being sent out by the government to verify Custer's report of gold, something Joe could have verified. But, why duck Army patrols when he could be paid for returning to the very same area where the Army was making it nearly impossible for him to remain.

It was while he was with this expedition that Joe decided that, when and if the government ever opened the Black Hills, he would settle on land on Rapid Creek. And in 1876, when the government purchased the Black Hills, Joe was on his land that is now the site of Rapid City, South Dakota.

The Sioux did not take kindly to this transfer of ownership, and numerous small war parties haunted the area. In May, 1876, California Joe and Captain Jack Crawford, later to gain fame as the "Poet of the Prairies," and five other men *ambushed a war party of Sioux* not far from Rapid Creek. When the firing ceased, fifteen of the Indians were dead, four were wounded, but managed to escape with the aid of the four unwounded members of the party of twenty-three.

In June of 1876, Joe was working a quartz claim not far from his land on Rapid Creek, but this turned out to be of such low grade, it was not profitable. Not having the money to stock his ranch, Joe tried to interest people in settling on the land he claimed. This did not work out, and in September of 1876, he was once again in the employment of the Army, this time as a guide for General Crook. But in October the forces under Crook were partially disbanded at Fort Robinson, Nebraska. A new expedition was formed under the command of Colonel Ranald McKenzie of the Fourth Cavalry. This outfit was to scrounge around in the Big Horn Mountains and round up the scattered bands of Cheyenne and Sioux who were thought to be still active in that region. California Joe was hired as chief guide and scout.

While this expedition was being formed, Joe had trouble with a man named Newcomb (or Neukem) who was employed in the post butcher shop. But this trouble had seemingly been patched up the day before the expedition was to leave because the two men were seen having drinks together in one of the local saloons.

About 5:00 p.m. that afternoon, Joe was standing on the banks of the White River talking to some acquaintances about the forthcoming expedition when Newcomb appeared at the corner of the quartermaster's corral, and without warning he shot California Joe in the back, killing him instantly.

Moses Embree Milner (California Joe) is buried in grave number 14 at the old post cemetery at Fort Robinson, Nebraska. And get this as the garish sequel. His murderer appeared in Rapid City in 1878, and announced he was the man that had shot California Joe! He was run out of town, and later—date never ascertained—the news filtered back to the town that this man, Newcomb, had been shot in the back by one of California Joe's friends, thus completing a gory episode of back-to-back murders. ●

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PILOT ON THE RIVER OF HAZARDS

(Continued from page 17)

had been burned on the island, but there were deserters who refused to return to the ship, fearing it was a deathtrap.

LaBarge, wondering how long he had been unconscious, wanted to speak to the Captain, but his aching head weakened him, and his legs would not support him. He leaned heavily on Jupitor and in this way he staggered to the officers' quarters. Without knocking Jupitor opened the door and they entered. He gestured to a figure huddled under a blanket on a bunk.

"Captain, sir?" LaBarge spoke loud enough to wake a sleeper.

There was no reply.

Jupitor pulled aside the blanket, and LaBarge began to realize the extent of the catastrophe. The Captain was a corpse.

"He done left paper writin'," Jupitor said, picking up a sheet of scrawled notepaper off the bedside table.

LaBarge glanced at it. "That's for the pilots," he said, handing it back

"They is dead, too," Jupitor informed him. "All de ship's officers be dead but you, suh!"

The ship moved suddenly and LaBarge lurched against the table. Jupitor uttered a curse, drew a pistol from his belt-band, and darting out on deck started shooting toward the island. The *Yellowstone* was adrift. The island deserters had cut the hawser.

Joseph LaBarge was born in 1815 at St. Louis. His father, a Canadian, had married a Spanish woman and located in Missouri Territory. The couple raised three sons, all of whom became river pilots. Charles was killed in a boat explosion in 1852. John died at the wheel in 1885. Joseph, the eldest, having been educated in St. Louis, was now on board the *Yellowstone* on the river of hazards.

Joseph Marie LaBarge, the father of the boys, had been up the Missouri with General Ashley in 1823 and had taken part in the voyagers' fight against the hostile Rees in Dakota. Such a heritage imbued his sons with the pioneering spirit. Young Joseph's first clash with the savages took place when he was sixteen. His trading party became involved in the Battle of Bad Axe on the Wisconsin border. LaBarge's conduct under attack got him the clerk assignment on the *Yellowstone.*

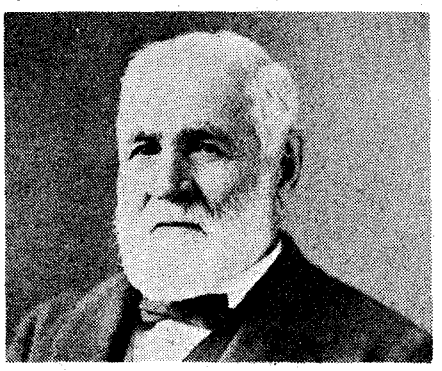
Now, with the *Yellowstone* riding the flood-crested river, LaBarge's first concern was for the safety of ship and cargo. The Captain's written order was to take the ship on to Fort Union but that was now out of the question. Jupitor helped LaBarge into the pilot house. After test maneuvering with the equipment LaBarge managed to get the ship turned so it nosed downstream. Despite his head injury, he gripped the wheel and watched the river.

Jupitor, having had seafaring experience, assumed the duties of an acting officer. "If Indians learn of our fix," he remarked, "de ship and cargo is a goner."

LaBarge knew that. He had hope of floating the ship down river to some port where he could dock it, and await help from the Company. "Get the smoke stacks going," he urged Jupitor. "Make it look like we are under full steam."

However, they could not yet get under way—the mixed skeleton crew refused to function unless the dead bodies on board were disposed of, to minimize further plague threat. LaBarge acceded to their demands because he thought the point well taken. The bodies were cremated in the fire box, to make black smoke, and at last they were on their way.

The anchor was dropped in midstream for night stops. There was real risk in stopping to load the wood that had been piled on banks for them by roustabouts, for the return voyage. By day floating logs were snaked out of the river and cut up for fuel. What LaBarge feared most



Joseph LaBarge, who became a captain, received his pilot's license when he was only 19 years old.

was a mutiny brought on by Jupitor's slave-driving tactics.

And if their true plight became known the cargo would be quick loot to Indian pirates; even the three wounded men were placed on the upper deck and armed with rifles. When canoes paddled out from shore and Indians held up furs as a sign they wanted to trade, the deck guards opened fire to drive them away. To let the Indians learn the ship's situation would invite sure attack and capture. There was no help available. In 1833 the Dakota region had no trading posts, army camps, or white habitations.

Days later tension slackened as the wild region fell gradually behind them. At last, a whistle blast brought men off the Fort Atkinson bluff on the Iowa side, and LaBarge brought the *Yellowstone* alongside the levee.

When the traders there learned of their predicament, weapons were quickly leveled to prevent landings. The *Yellowstone* with its cholera threat had to move on. An Indian Agent shouted to LaBarge: "When you reach Missouri your ship and contaminated cargo will be burned. You men will rot in quarantine. That's the law."

Deep gloom settled on the drifting ship. Although there had been no new cases since the bodies were disposed of and the cabins scrubbed with lye water and fumigated with sulphur fumes, their optimism vanished. Upon reaching the Missouri area some of the men did not wait to be interrogated—they swam to shore to escape arrest. LaBarge himself decided to outwit the law in a bypass of St. Louis, in order to save his ship and cargo. He hugged the Illinois side and ran the *Yellowstone* aground on neutral soil.

As soon as he could—sweaty with relief to come to the end of the dreadful run—LaBarge reported to Pierre Chouteau. But nevertheless, he was arrested by the authorities and the ship and cargo were impounded! Then the American Fur Company exercised its influence and soon the *Yellowstone*, with a new captain and crew, which included LaBarge, headed back up the river to make deliveries to Fort Union.

During winter's freeze-down, LaBarge became acting trader at Cabana, a place which later was to become Omaha's landing site.

Four trips up the Missouri convinced LaBarge that the deep-riding side-wheelers were unsuited for the shallow river. The young clerk then went to work and designed a flat-bottomed boat with stern-wheel thrust that the Company built. This boat, the *Assiniboine*, pleased the Company with its test run but when she burned in 1835, with a $75,000 load of furs, the Company discharged LaBarge and returned to the fleet of floating Mackinaws that provided less hazards and cheaper transportation.

At nineteen Joseph LaBarge received his pilot license. As a pilot he could earn $1,200 a month during the navigable period. But he wanted to command his own ship. He now built another boat, slightly smaller, with flat bottom and rear paddle-wheel, that glided up the Missouri and even operated on the Yellowstone River. He made deliveries and pickups right in the fur harvesting field. Being an independent carrier, the Company built a like ship, *The Trapper*, to meet his competition. They also operated the *General Brooks*, the *St. Mary*, and the *Prairie Bird* on the Missouri.

A great stir of activity denoted progress in Dakota in the mid-1850's. Fort Pierre, a Chouteau trading post, became a military establishment. Fort Randall was built, and Indian agencies were located where they could be served by water

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PILOT ON THE RIVER OF HAZARDS

(Continued from page 47)

shipments. Later came gold strikes in Idaho and Montana to boom the traffic.

By 1864 there were 47 steamers on the Missouri and by 1880 about 75. The fabulous mining operations in the mountains also stepped up the competition. Kingsbury's *History of Dakota* states that at that time ships showed a profit of from $17,000 to $50,000 in a season's operation. Consequently, many Mississippi River ships having palatial accommodations transferred to Missouri runs. The stateroom passenger fare was $300 one way. Freight was twelve cents a pound or $240 a ton. The highest point of navigation was Fort Benton, well above Fort Union. Ships raced to win valuable contracts. It was an exciting era on the great western rivers, and especially the Missouri.

During his career years Joseph LaBarge built fifteen ships and captained most of them himself. Above Fort Union the river narrowed into a winding, faster flowing channel. LaBarge built the *Chippewa* to maneuver such waters at top speed. In a race from St. Louis to Fort Benton and back, the *Chippewa* beat all competition and secured a 250-ton contract. His ship made the 6400 miles round trip in five months—considered good time.

LaBarge nailed a pair of huge elk horns on the pilot house, so all the captains would know who won that race. The next year the *Chippewa* was transporting cargo to Montana mines, including several tons of blasting powder, when the ship caught fire. In no time at all the blaze was out of control and the crew fled the vicinity—just before the *Chippewa* erupted into a mighty explosion.

Most of Montana's bonanza gold was transported down the river, one way or another. Cautious miners traveled by Mackinaw boats with hired guards to protect their wealth; others patronized the ship's deluxe services. This type of traffic attracted boat gamblers, confidence men, swindlers, thieves, and killers, which increased a Captain's weight of responsibility. Sometimes the Mackinaw traveler was robbed and murdered by the very guards he hired to protect his gold.

In 1867 Private Billy Berry, an American soldier, shot and killed Captain W.D. Spears, a touring British army officer, while both were on LaBarge's ship at Fort Buford. The crime had grave international repercussions. By the time the delayed case charging Berry with murder came to trial, Captain Joseph LaBarge, a witness, could not be located. He had left the river.

LaBarge had sold his two boats and, with $100,000 to invest, had proceeded overland to Virginia City to scout Montana mining prospects. From there he moved by coach to Salt Lake City where he became the house guest of Brigham Young. He and the church leader had met when LaBarge was ferrying Mormons across the Missouri at Florence, Nebraska. LaBarge could not be induced to settle in Utah, and soon proceeded east over the overland trail in a return to the river; he had found the river hard to wash out of his heart and life.

The deck of LaBarge's ship was a stage on which many history makers had played some small part. One tall, bearded passenger asked many questions about Indian conditions up the Missouri. Before they parted the witty, sad-eyed man asked the Captain would he buy him a good buffalo robe some time. LaBarge promised.

The tall stranger had served as President of the United States for three years before a delegation made up of Captain Joseph LaBarge, Dr. Walter A. Burleigh, of Yankton, D.T., and Charles E. Galpin, of the Indian Service, visited Washington to report on conditions in Dakota. LaBarge at that time delivered the long-promised buffalo robe and President Lincoln, draping it around his shoulders, expressed his pleasure with the gift.

The Civil War period multiplied the hazards of commerce on the Mississippi-Missouri waterway. LaBarge, a Unionist, had his ship fired on by raiders of both the North and the South in their forays for contraband and plunder. LaBarge's ship was armor-plated, and often was commandeered to transport men, horses, and supplies; and at times it served as a floating fort.

On one occasion the Gray army ordered LaBarge to take General Sterling Price down river to Lexington, Missouri, for medical attention. Upon LaBarge's return to Boonville, same state, he was taken prisoner and brought before General N. Lyons and accused of being a turncoat. General Price, expecting this might happen, had given LaBarge a signed letter stating that LaBarge had had no choice in the matter. This letter saved the Captain from a firing squad.

In the mid-1860's LaBarge transported a load of galvanized Yankees, as Confederate prisoners that volunteered for Indian fighting were called, up the Missouri to join General Alfred Sully's command. *Many of these volunteers deserted to become the miners and ranchers of Montana.*

LaBarge being an independent carrier remained an active rival of American Fur Company ships, and a challenger of other captains.

The first ships to reach Fort Benton in spring received the best fur and gold shipment contracts. Such a race took place between LaBarge's *Emilie* and the Company's *Shreveport*. Both ships were fast and both captains zealous to win. For days the ships remained within taunt-yelling distance of each other. Above where Bismarck is now situated the river was divided by a long island, and each ship took one of its channels, crowding on steam to gain distance. When they again sighted each other they were neck and neck and both pilots were aiming to center the main channel where the streams united. In closing the gap between them the Company pilot put rudder to port and banged the *Shreveport's* bow against the *Emilie's* hull, breaking her railing. Captain LaBarge countered by sticking a rifle out the window of his pilothouse and ordering the Company's pilot to back away or eat hot lead. The *Shreveport* edged aside. LaBarge gained distance in maneuvering the narrow channel above Fort Union and was first to reach Fort Benton.

In delivering annuity supplies to Indian Agencies the Company always underbid independent carriers. LaBarge claimed the Company could do this because they cheated the tribes. At landings they unloaded only part of an agency's shipment and had a crooked agency official sign the manifests covering the full order. The cargo thus stolen was resold to traders or unloaded at Company posts.

The Missouri-Kansas frontier was in turmoil during the war years. In 1861 LaBarge's ship was hired to move a large delegation from St. Joseph to Jefferson City, Missouri. In passing Kansas City the delegation uttered loud cheers for Jefferson Davis. LaBarge had no idea the members of the party were Confederates. The incident was wired to a rabid Unionist, Col. R.D. Anthony at Fort Leavensworth, who made plans to board LaBarge's ship when it put in on its return trip—and hang its Captain in a public execution.

LaBarge had intended to land at Leavensworth but upon spying an unruly crowd there, he continued without stopping.

In 1862 the Minnesota Uprising brought fleeing hostiles into Dakota where they merged with Sioux bands along the Missouri. While Sully's command tried to punish the hostiles the Territory's Indian Service was trying to restore order by good works and council meetings. The *Robert Campbell* with LaBarge as captain was sent upriver to scout the situation. On board ship was a peace commissioneer named Latta, and a squawman trade, Culberson; also a small military escort equipped with rifles and a small cannon.

Latta thought he could bribe the still rebellious chiefs into accepting agency security with gifts, but LaBarge and Cul-

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berson did not think so. When no Indians met the ship to claim the gift shipments unloaded for them on the river bank, it indicated that tension and hostilities still existed. Latta could not be convinced of it. He practically invited attack at Tobacco Garden, south of Fort Union.

Many Indians lined the bank here making friendly gestures, and the ship dropped anchor off-shore. Latta wanted to join the Indians for a council, but LaBarge said no. The alternative was to bring a Chief to the *Robert Campbell* and explain Latta's program. The Captain would not order men to go ashore, but six of the crew volunteered, and a boat was lowered. On ship LaBarge ordered the soldiers to take positions on deck with weapons at the ready, on the alert for any emergency.

Indians swarmed out onto the sandbar where the boat would beach. A befeathered chief advanced to meet the boat. One sailor stepped out to hold it beached, and as the chief was about to step into the boat he pulled a hidden knife from a sheath and plunged it into the sailor's back. The steersman prodded the boat from the sandbar and was killed with a lance. Arrows killed a third man in the retreating boat party. Soldiers firing from the ship were also finding targets.

The cannon scattered the crowd, but the deadly fight went on. While muskets were being reloaded shots from shore hampered the loading crew's safe return to ship. Boxes and cargo cases were piled up for a barricade, and canoe parties made daring attempts to distract defenders while swimmers tried to board the ship. The fight lasted about an hour. The Chief, mounted, rode up to the river bank in a gesture of bravado. Musket fire killed both him and the horse. The men on the ship succeeded in lifting the anchor and the *Robert Campbell* proceeded to Fort Benton.

The steamboating bonanza ended with the building of railroads that provided faster, year-round competition. After forty years on the river Captain Joseph LaBarge was obliged to retire.

He had married in 1842 and had a family home in St. Louis. Here he was to end his days. LaBarge was a history maker amongst history makers. He had known Jim Bridger, Father P.J. DeSmet, S.J., Kit Carson, the martyred brothers of the Saints' church, Joseph and Hyram Smith, fellow rivermen like Captain Grant, military figures such as Generals Grant, Lee Custer, and Fremont, and many others.

A tract of land he once owned is now LaBarge Avenue in St. Louis. From 1890 to 1894 LaBarge served as a city official. The river veteran died on April 2, 1899, at the age of 84, and was buried with church honors by his friends, the Jesuits at St. Louis. ●

KING OF THE WILD HORSE DESERT

(Continued from page 23)

fered, consequently, telling losses.

Keeping up his traveling and promotion, Kinney attended an affair held at San Pedro Springs in San Antonio. The entire population of the city attended the "riding matches" on the prairie west of San Pedro Creek. It was a strange and novel scene with gaily dressed caballaros, rangers in buckskin shirts, leggins and slouched hats with pistols and bowie knives in their belts. On one side of the field were Comanche Warriors decked out in savage paint. Opposite were the rangers and a few ranchers with steeple crown sombreros, showy sashes and slashed trousers.

Astonishing equestrian feats were performed. There were shooting matches with bows and arrows and the riding of wild mustangs.

There were handsome prizes, pistols, bowie knives, Mexican blankets. First prize was won by Kinney's friend Ranger McMullen, second went to Long Quirt, a Comanche, third to H.L. Kinney and fourth to Senor Don Rafael, ranchero from the Rio Grande. Gifts of all kinds were presented to the Comanches.

While diplomats discussed the future of the Republic of Texas in Washington and Mexico City and Texans considered annexation to the United States, Henry Lawrence Kinney waged a pen-and-ink campaign to call attention to the land south of the Nueces River. At last he asked Washington through Major Andrew J. Donelson, United States envoy in Texas, for 400 men to settle conditions in the area between the Nueces River and the Rio Grande.

Gen. Zackary Taylor arrived with—not 400 men—but 4000 troops. Kinney's Trading Post was named Corpus Christi and Kinney's partner was the postmaster.

Now the cart trains and pack horses were few and far between but Kinney had the army trade, which was good.

For eight months the troops were encamped in Corpus Christi. When they left for Mexico, Kinney went with them, furnishing guides to the Rio Grande. With the Quartermaster's Corps, Kinney's fluency in Spanish and knowledge of the Mexican character was invaluable. He was cited for bravery during the Battle of Monterey and for personally delivering important papers.

After the Treaty of Gaudalupe was signed Kinney returned to Corpus Christi and his ruined trade. The troops were gone and the hangers-on, the gamblers, the camp women—to the amount of 2000. The place was desolate. Being a man of action Kinney did something about the situation.

He started a real estate boom. In 1848, in northern and eastern papers, glowing advertisements were placed describing Corpus Christi as the "Italy of America" and "The Naples of the Gulf." Literature was distributed by agents in Ireland, Scotland, England, the Isle of Wight—even in Germany. Extravagant claims were made. "Pears grow wild" was one statement although it was not explained that they were known as prickly pear apples.

Settlers arrived by the boatload. Most of them stayed. A few went on to better farming areas. Immigrants were sold 100 acres of land at one dollar per acre and each man was required to buy ten cows.

The 1950 census enumerated 710 persons in the town of Corpus Christi; 550 whites, 147 slaves, one free Negro, and 112 in an army detachment.

In 1849, no longer King of the Wild Horse Desert, Kinney was kingpin of a larger area. He was elected to the legislature to represent Nueces, Refugio, Cameron and Goliad Counties.

Also, in '49 news of the gold strike in California swept the Nation. Kinney saw this as another boom for his town. Again he inserted advertisements in the newspapers. They stated that the shortest and quickest route to the El Dorado was by boat to Corpus Christi and overland through San Antonio and El Paso.

Again the town was a bustling place. While the gold seekers landed with most of their supplies they lacked wagons and teams. Ranchers drove in mustangs. The streets echoed to the blacksmith's anvil and the rumbling of heavy wagons departing.

Before all the California bound travelers had departed Kinney had another idea. A good will merchandising trip was launched.

Kinney and Aubrey had dissolved their partnership some time during the Mexican War. Later Kinney teamed up with Gen. William L. Cazneau "to engage in business at Corpus Christi and on the Mexican Border for purchase and sale of merchandise for cash and produce."

The partners planned the goodwill trip with the help of Brigadier William Mann. Fifty wagons and carts loaded with merchandise had rendezvous at Casa Blanca thirty miles up the Nueces River. Some wagons were drawn by as many as twelve span of oxen. One hundred persons accompanied the wagons, teamsters, scouts, guides and many prominent men of the town. Most of the town journeyed to Casa Blanca to witness the train get underway.

A plow share was affixed to a wagon to mark a trail to the Rio Grande. This trail was followed by cart and pack trains

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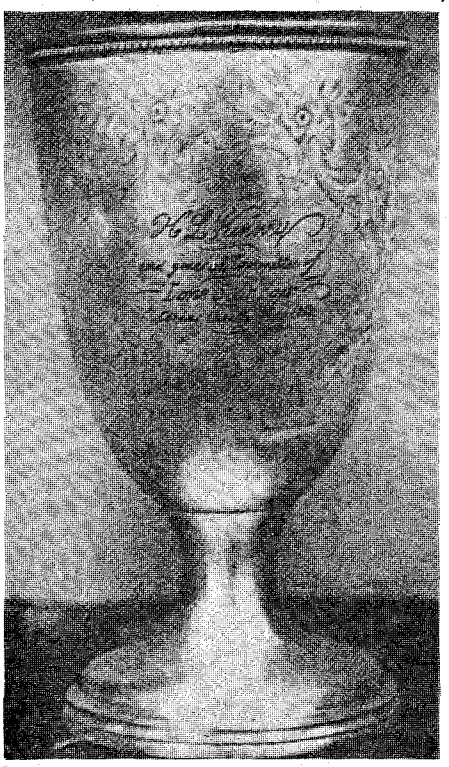
KING OF THE WILD HORSE DESERT

(Continued from page 49)

into Corpus Christi for the next thirty years. It was a valuable trade trip. It made Corpus Christi the seaport for all that section of Northern Mexico.

Although Kinney was said to be "quite a ladies' man" only four women are mentioned in accounts of his activities. He left home in Pennsyvania when eighteen years old because of a jealous husband. In Illinois there was a whirlwind courtship of two weeks but Julia Webster, daughter of Daniel Webster, said, "No."



Lone Star State Fair (1852) presented this silver cup to race winners.

His first wife, without benefit of clergy, was Geneviva Hinajosa Perez. Kinney legally adopted their daughter, Adelina. She entered a convent and died before she became a nun.

In 1850 Kinney's marriage to Mary Webb Hebert, widow, daughter of Judge James Webb, was a grand occasion.

Marriage did not seem to curtail the "colonel's" activities. His next project was the Lone Star State Fair, the first state fair ever staged in Texas. It was another promotion for Corpus Christi.

Invitations were published to the general public and a special guest list received requests to attend. Prizes to the amount of $3,000 were announced. Persons were expected from as far away as Illinois, Mexico and Cuba.

Special buildings were erected and a carnival troop was brought from New Orleans. Some whispered that the fair was a thinly disguised recruiting scheme for the Mexican Federalist, Gen. Jose M. Carvajal. Also, it was said that the affair was a land selling project. Outwardly, at least, it was just Kinney's biggest party.

The fair was not a failure but it was a disappointment. There was even a water shortage. This problem was readily solved by hauling water from the Nueces River at one dollar and fifty cents per barrel.

One minor but important happening in connection with the fair was the fact that Capt. Richard King rode horseback from Matamorous to attend. He looked over land he was to purchase for the accumulation of acreage for the King Ranch.

Kinney, the restless adventurer, planned another project. It proved a fiasco. The object was conquest of Nicaragua. Even today the details of the high-powered international intrigue are not entirely known. But it involved in its cabal no less a person than President Franklin Pierce and ex-vice president George M. Dallas who later became Kinney's lawyer.

Through a deal involving an Indian chief of dubious authority and some expropriated British claimants, Kinney organized a syndicate securing title to 30,000,000 acres on the "Mosquito Coast".

Announcing his colonization plans through the newspapers caused the Nicaraguan minister in Washington to denounce Kinney's trip as a filibuster.

President Pierce cleared his own skirts by ordering a blockade of the steamer *Emma*, which Kinney had chartered to carry his armed "colonists." Instead of the 300 followers as planned Kinney slipped out of the New York harbor at night with only thirteen men.

They were shipwrecked in the Caycos Passage just off Turks Island. Kinney, although hurt himself, heroically rescued several men from drowning. Eventually a British steamer picked them up and dumped the thirteen men and Kinney at the abandoned port of Greytown.

A Tennessean, William Walker, had beaten Kinney to the "Mosquito Coast." As things were going poorly with Kinney he attempted to join Walker but was repulsed.

Kinney held on for several months. He had brought a printing press with him and published a biweekly newspaper *The Central American*. A provisional government was set up with Kinney as civil and military governor. But few colonists arrived. Kinney departed but he did not give up. He interested some English Mormons in his grant, borrowed money from certain merchants at Panama. Again he landed at Greytown, April 19th, 1858. This expedition was also a failure.

Kinney was now 45 years old. Arriving in Galveston he learned that his wife had secured a divorce. This was another blow to his pride.

But in Corpus Christi he was welcomed as a hero. Although he owed practically everyone in town from a few dollars to thousands, there was still the memory of him as King of the Wild Horse Desert.

Again he was elected to the legislature.

There was one man to whom he owed the largest amount of money, that held mortgages on much of Kinney's property. One day as Kinney was riding down the street the man stopped him, held on to his horse and gave Kinney a tongue lashing. Kinney dismounted and horsewhipped Levi Jones, the same Levi Jones who had sold him the two leagues of land bordering on Corpus Christi Bay—the land with the spurious title. Levi Jones fled Corpus Christi and did not return until after Kinney's death.

In 1861 Kinney resigned from the legislature, giving ill health as excuse. Perhaps he saw a chance to improve his fortune, pay some of his debts. He wrote President Lincoln to offer his services as an agent or a representative in Mexico for the United States. Lincoln did not answer. Jefferson Davis, President of the Confederate States of America, refused his offer of services. Although, later, Kinney was in Mexico procuring arms and amunition for the Confederacy.

Printed in contemporary newspapers were opinions of those who knew Col. Henry Lawrence Kinney: "He is a man of great personal charm;" "Quite the lion of the country;" "A noble fellow;" "One of the most enterprising men of his age;" "A courier that never had his equal;" "The American soldiers of the Mexican War know and appreciate him." And his men, who saw him fight the Comanches, called him "El Diablo."

Kinney died March 3rd, 1862 in Matamorous, Mexico. There were various tales about the manner of his dying and by whom—with no names mentioned. He stopped a stray bullet in a fight between the Rojos and the Crinolines, they said. But the fighting between these two Mexican factions had stopped more than a week before Kinney's death. One story was that an enemy of long standing shot him. Some declared that he was killed at 3 A.M., after a romantic interlude.

When he was ninety years old Red John Dunn told the author that Julius Henry lifted up Kinney after he fell and was assisted by Martin Hinojosa who removed a pistol from Kinney's pocket. Later Hinojosa sold the gun to Dunn for his private museum.

Henry Lawrence Kinney is buried on the Texas side of the Rio Grande, the river he decided should be the boundary between Mexico and Texas. Today the site of the grave is unknown. ●

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POWELL WEAVER— ARIZONA PIONEER

(Continued from page 5)

companions had with the Pimas. While working near the Pima village of Blackwater, the Indians looted their camp, stole their beaver traps and slaughtered some of the horses belonging to the party.

The white men made camp and six of the men concealed themselves while the others left the area in a manner to make the Indians think they were leaving the place unguarded. No sooner had the men ridden out of sight than the Pimas descended upon the camp with the plain intent to plunder. The hidden trappers opened fire on the looters and when they broke camp shortly thereafter they left a number of dead Pimas on the ground.

The day after the fight the trappers reached the Colorado River where the Yuma Indians gave them food. Eleven of the party crossed the desert and reached Los Angeles on February 10. The others remained to trap and later they, too went on to the west coast. In California Weaver made friends with the officials of the Mexican government. In 1845 he and one of his expedition buddies, Isaac Williams, then the owner of the Ranchero del Chino, made application for a grant of Spanish land and received joint ownership from the governor of California, Pio Pica. In Gorgonio Pass they were granted 2800 acres. The land was where Banning, California, now stands. It was said that Weaver received his portion of the land in return for making an effective peace treaty with the Indians of that vicinity. He established a home on his land but continued to trap the streams in Arizona. By that time he knew the Arizona country better than any man of his time.

In 1853, when Weaver was living in his small adobe ranch home at the top of San Gorgonio Pass which was on the overland road into California, he took seriously ill with what is now called rheumatic fever. A party from Iowa, intent on settling in California stopped at his cabin. In this party was Dr. William Isaac Smith and his family. Upon seeing how sick his host was, Dr. Smith, who was a skilled physician, set about treating Weaver. Under the expert care of Dr. Smith, Weaver mended fast and was soon recovered. When the immigrant party prepared to depart, Pauline asked Dr. Smith to remain and establish a cattle ranch on his grant.

Dr. Smith liked the country around San Gorgonio Pass and agreed to settle there. The Smith family consisted of the doctor, his wife, who possessed a much better education than the average woman of her time, and several sons and daughters. Dr. Smith's home became the most comfortable between Arizona and California and travelers who stopped there were lavishly entertained. The ranch became famous for its fine food and hospitality.

Pauline Weaver became an integral part of the history of the great California gold rush. He witnessed in 1848 the discovery of gold at Sutter's Fort, saw it become a fountainhead which spouted a rushing, gargantuan flood of precious yellow ore all over most of California. He saw people swarming into the territory from every direction; by every known conveyance of the times they swept forward like a prairie fire and converged on the west coast. Before the great discovery he had witnessed the Mexican War and at its end saw California under the treaty of Guadalupe Hildalgo pass from Mexican dominion into the Union of the United States.

Pauline prospected for gold but never for long at a time, always returning to his first job, trapping. However he was well versed in mining and was familiar with gold both in Mexico and California. His brother Duff, who had come from Tennessee to California, mined in Trinity County. The Indians along the Colorado River with whom Weaver was friendly showed him placer gold which they scooped up in the quills and eagle and hawk feathers.

Weaver showed some of this gold to the Army Officers at Fort Yuma and to California prospectors. At Fort Yuma Weaver met a group headed by A.H. Peeples and steered them to the locality of Rich Hill and the Weaver diggings. In that vicinity was discovered the richest placer deposit ever found in Arizona.

After that discovery Weaver knew that a teeming wave of humanity would sweep into Arizona in search of gold just as men had rushed to California. He also knew that trouble would erupt between the incoming whites and the Indians unless a treaty was arranged. He set about to effect such treaty. At that time many tribes in the Arizona Territory were hostile to each other. Weaver set about to arrange peace treaties between these tribes that were not on friendly terms. With John Moss, a man who had served as a trooper at Fort Mojave and who was a friend of the Arizona Indians and who spoke their language fluently, Weaver designated a spot for the redmen to meet with him and persuaded almost all of the tribes to send a delegate to that meeting.

At the council Weaver and Moss assigned hunting grounds to the different tribes, exacting a promise from each that each tribe would keep within its own borders except when they met at spots set up for trade.

Few of the Indians spoke English so Pauline gave them all a common password with which to meet the white man. This word would signify that they wanted peace. The word was his name, Pauline,

(Continued on page 52)

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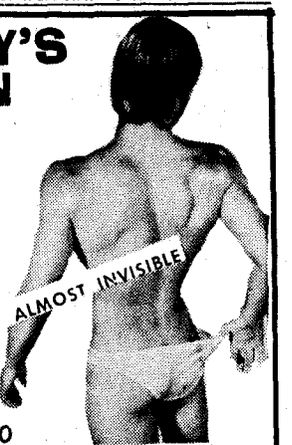

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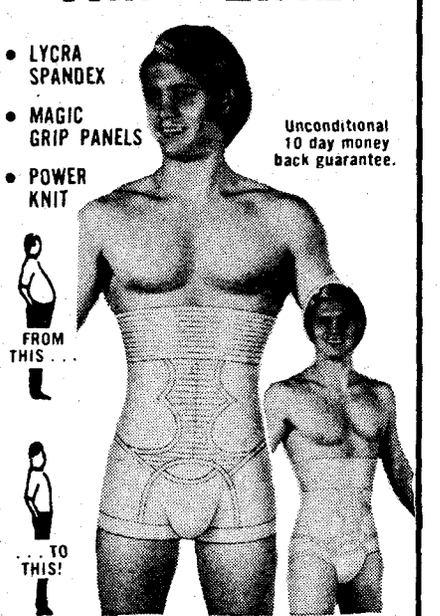

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POWELL WEAVER – ARIZONA PIONEER

(Continued from page 51)

and then they were to add "tobacco" so the magic password became "Powlino, Powlino, tobacco."

At first Weaver's treaty was effective but there were many whites who came to Arizona who had never heard of Pauline Weaver and his peace treaty with the Indians. Some of these whites, believing that "the only good Indian was a dead Indian" shot down many an innocent redman even while he was calling out Pauline's magic password.

Soon the Indians and the whites in Arizona were engaged in a bloody war. The officers of the army force in the territory called upon Weaver for help. He knew the country and he knew Indians and their customs. He was personally acquainted with many Arizona Indian chiefs and they trusted him. At first he was attached to Fort Whipple in the capacity of scout and guide. He aided in averting many bloody clashes between the whites and Indians. He sought every way possible to bring about an understanding between the redmen and the incoming settlers.

It was while stationed at Fort Whipple that Pauline met the man who was to become his biographer, Judge Wells. The judge was then a clerk in the quartermaster's department of the army. He came to know the trapper and scout well and to admire him.

Weaver refused to live in army quarters but maintained a camp between Fort Whipple and Prescott along the banks of Granite Creek. When he was needed he came to the post but otherwise kept to himself.

In 1865 settlers came to the Verde Valley. They irrigated the fertile farm land and put it to use growing wheat, corn and barley. Corn was at that time selling at $22 per hundred and wheat brought about the same price. Soon a grinding mill was established in the valley. The Indians plagued the farmers, stealing their stock and crops and Fort Whipple was not sufficiently garrisoned to afford much protection for the settlers.

In 1866 the Indians destroyed many crops in the valley and rustled many head of cattle. Two settlers, one a man by the name of Ed Boblett, and the other his brother-in-law, were ambushed while enroute to Prescott. After a bitter running fight Boblett reached Fort Whipple but his brother-in-law lay dead in the back of the wagon.

Twenty additional troops were dispatched to Fort Whipple to guard the settlement in the Verde, but enroute they were ambushed their supplies spirited away by the maruaders. Situated in the vicinity was a prehistoric ruin and behind its walls the soldiers and settlers protected themselves from the redmen. However the Apaches refused to let up their hostilities and stole the ripe corn from the fields and the stock from the corrals. Daily they engaged the settlers in skirmishes, and living under such condition was hazardous, to say the least.

More soldiers were rushed from Fort Whipple and Pauline Weaver was with them, acting as scout and intepreter. Also he sought to bring a termination of the bloodshed between the whites and the Apaches. Weaver had trapped along the Verde and knew the area like the palm of his hand. He was welcome in the lodges of the chieftains of the tribe.

He sent word to the Apaches begging them to come to peace terms with the settlers and to end their depredations. He warned that if they refused to heed him more troops would come to the valley. He also consulted with the white men and asked that they attempt to establish friendly relations with the Indians.

He advised the army to move their camp up the river to a site that later became the Calloway Ranch. His advice was heeded and the soldiers erected adobe buildings and called the fortification Camp Lincoln. Weaver was attached to the camp in the role of scout and mediator between the Apaches and the settlers.

While at Camp Lincoln Weaver freely advised the settlers on how to irrigate their farm lands on the western bank of the river, giving them the benefit of his wide experience in California and New Mexico.

Weaver refused quarters at Camp Lincoln and established his own camp between the fort and the river. There, shielded from the eyes of the troopers, the Apaches often slipped into his tent to talk with him.

Frank Cullen Brophy in his Arizona Sketch Book gives an account of Pauline's friendship with an Indian girl, Aha-sa-ya-mo, (Running Water). She was Apache and so named because she was born near the headwaters of the river which the Americans later named Hassayampa.

It was during his military service that Weaver and the Apaches had a misunderstanding. That time the mountain man was forced to use his authority against his red friends. He called in Captain Thompson, commander of Company K at Fort Lincoln. Weaver asked that the captain merely make a show of force but Thompson attacked the Indians. A hand to hand engagement between the troopers and Apaches resulted and many Indians lay dead at the end of the battle.

The next day the Apaches planned to revenge themselves against Weaver whom they blamed for the trouble. That evening as the old scout was cooking supper, Aha-sa-ya-mo slipped into his tent and told him the Apaches were planning to kill him. He knew she was telling the truth so he left immediately, fleeing through a canyon. As he galloped over the rough terrain the Apaches spotted him and dispatched a flood of arrows after him. He was knocked from his horse and badly wounded, and the Indians, believing him dead, left him.

He recovered and continued his work as army scout. Once during an Indian engagement he saw a soldier about to drive a bayonet through an Apache girl. It was Aha-sa-ya-mo. He flung the soldier aside and saved his good friend.

Pauline suffered from one of the arrow wounds received in the canyon for the balance of his life. The head had come loose from the shaft and could not be removed from his body. In 1866 tragedy came to the old scout. It was said that in his younger days Pauline had taken a Chemehuevi girl for his wife and to them had been born a son. This son was killed near Wickenburg by the Apaches in 1866. The very next year Powell (Pauline) Weaver passed on at the age of 67.

Brophy tells a touching story in his Arizona Sketch Book of Pauline's last hours. The old scout lay seriously ill in his tent near Camp Lincoln. On his last night Aha-sa-ya-mo came to her friend. The sentry noted that Pauline's light burned far into the night. The next morning when another scout, Al Rice, went in to see how Weaver was faring he noted the tent flaps tied from the outside. When he entered he found the candle burned down to the socket, and Weaver was wrapped in his blanket, with his heavily bearded acquiline-featured face covered with a towel. He was dead.

Small moccasin footprints leading into and away from the tent were visible. One of the ranchers in the vicinity reported seeing a lone Indian woman traveling toward Camp Lincoln the previous day. By some mysterious grapevine Pauline's Indian friend had known that the end was near and had come to him to be with him as his soul departed.

Powell Weaver was buried with military honors by the companies of the Fourteenth Regiment at Fort Lincoln. There he rested in the post cemetery until June 1892, when all the soldiers buried there, and the old army scout, were removed by Government contractors and reinterred in the Presidio at San Francisco.

On October 27, 1929 the remains of Powell Weaver were moved to Arizona and the famous pioneer and scout was buried in Prescott.

A granite marker faced by a bronze plaque, purchased by the Boy Scouts of Prescott and the school children of Yavapai County, marks his last resting place.

And so Pauline Weaver whom Arizona claims as her first pioneer lies peacefully in the land he called home, the land he loved best. ●

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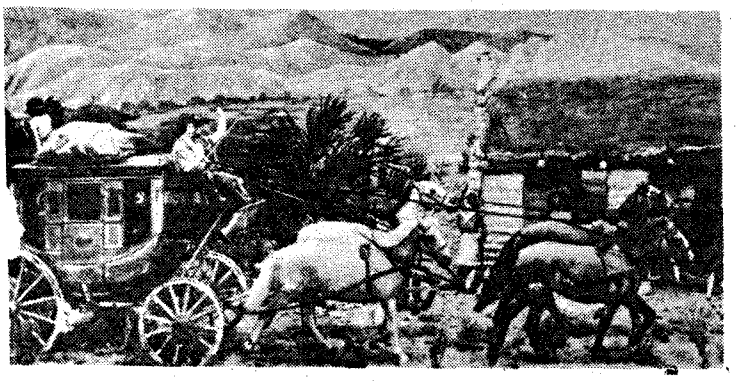
TRUCE WITH COCHISE

(Continued from page 31)



A typical Butterfield Stage arrives at a California way station enroute from St. Louis.

tra wide—to roll the more easily over soft sand.

Nearing California, the stage was pursued by Mexican bandits, but outdistanced them when the driver whipped his strong horses into a fast gallop. Just as the coach reached the outskirts of the Needles outpost at the California line, hundreds of Apaches appeared and formed a long double row along the trail.

The driver and his passengers felt they were going to meet death at last, but strangely, not any of the Indians made a move to attack. (What the driver didn't know was that Butterfield had telegraphed a message to a frontiersman by the name of Wallace who was friendly with Cochise, and spoke the Apache tongue as good as any Indian. At Butterfield's request Wallace had met with Cochise and given him gifts as well as a guarantee that Butterfield would respect any Apache demand.)

Thus, with hostile Apaches only a few feet away, no one was tortured or murdered. It was also the first time in history that a mail stage had traveled across Arizona without mishap.

The next rest stop was at Vallecito, between San Diego, and the Salton Sink, (now the Salton Sea), and passengers were relieved. At the Vallecitos Inn there was time to bathe, change clothes, and eat the first hot meal served since leaving El Paso. It was wonderful to get away from a constant diet of jerked beef, raw onions and slightly wormy crackers.

The rest of the trip was uneventful and when the initial stage pulled into San Francisco and slowed to a stop at its Montgomery Street depot, the *San Francisco Bulletin* reported the event as follows:

"As the coach dashed along through the crowds, the hats of the spectators were whirled into the air and the hurrah was repeated from thousands of throats, in response to which the driver, the lion of the occasion, doffed his old weather-beaten slouch, and in uncovered dignity, like the victor of an old Olympic race, guided his foaming steeds toward the Post office."

What Butterfield and his partners were most happy about was that their first stage made it safely in but 23 days! Not only was the venture a success, but Butterfield knew he had won a permanent government contract and was wealthier than ever!

The return trip to St. Louis was also within the 25-day schedule, and no Indian attacks occurred. Thereafter Butterfield began selling round-trip tickets on the Overland Mail Stage, reducing the fare by fifty dollars!

Surprisingly, Butterfield was able to keep his stage in efficient operation for two and one-half years, making good profits and pleasing the public. Other than his stage—or the slow overland oxen-drawn covered wagons—there was the long and tedious, if not risky trip by schooner down from New England, around the Horn, and up the Pacific to San Francisco. No wonder people wanted to travel the quick route the transportation expert offered on the Overland Stage.

The Butterfield operation came to a sudden halt at the onset of the Civil War when way stations were destroyed by fighting Confederates who invaded into Texas and Arizona. The U.S. Government, to conserve money for the War, canceled the contract with Butterfield, who then made a deal with Wells, Fargo & Company to later continue the stage service; officially, the Overland Mail Company went out of business in 1866.

By then, the lonely Pony Express rider had become the hero of the day, having captured the imagination of the public; but they could not meet Butterfield's record of avoiding Indian skirmishes.

Among all of the eager and enterprising transportation entrepreneurs, only John Butterfield had managed enough tact and kinship with hostile redmen to guarantee his coachline protection from them.

Butterfield continued to live in comfort in New York, knowing he was one of the few Americans who had pursued a daring venture that was a tremendous success. And for this he had the grateful thanks of the United States government and the people his Overland Mail Company had so valiantly served. ●

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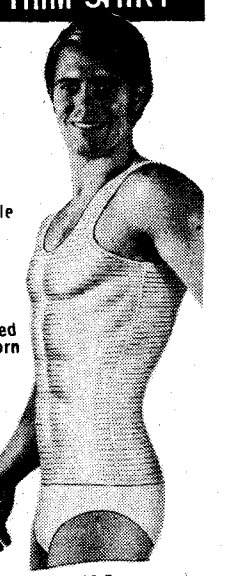

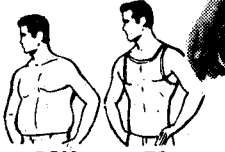

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GRAT DALTON

(Continued from page 33)

being carried to state prison are pure inventions of an early hack writer who concocted the first of many false books about the Daltons.

After the break, the happy felons stole a horse and buggy from the hitching posts by the very courthouse where they had been convicted. Nag and rig belonged to Deacon George McKinley, who was worshipping at a nearby church.

After leaving the city limits of Visalia, the three scattered. Beck headed toward Washington state which grew dandy ponies. Smith was caught before he got very far and toted back to jail. Grat Dalton headed toward the wild hills of Fresno County, an old concentration point and hideout for men dodging ropes and warrants.

Naturally he had to abandon some of his personal property in his hurried departure from Visalia. A jailer found his deck of marked cards under the mattress of his steel cot. There was half a bottle of smuggled whiskey hidden in the eaves of the cell. Touchingly, Grat had also left a frayed Indian Territory reward poster bearing his image for his most recent host to remember him by.

But that sensitive Dalton boy had hung on to his looking glass, Daddy Dalton's gift to a burgeoning bad man.

Before long, Grat, hermit by grim necessity, had company. His first partner of the Sierra wilderness was a temperamental mongrel that had gotten tired of being house dog for a placid, respectable rancher and lit out. Grat's pet had long fangs like a panther's and harsh scars from victorious battles with bobcats. A pair of non-comformists, man and beast were charmingly suited to each other.

Then they were joined by a third. This final member of the menage was somebody else listed as a train robber in the vengeful records of the Southern Pacific. He was Riley Dean, a bail-jumping friend of Bill Dalton. And for a time the three enjoyed what was a passably snug haven for outlaws.

Their camp was a high, deep declivity under a ledge of a steep cliff. Blankets had been supplied them by a friendly rancher named Judd Elwood who, like many other California settlers, was enthusiastically for anybody against the Southern Pacific. Somehow, too, Grat and Riley had accumulated a pretty arsenal for buckies without a peso in their jeans. Any outlaw would just naturally find shootin'-irons where he might have to scratch for a loaf of bread.

Formidable looking Winchesters and Colt .45s made up the bulk of the household hardware. Dirks, bowie knives and extra longbladed things called "pig stickers" were around not only to carve beef and venison but to slit human flesh if it came to that. Grat, outlaw *cum laude*, was proud of that collection shared with Mr. Dean, who couldn't be called much more than a promising apprentice.

And now, with so many law-dogs trying to whiff scent on Grat Dalton, the mirror became more than a prop to a compensating vanity.

He showed Riley Dean and the sullen mutt how to interpret sun signals flashed on its surface to them. One flash landing on a rock, when they were prowling, meant that strangers were around. Two flashes said to find cover pronto. Three meant to keep guns cocked until danger had passed them by.

Grat worked out a neat code. For when it came down to primitive levels of survival, Grat of the slow brain and the swift fists didn't do so badly.

FALL passed into winter there in that rustic retreat, far from the world of writs and warrants. Snow turned trees into stark statues of white. Far away in Indian Territory, Daltons had turned train robbers for real. Bob and Emmett were leading a hard gang of ex-cowhand buddies who stole, swaggered and slew.

At Coffeyville, Kansas, a despised place where the boys had partly grown up, old Lewis, the broken down carnie bum, had died the year before. His long suffering wife, Adeline Younger Dalton, living in Indian Territory, didn't miss him; he had never helped her feed her large brood. But across America the surname of a once obscure clan of plowhands was becoming as feared as the James handle, worn by Jesse and Frank, had been a decade before.

The Daltons were making history—of a sort—making it while riding high and free as outlaws do across the red hills of Oklahoma and the brown-green plains of Kansas. But here was Grat, holed up like

Grat's brother Bob (above) had the idea to rob two banks in one day in the abortive Coffeyville raid.

a bob coon running from pack hounds, just marking time in that Dalton span of "glory."

It was tough for an old boy who had hit those first trails and staged those first shooting bees with his brothers. And there's no telling but that Grat might have turned as silly as a nanny goat in his hermit seclusion if he hadn't had his charmed looking glass to fall back on.

Now when he looked into it Grat saw more than his face, untouched by razors since a jail barber had shaved him at Visalia. His cheeks were woolier than a bear's at shedding time. It's a wonder that wasps didn't build nests in hair that had started hitting his shoulders. Grat, never being much of a dude, didn't give a damn; he was seeing other visions in his glass. He remembered things which had made folks know that he, too, was a Dalton. Like the time he and Emmett and Bob had raced a posse so hard in the Cherokee Nation Territory that the horses of marshals and tribal lawmen had collapsed under their saddles. Like all the fun and money that had come their way when Bob was serving as deputy marshal in the Osage Nation while heading the choicest ring of horse thieves that ever blotted a brand. Like that great night in New Mexico when they had held up a gambling hall and then outfoxed a posse of Mexican deputies joyfully intent on plugging gringos. Hadn't Daltons made the *senors* earn their ammunition! The sequel had been Bob's and Grat's migration to California to ruin outwardly respectable brother Bill. This hornet's nest of memories helped to tranquilize the big fellow hiding out in the Sierras.

However, as the ice deepened until even the bull critters needed snowshoes, Grat gradually tired of being a hillbilly Crusoe. What he saw in the mirror made him more weary of this spot where a full-grown Dalton was piddling away his life on a rocky ledge. He wanted to leave the Sierras, and in that wish, there was some measure of agreement with the lawmen who didn't want him there. Except their plans for Grattan Dalton differed from the plans that he had figured for himself as he gazed into his magic mirror.

Through one of those accidents that were always happening to Grat, the star flashers had got wind of his hiding place. His mother in Indian Territory had sent him a check made out to a kinsman at Hanford, California, a county away from his refuge. The relative had cashed the check, but hadn't known how to get the money to Grat.

The lawmen were tipped off. The sequel was, of course, an invasion of that frozen jungle by a posse whose leader was Grat's old acquaintance, if not exactly his old friend, Sheriff E. W. Kay of Tulare County.

On a frigid pre-Christmas day of late December, 1891, Sheriff Kay entered the Sierras with seven other hardy souls including Sheriff Hensley of Fresno County. The searchers climbed precipitous mountains where one misstep on their ice-glazed slopes would have sent a man hurtling to his death hundreds upon hundreds of feet below. Law enforcers have always shared with lawbreakers an undying affection for money, however. Neither breed has ever hesitated to take all kinds of perilous risks to keep solvent. So the pursuers trod on, grabbing at trees and frozen-tight shrubbery to avoid a fatal tumble while looking for Grat Dalton, what with all that juicy cash offered by the Southern Pacific and the state of California for him.

Ironically, that day would turn on an event having to do with Grat's looking glass.

SHERIFF Kay had brought along a glass of a different kind, one that made Grat's look puny. It was an expensive spyglass that would pick up anything that crossed its lens for miles around. Through the gadget, Kay, watching from a peak, saw Grat and Riley sauntering down a gulch, Winchesters on their shoulders, the dog bounding ahead and sniffing at rocks or piles of rotting wood to detect the scent of deer.

Sheriff Kay passed the spyglass to another of Grat's sometime acquaintances, Deputy George Witty. Witty, still feeling humiliated by that jailbreak, wanted to try downing the big fellow with a long distance shot, but Sheriff Kay intervened.

"Keep your damn hands off your gun, George. He busted out of our jail. To our jail we're taking him back—and keeping him there till we carry him to San Quentin Penitentiary."

Down the hill, on a dangerous descent, the officers went fanning out with the intention of encircling the desperadoes. But the dog could smell trouble even more

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keenly than he could smell unslaughtered venison. He began whining and shaking nervously. Grat and Riley gave up their deer hunt to start climbing a hill. They were clear targets to both detachments of the concealed lawmen. Again a deputy drew a rifle. Again Sheriff Kay asserted his authority to stop a bushwacking.

"I want 'em alive, you damn fool," he hissed. "We got a pretty good idea where their camp is from the way they're headed. Just keep watching, and keep that Winchester barrel down."

Yet Grat Dalton and Riley Dean might never have been seriously threatened but for still one more of Grat's inevitable accidents. Once back in their camp on the ledge, they could have stood off the California militia, let alone a posse of country officers. Or if forced to run again, they could have made their way across more hills to Nevada where pickings were plentiful and star flashers few.

What happened instead shows that a gentleman of the back trails should never get too much attached to a keepsake.

The boys were halfway up the hill when Grat stopped suddenly. His hand dropped casually into his jacket pocket, then wriggled frantically.

"Riley! Riley!" he gasped. "I lost my lookin' glass."

Riley Dean spat in disgust. "Aw, come on, Grat. Any of our friends around here'll give you another one. Let's git home. I ain't likin' the way that dog's actin'."

The dog was tired. His tongue was hanging out, but his nostrils were tense and dilated as if smelling strange scents. His big flop ears were cocked as if tuned for noises that might spell danger to his partners.

"Notin doin'," Grat said firmly. "We're gonna find it and you're gonna help me. Dog's just smellin' a roost of possum somewhere."

So the silly quest began, Grat and Riley going in different directions to find that worthless memento of shiftless Lewis Dalton. The dog obediently, but sulkily, followed Grat, who was moving on two legs, yet showing less sense than any critter that had ever moved on four. The dog kept looking toward the hill which they had all descended. He barked a low warning. Grat paid no heed as he anxiously peered around bushes, looking for his treasure.

Riley Dean, angry but scared of Grat, kept scouring a patch of ground leading toward a little ridge. On that slight promontory, Sheriff Henley stood waiting with drawn gun, in a grove of trees.

The disgusted outlaw approached to within forty yards of the lawman. Then a voice thundered from concealment:

"Riley, throw down that Winchester! Walk ten feet forward, then stop."

Riley Dean stood petrified. The rifle slid from his hands. "Move, Riley," that commanding voice echoed again. "That's right, boy. Now unbuckle your pistol and let it drop."

Mr. Dean was cursing the name of Mr. Dalton when Sheriff Hensley stepped from the grove to clamp handcuffs on him. Grat Dalton, unaware of his partner's misfortune, had started up a canyon infested by raccoons. Maybe one of the coons had picked up his keepsake and carried it off. Those gol-danged varmints would confiscate anything that looked shiny.

Suddenly the dog barked loudly and ominously. Grat quickly raised his rifle and poised it to shoot. Then from behind a high pile of rocks, he heard a voice:

"Drop that gun, Dalton! You're under arrest."

Grat, a man of guts which Riley wasn't, paid no attention to the command. He aimed and fired. Bullets whistled over the head of Deputy Ed McCardle and one sent his sombrero sailing, leaving his head exposed to near zero weather.

"Sheriff! Sheriff!" McCardle shouted hoping that Henley would hear him. "I've jumped Grat Dalton. Get here quick."

Grat listened to the appeal, then instinctively pivoted and turned partially around. Holding his gun aloft, he leaped into the bed of the canyon. McCardle fired at him, but missed. The wanted man vanished into a dense thicket of pine trees and manzanita bushes. A second shot spattered the brains of the faithful dog as he leaped at the deputy.

Possemen hearing the blast hurried toward the spot. They combed the canyon hoping to locate the missing Grat Dalton. Scowling Mr. Dean was a much lesser catch by comparison; and one on whom ungenerous Sheriff Henley would collect all the reward money.

AFTER some tedious hours of scouting, the lawmen rode wearily toward Elwood's ranch carrying in tow the unfortunate Riley Dean, but looking like men who had gone after a panther and come back with a badger. Compounding shame, Judd Elwood hurrahed them with a mocking lie.

Yep, the rancher said, he'd seen Grat. A couple of hours before the desperado had sprinted into his field where he was plowing. He'd pulled a gun on industrious Mr. Elwood, demanded that he unhitch the gray plow horse, fired four or five pistol shots to accent the command, then ridden off on the beast.

"I'm sure sorry, folks," Sheriff Kay remarked. "Mighty sorry that a lowdown thief like Grat Dalton treated you like that."

The rancher and his wife looked solemnly at each other for a long minute. Then they broke into gales of laughter. And captive Riley Dean, finding something to be merry about, laughed with them.

Grat Dalton was long gone now—headed on the first lap of a famous ride toward Indian Territory to throw in with his brothers. Riley Dean was taken back to Visalia where a judge threw the book at him, including a charge of aiding and abetting Grat to escape.

Grat had his liberty, but would lose his life in the hometown of Coffeyville along with brother Bob, ten months later, for the foolish stunt of trying to rob two banks at once. Emmett would go down under a hail of bullets in the same bloody mess, but lived to spend fourteen years in the Kansas state pen at Lansing just outside Leavenworth. Brother Bill, better as a con man than a long rider, would wind up dead from the bullet of Oklahoma Marshal Loss Hart, a year and a half after Coffeyville, following a chicken feed Texas bank robbery costing the lives of four men.

Too bad that Grat never saw in his looking glass the sorry wind-ups in the future as well as the lusty triumphs of the past.

Probably if Grat hadn't lost this looking glass, he might never have got back to Oklahoma. Nobody really knows. Then, too, if he hadn't made it back to Oklahoma, Bob might not have acted on his loony whim to rob two banks in Coffeyville on the same day. A crazy plan like that was something only the dumb brain of Grat Dalton would have conceived. ●

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WILLIAM CLARKE QUANTRILL AND HIS LIEUTENANTS

(Continued from page 39)

lated, for a soldier's honor went a long way in those days.

When Frank returned home he displayed, in a nearby town, a huge revolver, and boasted that the Yankees had been whipped at Wilson's Creek.

He was jailed, and only through the influence of some political friends was his mother able to secure his release. Of course this incident cut Frank to the quick, and he violated his field parole by joining Quantrill.

The Jameses were Southern in their beliefs and sympathies, and Frank wanted to fight for the rebel cause. Of course the regular Confederate forces would not let him enlist with them on account of his parole, so he chose the only alternative.

There is no record that the James family was molested prior to Frank's joining Quantrill's raiders, but shortly afterward the Missouri Enrolled State Militia of the Union took every occasion to insult or to beat Jesse, the younger brother of Frank. Their stepfather was hanged and left for dead but was cut down and revived after the soldiers left. Early in 1863 their mother and their sister Susan were arrested and taken to jail in St. Joseph and subjected to insults by the uncouth guards. Susan contracted malaria and almost died. By the time they were released, young Jesse had joined Frank and the guerrillas, eager to avenge the harsh treatment he and his family had suffered.

Some of the depredations committed by Quantrill's men were in retaliation for crimes committed by General James Lane and Colonel Charles R. Jennison's roving bands. Colonel Jennison, a former doctor of Leavenworth, Kansas, was commander of the 15th Kansas Volunteer Cavalry.

Lane, Burris, Jennison, Peabody, James Montgomery, and Anthony had entered into the border war along with many others, their main purpose not to subjugate the South but rather to annihilate Quantrill and his band. General Lane had marched his men out of Kansas into Missouri and secured for them all the blue uniforms of the Union Army.

They returned to Kansas City with the banner of the United States waving at the head of their column. En route they burned the town of Osceola, Missouri, on September 23, 1861, and drove hundreds of wagonloads of spoils along with them.

This incident started a reign of terror and naturally inspired acts of retaliation from the Missouri pro-Confederates who had not forgotten their sufferings from John Brown's raids before the outbreak of the war.

During the summer of 1862 public sentiment was so strong against the authorized Union troops in Missouri that the commanding general at St. Louis called a halt to all official fighting and gave Lane's men a free hand to fight it out with Quantrill. However, it was not long before the Union soldiers were once more in the field, threatened at every turn and at every crossroad by the guerrillas. There is no question but that Quantrill looted and killed others than Union soldiers, usually those whom he suspected of giving aid to or spying for the Union.

In Missouri, at the time, the majority of people sympathized with the South, and in the confusion they were inclined to favor Quantrill and his men, whom they thought of as defenders of their cause.

The unanimous condemnation of the Federals was intensified by the arrest of Cole Younger's sisters after the murder of their father in 1862 by Union soldiers.

The girls had been in the area of the murder and the soldiers were afraid they would testify. Captain Irvin Walley threw them into a dilapidated old jailhouse in Kansas City, at 1409 Grand Avenue. Also incarcerated there were three young sisters of the guerrilla Bill Anderson—Josephine, eighteen; Molly, sixteen; and Janie, *ten years old*—as well as Mrs. Susan Vandiver, Mrs. Armenia Whitsett-Gilvey, and Mrs. Christie (Charity) Kerr.

These girls and young women were being held pending banishment from Missouri; and when the soldiers discovered that among them were the Anderson girls, they decided to kill them because they bitterly hated Bill Anderson. A Mrs. Duke, who ran a boarding house at Oak Street and Independence Avenue, overheard the soldiers boarding with her as they made plans to destroy the girls.

The plotters didn't realize that Mrs. Duke was a cousin of Bill Anderson, and they made the mistake of allowing her to hear their decision to undermine the old jail building, instead of burning it and thus endanger adjoining buildings. They thought it wiser to let the jail cave in on the women prisoners.

Mrs. Duke went into quick action, although not quick enough to save all the innocent occupants of the rickety old jail. With several of her neighbors she hurried to the military headquarters in Kansas City and pleaded to have the girls removed from the jail. The Commandant did not believe her, or else he himself was in on the plan. At any rate, it was already too late, for while Mrs. Duke was still pleading with the Commandant, the building collapsed.

Nan Harris (a cousin of Cole Younger) and who later became Mrs. McCorkle, and Molly Anderson were in the hallway when they heard the crash, and the agonized screams of the other girls. One of the jail guards, who did not approve of the plot, helped these two to get out of the building to safety. Janie Anderson, the ten-year-old, tried to get out through a window, but there was a large cannonball chained to one of her ankles, so she was helpless. Both her legs were broken. All the other victims were covered by the ruins.

Josephine Anderson was killed by a pile of bricks that fell on her. Charity Kerr (another cousin of Cole Younger) was killed when a heavy timber struck her. Two other women prisoners who escaped with slight injuries were Miss Molly Cranstaff (later Mrs. William Clay) and Miss Sue Mundy (later Mrs. N.M. Womacks of Blue Springs, Missouri).

The infuriated Bill Anderson, brother of the murdered Josephine, soon became known as Bloody Bill, for he killed fifty-four Union soldiers in revenge. He kept score on a silken cord which he carried in a buckskin pouch, tying a knot for each life taken. It is true that Anderson was ruthless even before the untimely death of his sister; still, there is no doubt that the jail incident strengthened his determination to simply exterminate the foe, for after that he spared no Unionist.

The watchword along the Kansas-Missouri border became, "Quantrill sometimes spares a life; Anderson never does!"

William Anderson was silent, moody, brooding, in battle a devil incarnate who reveled in daring and danger.

He once said, "If I cared for my life I'd have lost it long ago. Wanting to lose it, I can't throw it away."

His stamina was amazing, his leadership astounding. He might be surprised by the enemy, but never was he daunted. Wounded or crippled, he fought on, ever more desperately and effectively, recognizing only the law of the gun.

His luck finally ran out, though; he was shot dead during an ambush charge. His body was propped up in a sitting position and photographs were taken of it. Then his head was cut off and stuck on a spiked telegraph pole.

Some people claimed that it was not Bloody Bill killed that day near Orrick, Missouri, but one of his fellow guerrillas; that Bill Anderson escaped to Texas and lived for another sixty-two years in Brownwood.

It is in this town of Brownwood where lie the bones of "Colonel" Henry Ford who, many people thought, was Jesse James, although Ford never laid any

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claim to that questionable distinction.

Not long ago an old photograph was sent to various citizens of Brownwood, and none of them identified the picture as that of the man they had known as Anderson.

Prior to his death the Brownwood "Bill Anderson" had applied to the State of Texas for a pension, and at that time the Brown County officials learned that he had arrived there in 1859. Of course he was not the Bloody Bill of guerrilla notoriety, for Bloody Bill actually was killed in Missouri in 1864. It is true that "Brownwood Anderson" was chummy with Ford and Younger, and no doubt all three had at one time or another ridden with Quantrill.

John Thrailkill was another of the guerrillas, a Missourian who turned into a fiend. Before the outbreak of the Civil War, he was a painter engaged to marry a beautiful girl. One night twenty Federal militiamen walked into her home and murdered her invalid father before her very eyes. She lost her reason and soon afterward died.

Thrailkill swore death to the militiamen as he reverently kissed the stilled lips of his betrothed. His closest friend was Jesse James, with whom he rode throughout the war years. At the time, however, he joined Quantrill and was personally responsible for the death of eighteen of the twenty soldiers he had vowed to get.

In the summer of 1866 the Governor of Kansas requisitioned the Governor of Missouri for several hundred men, naming those who had taken part in the attacks on Lawrence and other Kansas towns during the war. Cole Younger met Jesse James for the first time at Blue Springs, Missouri, while the attorneys at Independence were trying to assemble all the former guerrillas for a meeting, to decide what stand should be taken in regard to the Kansas request. (The Youngers and the Jameses were not cousins as many writers have stated.)

It was found that nothing could legally be done in regard to crimes committed during the war itself. As a result, Missouri did nothing about the burning of Osceola, the Palmyra affair, or other destructive raids.

At the close of the war most of the guerrillas were painted black by contemporary journalists. It was not recognized that a goodly number of the ex-guerrillas had acquitted themselves well after the close of hostilities. Some were elected sheriffs, some representatives in state legislatures, some congressmen; some were appointed judges and county clerks. It would be wearisome to enumerate all the positions of trust held by these same men who had ridden with Quantrill in an effort to help the Southern cause, but many of them did attain to high positions. ●

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WHITE RIVER MASSACRE

(Continued from page 9)

"How can I tell whom to believe?" the captain replied. "But you seem so earnest I will stay and find out for myself."

Denney's argument, though successful with Captain Sterrett, could not deter some of the White River residents from returning to their homes.

"The Indians on the east side of the mountains are as stirred up as a nest of rattlesnakes at threshing time. They have been murdering whites over there! Haven't you heard about Bolin?" Denney asked the settlers. "Murdered by the Yakimas. Then there's been the murders in the Snoqualmie Pass."

"But the Indians are friendly on this side of the mountains, Arthur," George King told him. "The murders took place in the Yakima country. Mason has told us that Chief Nelson's band is friendly to the whites. I don't think we have anything to fear."

"The passes are open. What's to prevent small bands of Yakimas or Klikitats crossing the mountains into the White River or the Puyallup River? Nothing! I tell you it's better for you to stay here in Seattle," Denney insisted.

"But we have harvests to get in and our stock to take care of. We can't think of staying here, as much as we would like to," King replied.

Arthur Denney looked out to where the *Decatuer* was lying at anchor, its tall masts and spars etched deeply against the blue of the sky. Then he turned back to the group of White River farmers.

"I can't stop you from going. I wish I could," he told them.

L. Cox and his wife; Joseph Lake; William Brannon and his wife and child; George King, his wife and child; Harvey H. Jones and his wife, Johnny King, the son of Mrs. Jones by a previous marriage but no relation to the George Kings, the two younger Jones children, Enos Cooper who worked for Jones; and a family named Thomas returned to their homes on the White River despite the dire warnings of Arthur Denney that they would all be killed by the Indians.

For about a month the White River farmers carried on the normal routines of farming, harvesting, butchering and cutting wood for the winter. The Indians, who often visited the homes of the settlers, continued to come to eat and talk.

Chief Nelson, a frequent visitor to the Jones home, did not make his usual appearances in the kitchen of Mrs. Jones. She was used to the Indians and often gave them bread when they came to talk (in Chinook jargon which Mrs. Jones had learned out of necessity). Now the familiar chief, with his blanket, bare feet and rusty old Hudson's Bay musket, was absent. Still there was nothing unusual about this as it had happened many times before. The chief had, in the past, made his appearance day after day at the Jones door, where, instead of knocking, he would make grunting noises until one of the family let him in.

THEN on the 26th of October the Muckleshoot Indian appeared at the Jones door. When he made his characteristic grunts Mrs. Jones let him in. Nelson timed his visit so that he came right after breakfast when Harvey Jones and Enos Cooper had left to cut winter wood.

Eliza Jane Jones was baking bread. The delicious aroma permeated the large kitchen-dining room of the new home recently built by her husband from lumber bought at Yessler's mill.

Chief Nelson, usually quite talkative, asking hundreds of questions, was silent, just sitting near the stove with his blanket wrapped around his stocky frame and his musket lying across his knees.

Eliza offered the Indian some fresh bread from the oven. The Indian shook his head. "Wake," he told her in Chinook.

She asked him if he had been hunting and again his answer was "Wake." She knew that the chief was acting strangely, but she shrugged her shoulders and went on about her household chores.

Nelson stayed until almost noon. It was as though he wished to be gone before the men of the house returned. As he went out the door he turned to Mrs. Jones. "Soon Siwash will be gone and Bostons will have all the land here," he told her and the children.

When the men came home to eat she related Nelson's cryptic message. "What in the world did he mean, Harvey? Was he trying to tell the children and me something?"

"Probably just Indian talk, Eliza," Jones told his wife.

"I don't know, Harvey," Enos Cooper told his employer. "I don't like the sound of it. Why did he leave before we came back from the woodlot?"

Saturday afternoon Harvey Jones came home from the woodlot early complaining of a cold and a pain in his chest. His wife, after fixing him some hot broth from the roast she was cooking, made him go to bed.

The following day, Sunday the 28th of October, Jones was so ill with pleurisy that he was unable to leave his bed in the room just off the kitchen. There were two bedrooms in the new home, Harvey's bedroom being the southwest room at the front of the house.

The children, their mother and Mr. Cooper were just sitting down to the breakfast table when the familiar grunt of an Indian was heard at the door.

"Well, I suppose old Nelson came after some of my bread after all," Mrs. Jones said with a laugh.

She got up from the table to go to the door to see who it was, her children by her side. Enos Cooper kept right on eating.

She opened the door to see a strange Indian peering in at them. As Mrs. Jones opened the door wider he moved aside to reveal an Indian at the corner of the old log cabin, now used as a storage shed, aiming a gun at the doorway. Mrs. Jones saw the menace and quickly slammed the door shut, at the same time flinging her children out of the way.

Then there were yells, the noise of

W. J. Betts Photo

Monument erected to the memory of the massacred settlers of White River.

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musket shot and the crash of glass that seemed to come all at once. Indians began running toward the house. But not before the swift-acting Mrs. Jones had grabbed her husband's revolver and started shooting from the broken window. She emptied the pistol at the running Indians and then laid it on the table.

"Come, children," she said as calmly as possible. She took them into their bedroom and made them lie down under the feather ticks on the bed. She told them to stay there and not to move. She went back to the kitchen where Cooper was firing a musket out of the window.

Things were happening so fast the children didn't have time to be afraid. They heard their father leave his bed and come to the doorway. Johnny peeped from beneath the tick just in time to see his stepfather stagger at the doorway. "Oh, God, I'm shot!"

Eliza Jones ran to his side. "Oh, Harvey, don't say so," she cried. Mrs. Jones began to cry as she hurriedly tore away her husband's undershirt. The blood was slowly beginning to flow from an ugly wound just below his right nipple. He died in his wife's arms.

"Enos, our only chance is for you to get help. Besides, it seems hopeless to try to defend the house. Make a run for it," Eliza Jones told her friend and hired hand.

Johnny, peeping out from under the feather tick, could see Mr. Cooper pry a window from the frame with an axe, remove the window, look about him and disappear out the opening.

The firing stopped and there were unfamiliar footsteps in the house. Johnny saw an Indian carrying an armful of bread. Then another Indian came and took him by the hand and led Johnny and his brother and sister out of the house. Johnny looked for his mother but he didn't see her anywhere about.

Chief Nelson was sitting on a log directing the Indians. He was silent and morose. Then he told the boy not to be afraid, that he would not let the Indians harm him. Indians began bringing bedding and furniture from the house and stuffing them under the house. When they had enough they set fire to it. The house began to burn and the children began to cry.

When the other Indians were out of earshot Nelson told the children not to cry, that he would take care of them and go to the Thomas house where they would be safe.

Nelson instructed an unfamiliar Indian to take the children to the Thomas house, but the brave didn't want to go. Finally he did as his chief instructed and led the children away from the burning house and other buildings. He hadn't walked very far before he left the children and walked off into the forest.

YOUNG Johnny King, instead of going to the Thomas house, as Chief Nelson had instructed him, decided to go to the Brannan's instead, which was closer. The younger children were so slow that the young boy decided to leave them hidden along the trail and go to his neighbors by himself.

He found a hollow in the ground and told the children to stay there. "If you make a noise the Indians will come and kill you," he admonished them.

When Johnny got to the Brannon place there was no one about. Furniture, bedding and feather ticks were strewn about the house. The door was open. Johnny walked around the house but was afraid to go inside even though the door was open. He didn't see anyone.

The boy then went back to the other children and the three walked back to their place as it was on the way to the Thomas house. They were hungry.

When they got back to the smoldering ruins of their house their puppy came bounding out to greet them. They were so glad to see each other. Johnny decided to take the pup with him but then thought better of it because of the Indians.

The children walked around the smouldering ruins. A little in front of where the house had stood they found their mother lying on the ground, still alive but wounded.

"Johnny, thank God you're still alive. You must go to Mr. Thomas' house. Right away," she told him.

Johnny was crying when he left his mother lying on the ground. He and the children walked the two miles to the Thomas home. It was difficult to stop the two youngest from crying and to keep them walking. Johnny would carry the youngest for a while, then make him walk for a way.

When the children arrived at the Thomas house no one was there and the doors were locked. All Johnny could think of was to go the two miles back to their old place. The walk back was even worse than before. The younger children would cry and Johnny would say, "Indians kill. Shhh."

It was getting dark. The children just couldn't walk any more. Young Johnny, just seven years old, was at his wits' end. He knew that they would soon have to get help or perish. Then he heard an Indian coming along the trail.

Johnny hid the children quickly in some brush and decided he would ask for help if he knew the Indian. It was old Tom, a friendly Indian who had often come to the house to eat his mother's bread.

"Tom, Tom!" Johnny was so glad to see the kindly old Indian he wanted to cry. "Tom, some bad Indians came and killed my father and mother and burned our house . . ." Johnny, who had bravely been holding back the tears, began crying.

Old Tom told Johnny that he would help him and his sister and brother. "Come, I take you to Tom's house. Klootchman feed. I take you to Seattle when moon gets high."

The old Indian took the children to his hut beside the White River where his squaw fed them dried salmon and berries. The smell of the hut was awful, like dead salmon and unwashed bodies all rolled into one, but the children were so hungry they ate everything the old squaw fixed for them.

When they had eaten, the Indian woman fixed a bearskin on the floor and told them to go to sleep. It wasn't long before all three children were fast asleep.

In a short while Johnny was awakened by someone shaking his shoulder. He opened his eyes. He could see the moonlight through the smoke hole of the hut. "Come," Tom said. "We go now."

The old Indian and the three children went down to the river and got in Tom's large dugout canoe. It was a long, cold trip down the White River to the sound. The old Indian removed his blanket and wrapped it around the three sleeping children.

Once in the Sound, another Indian, by the name of Dave, picked them up in his canoe and brought them out to the *U.S.S. Dacatuer*. The children were safe at last.

Next morning the Seattle Volunteers, forty men under Captain C. C. Hewitt, left for the White River valley.

At the Cox claim they found that the Indians had broken into the house and pilfered its contents. The Coxes, as well as the Thomases, had been alerted, managed to escape to Seattle before the Indians came.

Chief Sealth was a friendly Indian.

At the Jones claim, the volunteers found Harvey Jones cremated in the ashes of the burned home. A short distance from the house they found the body of Eliza Jones. She had been shot through the lungs and later, after Johnny had visited her, the Indians had returned to crush her skull with an axe. Enos Cooper was lying in a field where a musket ball had dropped him.

Joseph Lake had also escaped, but the Brannans on the next claim had just sat down to breakfast, from the evidence found by Captain Hewitt, when the Indians attacked their house. Bill Brannan had put up a terrific struggle before his head was split open by an Indian's axe. They found the baby and Mrs. Brannan in the well where they had been thrown by the blood-crazed Indians.

The worst of the Indian atrocities was found at the King claim. "Mrs. King was lying about thirty yards from the ruins," wrote Captain Hewitt in his report, "almost entirely in a state of nudity. She was shot apparently through the heart, the ball entering the left side. The left breast was cut entirely off. She was cut open in the stomach and the intestines pulled out. We performed the last sad rites and proceeded back to our encampment. The next morning we started for Seattle."

The Kings had been killed but, strangely enough, their boy was taken by the Indians and lived with them for two years before he was given back to the whites.

These atrocities brought the soldiers to the White River country. Chief Nelson and his Indians were rounded up and punished. The soldiers remained and peace came to the Puget Sound country.

But all the blunders that brought on these ghastly atrocities still have their effect in the White River country. The Indians have never forgotten and neither have the old timers. ●

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TEX RICKARD

(Continued from page 21)

Tex ran an honest game and a good saloon. Dealers and bartenders were summarily fired if caught cheating or abusing customers. But it wasn't always the housemen who cheated. Some of the miners would load their pokes with sand or mercury when they threw it over to the dealer for hefting and an exchange for chips. It wasn't done very often, however, because of Tex's great popularity among the men of the Far North.

As he prospered, Tex continued to send money to his mother, who had now re-married and was living in Seattle. Tex staged fights as often as he could find contestants. Usually these matches were paid for by passing the hat among spectators. Most were bloody affairs. Tex made his money from the drinks and the gambling which followed such events. The crowds were the thing as far as he was concerned. Tex's interest in promotion might have been enhanced by the fact that both Sam Bonnifield and Louis Golden died paupers.

But Tex was a gambler. He barred a scamp named Policy Bob who was a known cheat. When Bob got hooked on dope Tex heard of his plight and got medical help.

"He's as good as dead," Tex was told. "Nothing can be done."

Tex told them to give him whatever they could to ease his pain, or anything else. Bob began muttering restlessly in his terminal gasps. "Copper the deuce. Copper the deuce," Bob muttered.

To Tex that was a sign from on high and he lit out to buck the faro tiger, with the play of coppering the deuce. (It simply means to bet a card to lose, rather than win.) Tex plunged. He lost. Lost. And continued to lose. He dropped more than $10,000. "Damn that crooked SOB," Tex muttered. "I knew he was a thief when he was alive, but I never thought he'd still be a crook when he was dying."

Tex frittered away a lot of money in other gambling halls, because the gambler never quits. He was basically an honest man but in one Nome poker game, he couldn't resist the chance to use all the advantage presented him.

Tex called a large opening bet more or less on a hunch. He noticed the other player was nervous and peeling his top card off, then sliding it to the bottom. Tex could spot the corner pip of each card. So he read the hand, then after calling made a raise. He was raised back and Tex raised again. The bets were called and the man stood pat. Tex Rickard drew cards to a pair of kings (!) then fired back a big raise. He made the opener lay his hand down, simply because he had read the hand and knew he had the man beat.

"Keep your hands still and your fingers across the backs," Tex used to counsel his friends. "Gamblers take every edge, including me."

AFTER seven years in the Northern deep freeze, Tex Rickard sold out for $50,000. All totalled he had only $65,000 despite the vast amount of money which had passed through his hands. Tex was restless and wanted to move around. The stars still beckoned on the far horizon.

Tex wandered for a bit, then finally picked up with another man of the "never sweat" clan, Kid Highley, and they headed for southwestern Nevada late in 1904. Reports of a gold strike drew them like lemmings to the sea. Everyone said that the Goldfield strike was expected to be bigger and better than the one which had flared and smoldered on the Comstock Lode at Virginia City.

Tonopah was already booming and miners from that area had made the gold strike at Goldfield, about 25 miles to the south. Tex felt at home again in a bustling boom camp, especially after he, Highley and Jim Morrison pooled their money to open the Northern in Goldfield February 15, 1905. There were at least fourteen gambling tables of various sorts, and one of the pit bosses overseeing the operation was Wyatt Earp.

Six barrels of whisky were sold nearly every day, and it took three shifts of bartenders (6 to 12 men on each) to man the 60-foot bar because the doors were always open.

Tex assumed a prominent role in Goldfield affairs from the start, making money, giving it away, or keeping it for the wandering miners. The bookkeeping system was put in the trust of a man named Billy Murray, who simply added the cash taken in, deducted what was lost or paid out, and the balance was what the layout had in the bank or on hand. It was all straight line accounting, just adding and subtracting. Murray later recalled that he handled about $10,000 a day for two years or a gross of about $7 millions!

Tex wanted Goldfield to succeed and never lost a chance to ballyhoo the "greatest gold camp in the world." Once when there was a run on McCook's Goldfield Bank, the miners withdrew their cash and, not knowing quite what to do with it, left it with Tex at the Northern. To save the bank, Tex had his employes take the money out the back door and put it back in the bank. The run stopped in time and Tex had accomplished it with typical Western methods.

The shaping of Tex's later career began in Goldfield when newspapers across the nation began suggesting a world title fight between Joe Gans and Battling Nelson for the lightweight championship. From this start Tex was to become the premier promoter of the prize ring.

Tex's motives weren't all noble, however. He realized that such a fight would draw thousands of sports who would want to drink and gamble. Besides, even the fight might make money.

Tex worked fast. He wired important fight officials, suggesting the match, then met with some prominent Goldfield men to discuss the matter. In minutes, a $30,000 gold purse was raised (with Tex subscribing $10,000 himself). The members of the Goldfield Athletic Club raised another $100,000 for promotional purposes. With all of the details agreed upon, Tex got acceptances from the fighters. The announcement appeared in the Goldfield *Sun*, a couple of days later:

THE BATTLE OF THE CENTURY

Battling Nelson and Joe Gans will engage in a finish fight in Goldfield on Labor Day. Billy Nolan, for the Dane, named the preliminary conditions. . . ."

Reno residents tried to steal the fight away once Tex's efforts were published, but *The Sun* triumphantly reported:

"Like a conquering hero or governor just before election day, Joe Gans sailed into Goldfield last night and was met at the station by prominent citizens who escorted the fighter downtown to remain for half hour the cynosure of hundreds of eager eyes . . . L. M. Sullivan met him at the train and took him in his auto . . ."

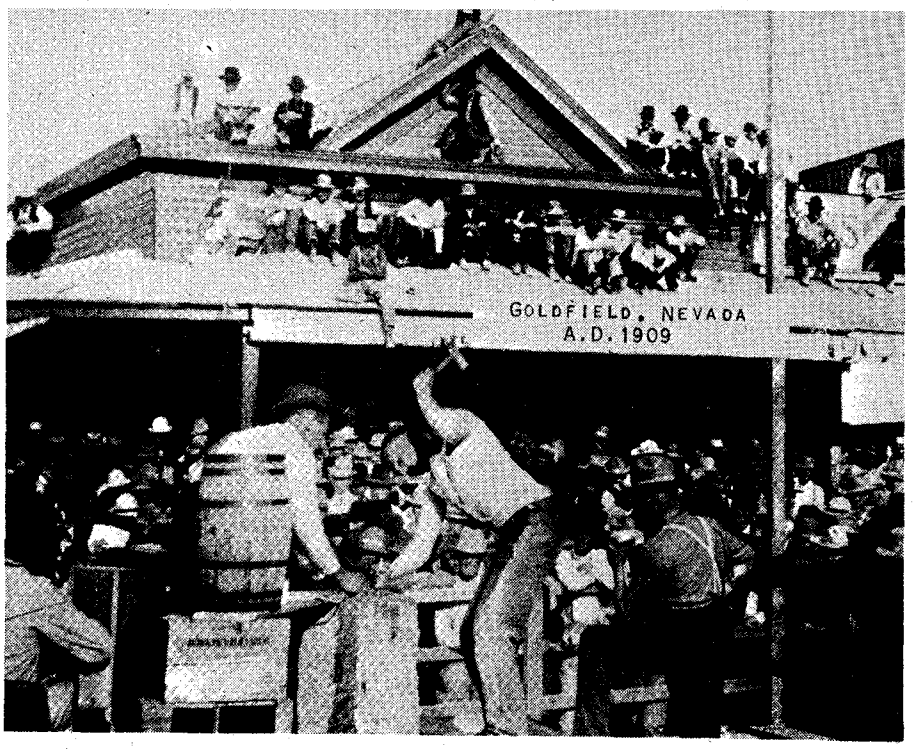
Tex, the kind of a tub thumper who could tell a lie twice and believe it himself, fed a constant stream of publicity into any media that would print it. Such as:

GANS LAUGHS AT DELAYS AND IS SURE OF AGREEMENT.

BILLY NOLAN HAS A FEW WORDS TO ENCOURAGE FIGHT FANS.

NOLAN SAYS NOTHING BUT AN ACT OF GOD CAN STOP FIGHT.

Breaking ice for cooling beer at Tex Rickard's championship bout.



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CALENDAR OF EVENTS LEADING UP TO THE FIGHT.

In time the arrival of the fighters, the signing of the contracts and the division of the purse (Nelson, $20,000; Gans, $10,000), was all duly reported, along with detailed sketches of both fighters' lives.

Even an enormously rich strike at the Mohawk, which was to make many men extremely wealthy, was only able to demand a two column head.

Tex was getting Goldfield the publicity he wanted and the sports writers began to arrive to herald the attraction in even greater detail.

Even the tricksy miners, busy with thefting jewelry ore from the mines, stepped up their stealing since they all wanted to get bets down one way or the other on the fight.

There was some trouble over the selection of a referee, but George Siler was finally selected as agreeable to all concerned.

Though a boom camp is always alive with activity, Goldfield was jumping as the Labor Day program drew near. *The Sun* said:

> "The streets of Goldfield were literally jammed last night with a holiday crowd of persons from all walks of life. Trains rolled in at intervals all night, the last arriving at 5 A.M. . . . Drilling contests (a favorite in all boom camps) preceded the fight. Waters and Hill of Tonopah drilled 37 inches in 15 minutes. Burro and foot races followed. . . ."

The fight was all that even the most ardent fan or gambler would want; and it was one of the great days in the brief history of the great gold camp called Goldfield.

For forty-two brawling, punishing rounds Gans and Nelson battled, the decision seeming to go neither way. But then came a sudden, sad climax.

In the forty-second round Nelson fouled Gans and thereby forfeited the fight! Reporters noted that it was a palpable foul and that everyone saw it. There were no questions and no dispute as to the winner, which is perhaps just as well it ended that way.

Joe Gans, the winner, sent a wire to his mother in Baltimore: MAMMY YOUR BOY IS BRINGING HOME THE BACON WITH LOTS OF GRAVY ON IT.

Tex began to tote up the figures. Fans had paid in hard money about $70,000 for seats. He had netted $13,000 and had given the town of Goldfield a million dollars worth of free advertising. That afternoon the 200 Pullmans which had brought a portion of the throng began leaving. No one ever forgot that fight, especially the man who put it on—Tex Rickard. It was indeed, "The Battle of the Century."

TEX'S success wasn't entirely crowned with continued good luck. The adopted daughter of his second wife was taken ill and died on the operating table. Tex refused to pay the bill because he claimed that the surgeon had erred in his skill and diagnosis. His wife was a semi-invalid from that point on.

Shanghai Larry Sullivan, frustrated and antagonized with Tex's success, went gunning for the promoter on New Year's Day.

Tex took the gun away from the would-be killer, threw it over the bar, then turned his back on the enraged man.

A street scene in colorful Goldfield, Nevada.

Whatever else Tex lacked it wasn't sand in his craw.

Another killer tried it not long afterwards and Tex had a badly injured thumb as a result. His attacker was slain outside of the saloon by an officer.

Another desert genie rubbed a gold pan and the wraith of hidden fortune spiraled into the air. Tex, along with thousands of others, answered the call from an unlikely spot called Rawhide. In 1908, he sold out his interest in the Northern and followed the stampede across the desert for 150 miles. Tex sported a huge touring car then and made the trip in one day, which was considered nearly incredible in those times. But for Tex anything was possible.

Before leaving, Tex had a sign painted which was tacked to the front of an abandoned church:

THIS CHURCH IS CLOSED.
GOD HAS GONE TO RAWHIDE.

Tex fell into the checkered pattern and on the day of his arrival he purchased a prime lot for $8,000. (A few weeks before the entire area had been as empty as a moron's mind, and about as useful.) In 10 days Tex had a building 30 x 100 feet in which there was the usual supply of gambling layouts and innumerable bottles of the needful for the thirsty. Tex and Highley, who was also associated in this venture, cleared $25,000 from gambling the opening night. The Northern's average profit was $1,000 a day for the next three months. A cow's tail was affixed to a post near Tex's saloon under a tin can. There was a small sign: "Drop Mail Here for Rawhide" and residents of the booming town did so!

Tex could see publicity and promotion in anything. When Riley Grannan died the funeral oration given by a de-frocked preacher was taken down verbatim by a court reporter, then printed and distributed. It has gone into a number of editions since then and is still selling.

Elinor Glyn, authoress of "Three Weeks", was invited to visit Rawhide, and Tex even staged a fake fire and robbery for her. She was enchanted and, of course, the publicity was good for Tex and the Northern.

But a real fire did the job, taking the Northern with it. Tex wandered off to Ely, Nevada, again acting as a front man. By this time the sporting world had about written off Tex's success with the Goldfield fight as sheer chance. One California newspaper even printed a derisive cartoon of Rickard showing him with donkey ears and the caption: WHERE'S BIG TALKING TEX RICKARD NOW?

That was all it took to get Tex mad. Mad enough to raise a hundred thousand dollars to promote the Johnson-Jeffries fight which, after a great deal of backing and filling, was finally held before a record breaking crowd in Reno, July 4, 1910.

It was promoted as the greatest fight in history, but it turned out to be something far less. It began slowly, monotonously and continued that way for the first 10 rounds. Johnson was a fast cat stalking his enemy and there was little question of the outcome when Johnson sliced Jeff's right eye with his left. A few rounds later Jeffries made a desperate, futile attack but Johnson parried and moved away, the blows having little effect. It was the fifteenth round when the climax appeared certain.

Johnson was a dancing master, in complete control of the fight, hitting Jeff at will. A flurry of short chops dropped the big white giant, Jeffries, who got up at nine.

Johnson moved in and Jeffries dropped to the canvas again. Jeffries reeled and wobbled as he got up at nine.

"Stop the fight! Stop it!" fans yelled.

But it wasn't necessary. Jeffries was a helpless hulk now and Johnson dispatched him with as little pain as possible. A left, right and another left and Jeff sprawled over the lower rope, half out of the ring. The referee and Rickard raised Johnson's hand in victory, though Jeffries was never officially counted out. Even the hardest loser admitted that Jeff couldn't have gotten up by the count of 10 anyway.

Tex's first big gate was $270,775 (which compared favorably with the five game World Series which drew $174,000). He had grabbed the first handful of stars and turned them into gold pieces. Rickard was now ready for the million dollar gates —ready to be the front man and always ready to shake hands at Madison Square Garden.

Tex Rickard's career was at its never-to-be-forgotten peak when he promoted the fight between Jack Dempsey and Gorgeous George Carpentier at Jersey City. His second Dempsey-Tunney title fight at Chicago in 1927, drew an astounding two million six hundred thousand dollars.

Tex had plucked his stars. He died not long afterwards. ●

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KICKING BIRD—KIOWA MARTYR

(Continued from page 15)

name praised and while his influence increased, tragic events were shaping in the background, decisions which would further separate him from a large faction of his tribe.

Times were changing inevitably for the Kiowas and Comanches. With the buffalo herds exterminated in Kansas, hide hunters crowded into Indian Territory and Texas to gun down the southern herd. Although the hunters were violating the Medicine Lodge treaty, army authorities made little effort to check the tide of long-haired men firing deadly, big-caliber Sharps rifles. General Phil Sheridan, commanding the military department of the Southwest, protested passage of a proposed protective law for buffaloes in Texas, pointing out that the hunters were destroying "the Indians' commissary" and actually settling the vexing Indian problem, which so far the Army had been unable to do.

Enraged tribesmen thereupon stepped up their raids, spurred on also by the traditional craving for personal glory and revenge. A favored region was Salt Creek Prairie on the Butterfield Trail, between Forts Richardson and Belknap. During the spring of 1871, the Indians, seeming to strike straight south from Fort Sill, killed at least fourteen persons. One white man was scalped alive.

Crude headboards marked the graves of teamsters, cowboys and stage passengers.

General W.T. Sherman, General of the Army, riding an ambulance on an inspection tour of frontier posts, rolled across Salt Creek Prairie in May, escorted by only 15 cavalrymen, unaware that his life was in danger. After all, he saw no Indians and the spring day dulled a man's senses. Besides, he didn't believe half the atrocity reports settlers were reporting to the military.

Nevertheless, about 150 pairs of savage eyes watched the little party from the cover of a wooded sandstone hill. Hotheaded young bucks stirred themselves, eager to attack. But Sky-Walker, the great Kiowa medicine man, refused. The pony soldiers might be an advance party for a larger force. His medicine, he reminded them, had told him that another party of whites would pass by on the plain before the day was over. That would be the one to attack.

Sure enough, a wagon train appeared. The anxious Indians all but swamped it in one rushing charge before the frantic drivers could corral the wagons. No matter, it was soon finished. The Indians murdered seven teamsters, one of whom they chained to the pole of a wagon face down over a fire.

Later Satank, Satanta and Big Tree were arrested at Fort Sill for the murders, after Satanta, the "Orator of the Plains," boasted to the agent of the killings. Sherman ordered them held for trial at Jacksboro.

"Kicking Bird pleaded eloquently for the release of the prisoners, although he entirely disapproved of their raiding," Lawrie Tatum, the Quaker Indian agent, recalled later.

Sherman was adamant. The order stood and the three Indians were started in wagons to Texas. Satank, however, courageously decided his own way of dying. Singing his death song, he knifed a guard, grabbed a carbine and was shot down. Satanta and Big Tree were taken to Fort Richardson and tried for murder in the court of the Thirteenth Judicial District, convened in the Jack County courthouse.

A cowboy jury, spitting and whittling, found them guilty and they were sentenced to hang, decrees which the governor of Texas, under pressure from Indian partisans, commuted to life imprisonment.

"Satanta ought to have been hung and that would have ended the trouble," the angry Sherman wrote. "Kicking Bird can keep the Kiowas peaceable if Satanta is out of the way..."

But Kicking Bird continued to work for the parole of his tribesmen. When that did not appear likely, he was tempted to join the war against the hated buffalo hunters.

"My heart is stone," he told his Quaker friends at the agency. "There is no soft place in it. I have taken the white man by the hand, thinking him to be a friend, but he is not a friend. Government has deceived us. Washington is rotten."

"This country was given by Washington to his red children," Kicking Bird told Thomas C. Battey, a Quaker teacher, who had established the first school among the Kiowas at the chief's invitation. "I now see white men in it, making lines, setting up sticks and stones with marks on them. We do not know what it means, but we are afraid it is not for our good... The commissioner, by making one bad talk, has set all this country on fire. He has asked a very hard thing, which was not in the road our fathers traveled. It is a new road for us, and the Comanches cannot travel it. They cannot bring in the five men. If they attempt it, many women and children will be killed, and many men must die...

"I have taken the white man by the hand; they are my friends. But the Comanches are my brothers... The white man is strong, but he cannot destroy us all in one year. It will take him two or three, maybe four years. And then the world will turn to water, or burn up. It is our mother and cannot live when the Indians are dead."

Early in 1874 it was plain that an outbreak was forming. Not only were the Indians growing in their violent hate for the destroying buffalo hunters, but an estimated 30 Kiowas and Comanches had been killed while on winter raids in Texas, and meager government rations caused resentment among all Plains tribes in the territory.

In late June, after a combined war party attacked Adobe Walls, a hunters' settlement on the Canadian River in the Texas Panhandle, the Kiowas gathered on the North Fork of Red River for the Sun Dance, celebrated annually when the down appeared on the cottonwoods. Feelings still seethed, and the sense of outrage was shared by the restless Comanches, Cheyennes and Arapahoes.

Kicking Bird rode in with his followers and found the lodges assembled in a great circle, with the opening on the east, each band in its appropriate place, and the medicine lodge in the center. Tribal traditions and rites appealed to him. He camped in the circle, whose roundness represented Grandmother Earth.

For four days the great dance went on while the drums beat. With all the excitement and war-like fervor, whetted by the desire to avenge lost warriors, it was a trying time for one man to keep his people on the peace road. War party men passed the pipe, seeking his support to join the Kiowa hostiles and those of other tribes.

"Kicking Bird—listen! You have a warrior's name! The young men will follow you! Let's drive out the whites—kill them all!"

Apparently, Kicking Bird did not concur at once. He used his great eloquence to admonish the Kiowas that they must prepare to meet new conditions already rubbing out the old ways. Persuasion was difficult among these primitive people whom Quaker Battey, a good friend, described as "the most fierce and bloodthirsty tribe in the Indian Territory."

Not until the dance ended did Kicking Bird's decision become clear to his expectant warriors. Then he broke camp and mounted, and when he rode away he turned in the direction of Fort Sill and the reservation. Three-fourths of the tribe, numbering approximately 900 persons, followed him.

"There is no doubt that Kicking Bird prevented the slaughter of many innocent persons and saved the government many thousands of dollars," wrote Col. W.S. Nye, noted Army-Indian historian.

Taking himself out of the general outbreak likely saved many lives by removing a formidable foe, skilled in fighting troopers and Texans. Under him the highly individualistic Kiowas fought better and observed a closer organization, always problems in directing a war party.

"There was no other chief in the three agencies who could manage Indian warriors with as much generalship as Kicking Bird," agent Tatum said.

And for Kicking Bird himself the breakup of the tribe created a mixture of relief and distress. The mountain of hate between him and the war party faction—men once his friends, men he had fought with—stood higher than ever, an insur-

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mountable barrier between them. Likely he could never cross it in his lifetime.

The painted faces of the free-roving days were dead to him, gone forever. Friends observed that he seemed deeply depressed; often he rode alone.

Quite suddenly the spreading summer war of '74 ended the so-called Peace Policy. President Grant's well-intended experiment in kindness and justice, in which he had entrusted the management of some of the Indian tribes to the Society of Friends, whose aim was to substitute "brotherly love for the sword... and in a spirit of toleration lift these wards of the nation from barbarity to Christian civilization."

On July 26 supervision of the hostile Indians around Fort Sill passed to the Army, which launched a campaign to round up all bands not reporting for enrollment on the reservation.

Before long the war began to go badly for the Indians, constantly beset by converging troop columns. In September Colonel R.S. Mackenzie's 4th Cavalry caught the hostiles in Palo Duro Canyon, a vast gorge of a hideout in North Texas. Routing the hostiles, the troopers also captured and killed some 1,400 horses. The mopping up continued into 1875, a most effective campaign in which few Indians were killed.

Kicking Bird, meantime, sent messengers to induce the hostile bands to return to the reservation. And they did begin to straggle in, although it would be June of '75 before the last starving Comanche band dragged into Fort Sill and surrendered.

But the federal authorities, in their great wisdom, insisted on sending a number of the leading Indians from each warring tribe to prison in the "hot country" at St. Augustine, Florida, deciding the farther away the better. And inasmuch as Kicking Bird was the principal chief of the Kiowas, they declared it was his task to select the quota from his tribe.

Kicking Bird's travail was inescapable. If he did not accept the responsibility, even greater hurt might result. And if he did, his former friends would detest him even more. There was no way out for him.

It was typical of him that he did not dodge the cruel issue. He named twenty-six persons, among them the well-known raiders Sky-Walker, Lone Wolf, White Horse and Woman Heart; the rest of those picked were young men.

James Mooney, the ethnologist, said that Kicking Bird, "with a natural desire to shield his friends, picked out only a few of the prominent leaders, making up the quota with Mexican captives and young men of no great reputation."

Maybe. Yet, if prominent hostiles had escaped, as Mooney charged, why didn't the government instruct the Army, then in tight control, or the Indian agent, to determine those to be punished? Was this a crafty step in the government's policy to destroy the power of the chiefs—as it later became among the Sioux—and speed the eventual allotment of the Kiowas' land, making the surplus available for white settlement?

(A presidential proclamation dated July 4, 1901, announced the opening of the reservation of the Kiowas, Comanches, Kiowa-Apaches, Wichitas and Caddoes.)

As it was, the slightest knowledge of the vindictive Kiowas cried out that any Indian selector of prisoners to be banished, chained, to Florida would bring a crush of enmity upon himself, possibly death; certainly implacable detestation.

Chained and sorrowing, the dejected Kiowas were led to the army wagons which would take them eastward on the white man's long road to Caddo, there to board a train and ride away from their grieving people, their freedom, their open country and bright sky and the nearby Wichita Mountains, now rich with spring.

An unhappy Kicking Bird rode up to the prisoners. "Brothers," he said, "the time has come to say goodbye. I am sorry for you. But because of your stubbornness, I have failed to keep you out of trouble. You will have to be punished by the government. Take your medicine. It will not be long. I love you and will work for your release... I have done my best to keep you on the right road, and I hope that time will soon come when you will return to us happy, at peace, and of a different mind."

One warrior fixed him a remembering stare. It was Sky-Walker, the powerful medicine man. He said: "You will not live long! I will see to that!"

Kicking Bird said nothing.

A command rang out, the wagons creaked into motion and the cavalry escort formed on both sides of the cavalcade. Kicking Bird watched the prisoners go. Their passing dark faces hurled back an absolute unforgiveness. When the last wagon left, he turned his horse. It was April 28, 1875.

(While in Florida the prisoners were not subjected to close confinement. Fortunately, they were placed in the sympathetic custody of Lieutenant R.H. Pratt. When they were finally released in May, 1878, a number of the young men, including eight Kiowas, decided to remain in the east to acquire an education. Pratt, who won their affection and respect, began to teach them during their captivity and found them receptive. They became the nucleus of the famous Indian school which he founded at Carlisle, Pennsylvania.)

Four days passed. All Indian camps in the vicinity of the fort were quiet. The war was over. That meant, too, that the old ways were gone, an entire way of life changed. A lull settled over the once-turbulent Kiowa-Comanche country.

White visitors, one an army officer, came to call on Kicking Bird at his camp, three miles south of the post. He greeted them warmly and there was talk, but they noted an inner sadness. Still, he made no complaint.

Next morning at breakfast a Mexican servant served the chief a cup of coffee. Soon afterward, he was stricken with a sudden and unexplained seizure. Hurriedly his family sent word to the new Quaker agent, James Haworth, and the post doctor was summoned.

They found him shaking with convulsions. No one could help him—it was too late. Kicking Bird looked at them, and he sensed that his time was approaching, because he gave his best horse to Haworth.

"I am dying," he said. "I have taken the white man's hand. I am not sorry for it. Tell my people to keep in the good path. I am dying, holding fast to the white man's hand."

And in agony, the chief died. He was 40 years old, apparently in the prime of life.

For a little while the spacious buffalo-hide lodge was still. Then, as the word spread, grief struck the camp in the cool timber. An outpouring of shrill, primitive mourning, chilling for a white man to hear, a piercing of the mystery of life that no man ever quite understands. Wailing women began cutting themselves on the arms and breasts as was customary when a close relative died.

The cause of death? Into his record the post surgeon wrote: "Kicking Bird, one of the principal chiefs of the Kiowas, died suddenly May 4, supposed to have been poisoned by strychnia, probably through the jealousy or anger of some of his tribe. Kicking Bird was far above any of his own nation, or of the Comanches even, in general intelligence; of fine physique, and had a prepossessing countenance."

"I feel as if a good and noble man, whom it has been my privilege to know, has passed away," said a saddened Quaker.

Army officers who knew and admired Kicking Bird had no doubts as to how he had died: he was poisoned, they said. An investigation, however, uncovered no evidence on which to accuse any member of the tribe.

Some old Kiowas, wise in primitive beliefs which the whites could not fathom, told a different story of their chief's death. They said Sky-Walker, the Great Owl Prophet, "hexed" Kicking Bird to death. And that, in turn, because he had violated a tribal law in killing one of his own people, Sky-Walker died before the prisoners reached Florida.

Kicking Bird's horses were killed. Personal effects not placed beside him were broken and buried, leaving nothing visible to remind his people of the generous man now gone. At the request of his family the greatest Kiowa chief—and the greatest Kiowa war chief—was buried with Christian rites in the Fort Sill cemetery. To many he was also the martyr chief of the Kiowas, a brave man who died for his people. ●

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WITHOUT A GUN

(Continued from page 27)

pushed the panic button of the French-Canadians at the Hudson's Bay Company farm on Cowlitz Prairie, in what is now Lewis County, Washington, who felt a desperate need for priests of their own religion. To plead their case with the powers that be they selected a huge young French-Canadian, Simon Plomondon, whose trek across two great mountain ranges to far-off Montreal, Canada, surpassed even the perilous journey of the Nez Perce to St. Louis.

Simon was as good a talker as he was a walker and in 1838 he returned, accompanied by the priests Blanchet and Demers. These pioneering Fathers, upon their arrival at Cowlitz Prairie, commenced construction of the first Catholic church in the Northwest.

The missions built by Lee and Whitman were subsequently discontinued or re-established at other locations. Not so this Cowlitz Mission; while it was not the first, it is certainly the oldest mission in the Northwest. Cowlitz Mission, still in existence, stands alongside the historic Oregon Trail.

Augustin Rochon, a veritable giant of a French-Canadian, stood outside the new log church and luxuriated in the feeling of being just plain happy. Hadn't he been brought all the way from Quebec to build this edifice? "*Oui*!"... and he looked at those ham-like hands. They had hewn the logs and split the shakes... weeks of sweat and toil had gone into the construction of this building in which even at this moment Father Blanchet was teaching children to sing the songs of their faith.

The smile on Rochon's face broadened as he remembered Father Blanchet's return to Cowlitz a few days past. Frankly, Rochon wasn't much of a carpenter and he had been considerably upset over the fact that one end of his log structure seemed to have outdistanced the other in height during the course of its growth, giving it a rather grotesque appearance with a decided slope to the front. Father Blanchet had said, "You are a good man, Augustin Rochon, and the rain will surely run off better from two directions at once!"

The meditations of Rochon were interrupted by the padding of soft footsteps behind him and he turned to face the lithe, bronze Cowlitz Indian who had come to him.

"Many things you trade Indian for horse, now want horse back!" demanded the native.

Rochon studied the sullen countenance before him and his French temper soared.

"No! I traded with you fairly, I will keep the horse."

Sunlight flashed off the gleaming blade of the knife in the Indian's hand as time and again he plunged it into the great body of Rochon, until the huge man slumped motionless to the ground, his blood mingling with the powdery white dust.

Hastily summoned from the church, Father Blanchet helped to carry Rochon to a house where he was able to staunch the flow of blood and save the man's life. But this was a hard blow to Blanchet—violence in the very shadow of the mission!

Blanchet couldn't know—nor did the Lees or Whitmans—but this knifing of Rochon was a mild event in the light of things to come. The vast migration of settlers would bring with them desperados, gunmen, gamblers and the very scum of Eastern cities, seeking a land where each made his own law and enforced it with a smoking six-gun. Also to come were Indian wars that would stain the forest and the plain red with blood. Even the life blood of Marcus Whitman and his wife would seep into the soil at Waiilatpu, and the younger brother of Blanchet would, for a time, be a captive of their murderers, the Cayuse Indians.

The act of Congress of August 14, 1848, which formally established the Oregon Territory, touched off the migration to the Northwest which, by 1853, had become such a flood of humanity that renowned pioneer Ezra Meeker marveled that from the Mississippi westward, on the Oregon Trail, traffic was so great that never was one wagon train out of sight of another. At times they had to form two lines abreast with the loose stock between.

The preachers out in the Oregon Territory tried to meet this tidal influx of emigrants and coped with it as best they could. Every little settlement soon had its crew of volunteers busy building a church, until the number of church buildings far exceeded the number of ministers. Probably the Methodists came up with the most practical solution to this problem by utilizing here what they were noted for in other areas—the circuit riding preacher, often with a 150 mile long territory to cover. It was not uncommon for a minister to walk for fifty miles from one hamlet to another to give the word to the needy.

Where the jungle-like vegetation prohibited land travel, these hardy men would travel by canoe.

Often, in order to negotiate a rapids, the preacher often found himself obliged to attach a rope to the canoe and wade waist deep in icy water. The more fortunate who resided in open country that allowed the use of horses found himself assigned an almost impossible territory to cover. I remember hearing one old circuit rider say that most of the time his horse had tender hooves, and that he, too, spent a good part of his time being tender. One of these mounted preachers, H.K. Hines, rode for over 180,000 miles during his ministry. Another, the Reverend William Roberts, rode for over 200,000 miles, a record topped by only one other circuit rider, that being the well known Francis Asbury.

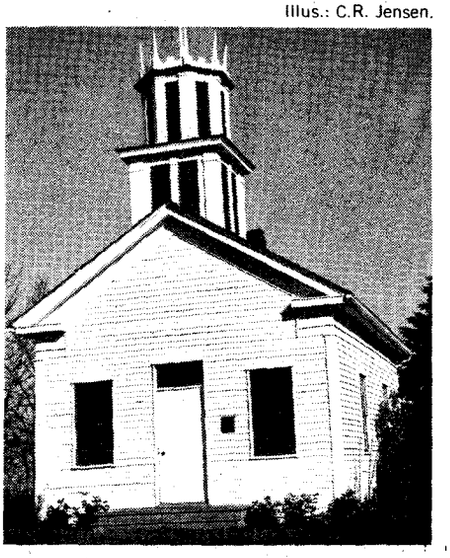
One might have questioned the vital necessity of all these churches, and the man with a black frock coat and a Bible in his saddle bag would undoubtedly have answered by saying he was bringing salvation to those on the frontier. However, to look at the matter objectively, we would most likely be more correct in saying that to the settler this was the only form of social and spiritual life available in which his entire family could participate.

I wonder how many of those who read this can recall a time when mother did all her household tasks without the benefit of any modern conveniences. Or how many can remember dad clearing the land. He grubbed brush and small stumps with the team, piling the debris on the larger stumps to burn them out, often sleeping all night in the clearing so as to keep those fires burning. Small wonder that Sunday was a day of such importance in the lives of these people.

The toil and privation of the week would be put aside as would the dingy week-day work clothing. Dressed in the best their finances would permit, lugging a packed lunch, they would trudge along the path that led to the church. Possibly this was the first time they had all been together as a family during that age-long week. At the church they would visit with their neighbors and exchange ideas. And the preacher? Oh, what a busy man! It was he who brought the news from other villages.

These church meetings in the homestead country weren't without their humor. One minister walked 20 miles to

Illus.: C.R. Jensen.



Claquato Methodist Church (1858), is oldest church still standing in state.

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preach at a little country church and arrived right on time. Not so the overly plump lady who played the organ—she was late.

The preacher arranged for a cute young thing to substitute and all went well until the hefty one put in her appearance, brushed aside the lithe young thing and plunked herself down on the organ stool which promptly collapsed, bouncing the late one down two steps to an original sitting position at the feet of the congregation.

The minister, like many of the males present, felt a sudden compulsion to blow his nose and thus having retired behind his bandana handkerchief he managed to regain his composure.

"Today's sermon will be—haw, haw, haw."

There was a prolonged silence, broken by the preacher's suggestion that they sing a song, after which the preacher tried again.

"The message today will be—haw, haw, haw—it bucked her off, that's what it did!"

Amid the gales of laughter, the preacher gave the whole thing up and dismissed the congregation. It all reminds this writer of the time he saw a devout old man saying table grace while seated in a rocking chair. All went well until he rocked back on the tom-cat's tail! That, too, was given up for a bad job!

Recollections of early-day churches in the Northwest would be incomplete without mentioning the annual camp-meeting held in many communities. People for miles around would come by buggy, horseback or on foot, pitch their tents and stay for from three to five days. This was the "vacation" as we know it today.

As a child, I attended one of these old camp-meetings—an experience I shall never forget. The early morning rising, accompanied by the odor of wood smoke and frying bacon from a hundred camp fires, the gay chatter of the young people as they admired a horse or perhaps a home-made dress; and the old-timers comparing notes on their trip across the plains and of Indian fights. How I devoured those stories. The preaching service I'll admit didn't "put me in orbit" as my children would say today. I thought the whole thing was a little too hysterical, with the preacher leaping up and down, coat tails flapping in the breeze, dangling us collectively and individually over the open pits of hell.

While we like to read of the dash and daring of the colorful desperado or lawman of the West, we must concede that they were the men of violence. The true heroes of this Pacific Northwest were those men who, armed with nothing more than a black frock coat and with a Bible in their saddle-bag, met the challenge of hostile Indians and lawless men—and conquered. ●

TUCSON'S FIRST MERCHANT

(Continued from page 13)

Warner, the mason, helped to build these structures.

It was about this time that the Gadsden Purchase boundary line was being established. Warner bought a stock of goods from George F. Hooper and Company, loaded his merchandise on 13 mules, and set out for Tucson. He reached there on February 29, 1856.

Tucson was his destination. He said, "Tucson was the only place where any white people lived, with the exception of San Xavier eight or nine miles south of Tucson. A few Mexicans lived with the Papago Indians there."

It is estimated that some 400 Mexicans and between 30 and 40 Americans resided in Tucson in 1856.

Solomon Warner opened the first "American" store in Tucson on March 10, 1856.

Warner's General Store was located just outside the west gate of the walled "city" of Tucson. His store was the first one owned by an American which was stocked almost entirely with American goods. Judge Mark Aldrich, later mayor of Tucson, was the first American to open a general store in that city. He did so before Warner arrived. And there were a few other Mexican-owned shops, but all these stores featured goods brought in from Sonora. Aldrich soon became a partner of Warner and on November 10, 1856, they advertised in the *Arizonian* that they had on sale "the finest stock of general merchandise ever offered for sale in this vicinity. The stock comprises a general assortment of dry goods, groceries, clothing, blankets, hardware, tobacco, hats, boots and shoes."

Warner prospered in Tucson, and took a part in almost every useful enterprise in that city, including the establishment of a blacksmith shop. Approximately every three months he made trips to Yuma for more goods for his store. On these trips he usually carried a double-barreled muzzle loader, circa 1850. This was a scatter gun particularly useful in close-up Indian fighting.

Warner also traded heavily with the army posts in the area, especially Fort Buchanan, but soon his five prosperous years were all washed away with the coming of the Civil War.

The Yankees abandoned their army posts.

Captain Sherod Hunter led his Texas Confederate Cavalry into Tucson in February, 1862. Solomon Warner, a Union sympathizer, was given the choice of either joining Hunter's cavalry or leaving town. Tucson's first merchant of American goods decided to leave for Santa Cruz, Sonora, Mexico, some 120 miles to the southeast. The Confederates confiscated his stock.

Warner prospered even more in Santa Cruz than he had in Tucson. In Mexico he owned a large ranch and many head of cattle. He was a freighter, started a flour mill, and ran a small store. He married a prosperous Sonora widow with a beautiful 16-year-old daughter named Eulalia.

Shortly after the Civil War ended, "Don Solomon", as he was called by the Mexicans, returned to Tucson. He rebuilt his store, stocked it with goods, and was in business once again, and doing very well. History had lost track of what happened to his Mexican wife—she did not accompany him to Tucson.

On January 28, 1870, Solomon Warner was seriously wounded by the Apaches while traveling in a wagon train from Santa Cruz to Tucson. The first report of the incident recorded Warner as being killed, along with his companion, a Dr. Wakefield, who died when the two were attacked near Fort Crittenden. Warner had three bullets pass through his right arm, breaking it near the shoulder. An arrow penetrated his left wrist joint. Two weeks after he was wounded he was taken to Tucson under a detachment of Mexican cavalry who had been assisting United States military units in the United States in the war on the Apaches. The Mexican detachment included his son-in-law, who had married Eulalia.

Warner was in bed for some three months, recovering from his wounds. Although he lived, this man with his large frame and great strength, and long, gray, bushy beard, was rendered a partial cripple for the rest of his life. His right hand and arm never recovered their full usefulness.

In 1871 Warner adopted 14-year-old Francisco Luges, whose name was changed to John Solomon Warner by Act of the Arizona Legislature on February 14, 1871.

In 1874-1875 Solomon Warner built a large, stone, water-driven flour mill at the foot of what was then called Sentinel Peak, also securing the right of way for a water ditch across Mission Gardens from Bishop John B. Salpointe.

The *Arizona Citizen*, reported on January 8, 1876:

"Solomon Warner's Mission Flouring Mill is a success beyond expectations. He turned the first water on the wheel October 20 and up to January 1, he took in 179,000 pounds of wheat, and after that about 20,000 pounds. Everything moves smoothly and the work of the mill is wholly satisfactory to proprietor and patrons. In its possession, Mr. Warner enjoys deserved happiness and prosperity.

Another article in the same newspaper, on December 30, 1876, stated:

"Solomon Warner and friends' ball at the Mission Mills, last Saturday night,

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FIRST MERCHANT

(Continued from page 65)

was, as we predicted, a very pleasant affair. The Messrs. Warner extended a hearty Christmas greeting to a large gathering of friends and Mr. Creamer did the honors of the evening with his customary gallantry. After dancing at the mill, the party adjourned to Mr. Warner's house where a nice feast was spread, and which received full justice at their hands. What with it, balls and picnics and parties, the Mission Mills occupies a bright place in the estimation of many of the young people in these parts.

In 1878 Warner traveled to California to get new machinery for the mill, which he had decided to convert to steam. But success slipped through his fingers, due to much competition, and he was compelled to sell out.

On March 19, 1883, a daughter was born to the wife of Warner's adopted son. The girl lived only nine months. Her grandfather, "Don Solomon", felt so badly about this turn of events that he erected a tomb on the slope of Sentinel Peak, where he could see it from his flour mill at the foot of the mountain. The ruins of the tomb are no longer to be seen, and it is believed the grandfather had the remains transferred to a cemetery when he sold his mill.

Warner's General Store also had much competition from many new merchants. The railroad, too, meant more competition for him in that it brought in produce and merchandise much more cheaply than he could freight it in.

Age crept up on Solomon Warner. Old wounds, and his years of hard work, made him much less able to compete in the business world.

In 1890 he made his claim against the United States Government for Indian depredations, property destroyed and wounds received.

At the age of 84, on February 26, 1895, he renewed this claim. As far as is known, he never received one cent from the Government.

For the last ten years or so of his life he was absorbed with the idea that he could construct a perpetual motion machine. He failed to produce such a machine, but he never did give up on this scheme. He would neglect to sleep and eat for days at a time, always working on his invention. Like so many old pioneers of Arizona, he died in straitened circumstances after a painful and lingering illness from cancer of the throat, on Tuesday morning, November 14, 1899.

"Don Solomon" is buried in the Holy Hope Cemetery in Tucson. His adopted son, who died on August 22, 1928, lies buried beside him.

Part of the legend on Warner's gravestone carries these words: "Pioneers Since March 21, 1856." ●

GOLDROCK

(Continued from page 43)

Homes and business houses were deserted with goods and furnishings left intact as the townspeople scattered across the desert in search of new fields. Of these hundreds of emigrants a large number resettled in the active camps along the Colorado and among the mountains of southeast Arizona. However, many others remained to roam the Chocolates and Cargo Muchachoes, pursuing the big strike, and from their activities came the legends of two more lost treasures.

In 1906 an Indian woman entered the village of Glamis, west of Goldrock, far spent from hunger, thirst and fatigue, but stubbornly clutching a sack of black rocks. She lived only long enough to mumble one sentence over and over, from which those caring for her could distinquish two words: "Black butte." The incident was nearly forgotten when, two months later, someone in town decided to examine the sack's contents. The black rocks were solid, free gold!

Several parties left immediately to scout the area north and east of Glamis in search of the black butte, and such a butte was actually found, with a caved-in mine tunnel at its base. Excitement ran high until it was determined that the entire hill was pure manganese. The Indian woman's secret died with her, and the origin of her huge gold nuggets has never been found.

Approximately three years after the Black Butte Gold incident, and while Goldrock was still a graveyard of dead mines, a grizzled old Dutchman arrived at a small camp on the Colorado. He had come from the rough mountainous region between Goldrock and Picacho, traveling in a small, mule-drawn cart.

Food and ferry across the river were his needs for which he offered to pay in gold nuggets which he confided had come from his claim in the Cargo Muchachoes.

The camp owner fed the prospector and ferried him, with cart and mules, across to Arizona, for which services he received three pieces of raw gold. At the end of the crossing the traveler made arrangements to cache his cart at the ferry terminal, stating that he was on a trip to Quartzite.

He never returned to claim his belongings, and as time passed several attempts were made to locate his claim. Thus was born the legend of the famous Lost Dutchman's ledge. To complete the story, the camp owner sold the three nuggets in Yuma for $62 and "a big black cigar."

With the advent of 1910 Goldrock was rescued from its doldrums when The United Mines Company bought control of the mines. Milling operations were resumed, the Golden Queen shaft deepened to 1000 feet, and soon the underground tunnels and drifts had been extended to a total length of eight miles. In mere weeks the town had regained its population of 2500, and again its name was changed—this time to Tumco, derived from the initials of the new owner.

In spite of fresh financial backing, extended underground workings and the installation of up-to-date equipment, production proceeded haltingly in the town's three mines. Not only were the veins pinching out, but recovery became increasingly difficult as the deeper ores were found to be more complex. The company, however, hung on tenaciously for five years. Layoffs were numerous, creating another efflux of gold seeking loners from Tumco—ex-miners turned prospectors—who left the stricken camp to go it alone on the surrounding desert. And again a legend was born—another tale of lost treasure in Goldrock's backyard—the legend enrolled in western history as Algadones Gold.

In 1917 one of the horde of prospectors roaming the Algadones Dunes, just southwest of Ogilby, was caught in a desert sandstorm, so sudden and so violent that he lost his burro, supplies and water. After the storm had abated, he headed toward Ogilby. Between the dunes and the town he crossed a sizable expanse of hardpan strewn with gold nuggets, scoured to a dull luster by the blowing sand.

He paused long enough to collect 17½ pounds of these, then continued to Ogilby where he showed them to the station agent and sketched a rough map of the location. Due to the man's condition, the agent put him on a train for Los Angeles where he died as a result of his ordeal in the dunes. Many tries were made for the nugget field during the following two years, all of them with the prospectors sketch, but the desert still hides the Algadones Gold.

In the meantime Tumco—or Goldrock—had hit the skids for the last time. The United Mines Company shut down the mines and sold all plants and equipment for junk in 1917, and Goldrock was left to weather into one of our most picturesque ghost towns.

Today the bleached and gullied streets are nothing more than paths where the old-west enthusiast can stroll hand in hand with the past. Remaining buildings are crumbling into the sand—ancient flotation tanks are paper-thin and lacy from rust—cemeteries display leaning, broken crosses and open graves robbed—and I quote Mrs. Walker—"By two-legged coyotes."

The old Golden Queen headframe is still rampant at the upper end of town, and beyond it the inclined shaft drops away steeply, with rusty narrow-gauge rails disappearing into the gloom. The timbers in the Queen were burned by vandals in 1948, at a loss of $15,000 to the present owners, and shortly thereafter four of the original buildings, including the hospital, met the same fate. ●

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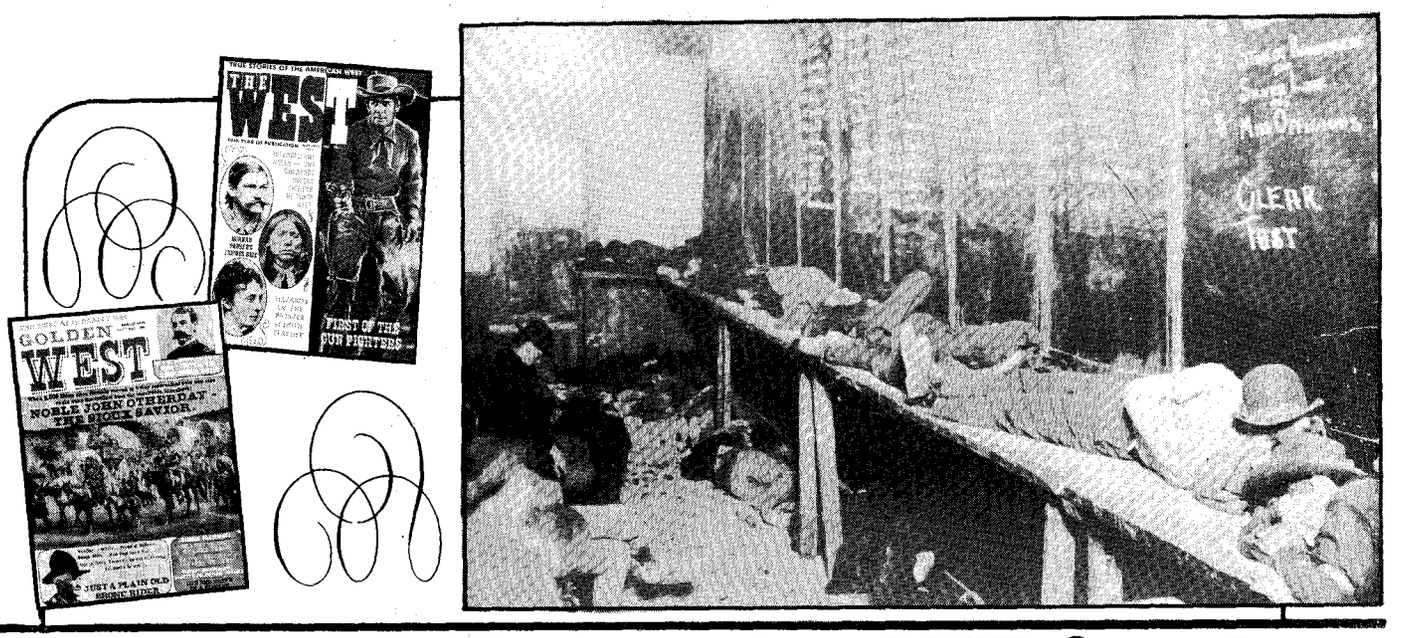

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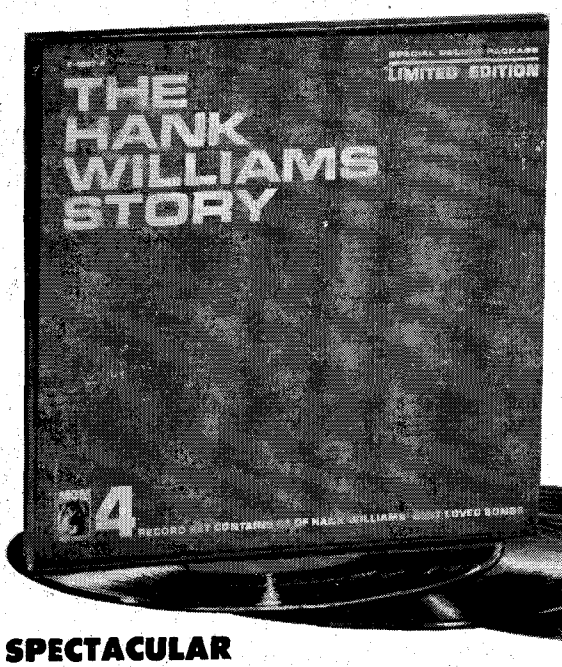

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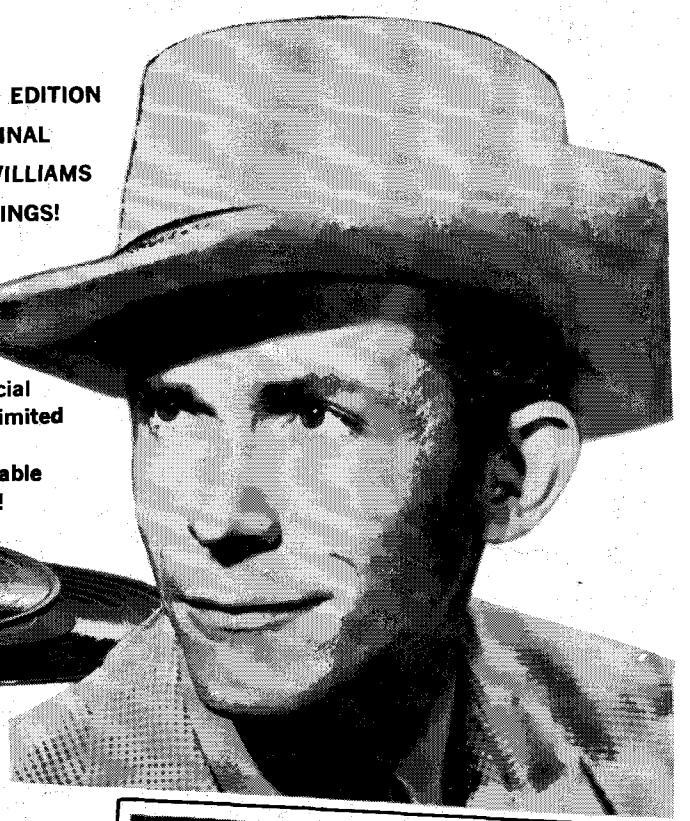

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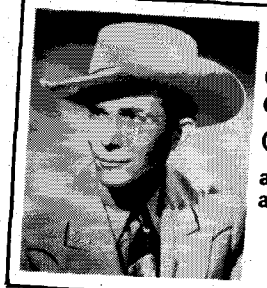

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